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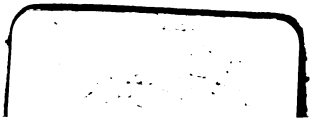
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THE

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BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, AM.

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1822.

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TO

MR. PULTENEY*.

SIR,

THE greatest honour of human life, is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publishing, by this

* William Pulteney, esq. born in 1682, had early a seat in the house of commons, and distinguished himself in opposition to queen Anne's last ministry. On the accession of king George, he was appointed secretary at war, Sept. 27, 1714; and afterward cofferer of the houshold. He was at this time the intimate friend of sir Robert Walpole; but in 1725, that minister being suspected of a desire to extend the bounds of prerogative, Mr. Pulteney entered steadily into opposition; and at last became so obnoxious to the crown, that July 1, 1731, king George II. with his own hand, struck him out of the list of privy councillors, and ordered him to be put out of the list of all commissions of the peace. A proceeding so violent in the ministry served only to inflame his resentment, and increase his popularity. Sir Robert resigning his employments in 1741, Mr. Pulteney was again sworn of the privy council; and created baron of Heydon, viscount Pulteney, and earl of Bath. From that moment his favour with the people was at an end: and the rest of his life was spent in contemning that applause which he no longer could secure. William viscount Pulteney, his only son, who was a lord of the bedchamber, aid-de-camp to the king, and colonel of the royal volunteers, going over with his regiment in the defence of Portugal, died Feb. 16, 1763; and the earl dying July 7, 1764, the titles became extinct.

means, my happiness in being able to name you among my friends. The conversation of a gentleman, that has a refined taste of letters, and a disposition in which those letters found nothing to correct, but very much to exert, is a good fortune too uncommon to be enjoyed in silence. In others, the greatest business of learning is to weed the soil; in you, it had nothing else to do, but to bring forth fruit. Affability, complacency, and generosity of heart, which are natural to you, wanted nothing from literature, but to refine and direct the application of them. After I have boasted I had some share in your familiarity, I know not how to do you the justice of celebrating you for the choice of an elegant and worthy acquaintance, with whom you live in the happy communication of generous sentiments, which contribute, not only to your own mutual entertainment and improvement, but to the honour and service of your country. Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honour, and a gentleman, and must take place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in proportion to the misapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have blessed him. But you have a soul animated with nobler views, and know that the distinction of

wealth and plenteous circumstances, is a tax upon an honest mind, to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and be vigilant for the good of his fellow-subjects.

This generous inclination, no man possesses in a warmer degree than yourself; which, that Heaven would reward with long possession of that reputation into which you have made so early an entrance, the reputation of a man of sense, a good citizen, an agreeable companion, a disinterested friend, and an unbiassed patriot, is the hearty prayer of,

SIR,

Your most obliged
and most obedient
humble servant,
THE GUARDIAN.

THE GUARDIAN.

No. 83. TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1713.*

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eò quòd
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.
HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 120.

—Few think these mad, for most, like these,
Are sick and troubled with the same disease. CREECH.

THERE is a restless endeavour in the mind of man after happiness. This appetite is wrought into the original frame of our nature, and exerts itself in all parts of the creation that are endued with any degree of thought or sense. But as the human mind is dignified by a more comprehensive faculty than can be found in the inferior animals, it is natural for men not only to have an eye, each to his own happiness, but also to endeavour to promote that of others in the same rank of being: and in proportion to the generosity that is ingredient in the temper of the soul, the object of its benevolence is of a larger and narrower extent. There is hardly a spirit upon earth so mean and contracted, as to centre all regards on its own interest, exclusive of the rest of mankind. Even the selfish man hath some share of love, which he bestows on his family and his friends. A nobler mind hath at heart the common interest of the society or country of which he makes a part. And there is still a more diffusive spirit whose being or intentions reach the whole mass of mankind, and are

* By G. BERKLEY, D. D. Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

continued beyond the present age, to a succession of future generations.

The advantage arising to him who hath a tincture of this generosity on his soul, is, that he is affected with a sublimer joy than can be comprehended by one who is destitute of that noble relish. The happiness of the rest of mankind hath a natural connection with that of a reasonable mind. And in proportion as the actions of each individual contribute to this end, he must be thought to deserve well or ill, both of the world, and of himself. I have, in a late paper[b], observed, that men who have no reach of thought do often misplace their affections on the means, without respect to the end; and by a preposterous desire of things in themselves indifferent, forego the enjoyment of that happiness, which those things are instrumental to obtain. This observation has been considered with regard to critics and misers; I shall now apply it to free-thinkers.

Liberty and truth are the main points which these gentlemen pretend to have in view; to proceed therefore methodically, I will endeavour to show, in the first place, that liberty and truth are not in themselves desirable, but only as they relate to a farther end. And secondly, that the sort of liberty and truth (allowing them those names) which our free-thinkers use all their industry to promote, is destructive of that end, viz. human happiness: and consequently that species, as such, instead of being encouraged or esteemed, merit the detestation and abhorrence of all honest men. And in the last place, I design to show, that under the pretence of advancing liberty and truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary evils.

As to the first point, it has been observed that it

[b] See Guard. No. 77.

is the duty of each particular person to aim at the happiness of his fellow-creatures; and that as this view is of a wider or narrower extent, it argues a mind more or less virtuous. Hence it follows, that a liberty of doing good actions which conduce to the felicity of mankind, and a knowledge of such truths as might either give us pleasure in the contemplation of them, or direct our conduct to the great ends of life, are valuable perfections. But shall a good man, therefore, prefer a liberty to commit murder or adultery, before the wholesome restraint of divine and human laws? Or shall a wise man prefer the knowledge of a troublesome and afflicting truth, before a pleasant error that would cheer his soul with joy and comfort, and be attended with no ill consequences? Surely no man of common sense would thank him, who had put it in his power to execute the sudden suggestions of a fit of passion or madness, or imagine himself obliged to a person, who by forwardly informing him of ill news, had caused his soul to anticipate that sorrow which she would never have felt, so long as the ungrateful truth lay concealed.

Let us then respect the happiness of our species, and in this light examine the proceedings of the free-thinkers. From what giants and monsters would *these* knight-errants undertake to free the world? From the ties that religion imposeth on our minds, from the expectation of a future judgment, and from the terrors of a troubled conscience, not by the reforming men's lives, but by giving encouragement to their vices. What are those important truths of which they would convince mankind? That there is no such thing as a wise and just Providence; that the mind of man is corporeal; that religion is a state-trick, contrived to make men honest and virtuous, and to procure a subsistence to others for teach-

ing and exhorting them to be so; that the good tidings of life and immortality, brought to light by the gospel, are fables and impostures; from believing that we are made in the image of God, they would degrade us to an opinion that we are on a level with the beasts that perish. What pleasure or what advantage do these notions bring to mankind? Is it of any use to the public that good men should lose the comfortable prospect of a reward to their virtue; or the wicked be encouraged to persist in their impiety, from an assurance that they shall not be punished for it hereafter?

Allowing, therefore, these men to be patrons of liberty and truth, yet it is of such truths and that sort of liberty which make them justly be looked upon as enemies to the peace and happiness of the world. But upon a thorough and impartial view it will be found, that their endeavours, instead of advancing the cause of liberty and truth, tend only to introduce slavery and error among men. There are two parts in our nature; the baser which consists of our senses and passions, and the more noble and rational, which is properly the human part, the other being common to us with brutes. The inferior part is generally much stronger, and has always the start of reason, which, if in the perpetual struggle between them, it were not aided from heaven by religion, would almost universally be vanquished, and man become a slave to his passions, which as it is the most grievous and shameful slavery, so it is the genuine result of that liberty which is proposed by overturning religion. Nor is the other part of their design better executed. Look into their pretended truths: are they not so many wretched absurdities, maintained in opposition to the light of nature and divine revelation by sly inuendoes and cold jests, by such pitiful sophisms

and such confused and indigested notions, that one would vehemently suspect those men usurped the name of free-thinkers, with the same view that hypocrites do that of godliness, that it may serve for a cloak to cover the contrary defect?

I shall close this discourse with a parallel reflection on these three species, who seem to be allied by a certain agreement in mediocrity of understanding. A critic is entirely given up to the pursuit of learning; when he has got it, is his judgment clearer, his imagination livelier, or his manners more polite, than those of other men? Is it observed that a miser, when he has acquired his superfluous estate, eats, drinks, or sleeps with more satisfaction, that he has a cheerfuller mind, or relishes any of the enjoyments of life better than his neighbours? The free-thinkers plead hard for a licence to think freely; they have it: but what use do they make of it? Are they eminent for any sublime discoveries in any of the arts and sciences? Have they been authors of any inventions that conduce to the well-being of mankind? Do their writings show a greater depth of design, a clearer method, or more just and correct reasoning than those of other men?

There is a great resemblance in their genius; but the critic and miser are only ridiculous and contemptible creatures, while the free-thinker is also a pernicious one[c],

[c] This paper, No. 83. is ascribed to bishop Berkeley, with some degree of confidence, though it is not mentioned in the list of the bishop's papers communicated by his son, the rev. George Berkeley, formerly student of Christ-church, and vicar of Bray in Berkshire.

No. 84. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1713.*

Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo. HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. ult.

Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood. ROSCOMMON.

'TO THE HON. NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'PRESUMING you may sometimes condescend to take cognizance of small enormities, I here lay one before you, which I proceed to without farther apology, as well knowing that the best compliment to a man of business is to come to the point.

'There is a silly habit among many of our minor orators, who display their eloquence in the several coffee-houses of this fair city, to the no small annoyance of considerable numbers of her majesty's spruce and loving subjects, and that is a humour they have got of twisting off your buttons. These ingenious gentlemen are not able to advance three words until they have got fast hold of one of your buttons; but as soon as they have procured such an excellent handle for discourse, they will indeed proceed with great elocution. I know not how well some may have escaped, but for my part I have often met with them to my cost; having I believe within these three years last past been argued out of several dozens; insomuch that I have for sometime ordered my taylor to bring me home with every suit a dozen at least of spare ones, to supply the place of such as from time to time are detached as an help to discourse, by the vehement gentlemen before mentioned. This way of

* STEELE'S.

holding a man in discourse is much practised in the coffee-houses within the city, and does not indeed so much prevail at the politer end of the town. It is likewise more frequently made use of among the small politicians, than any other body of men; I am therefore something cautious of entering into a controversy with this species of statesmen, especially the younger fry; for if you offer in the least to dissent from any thing that one of these advances, he immediately steps up to you, takes hold of one of your buttons, and indeed will soon convince you of the strength of his argumentation. I remember, upon the news of Dunkirk's being delivered into our hands, a brisk little fellow, a politician and an able engineer, had got into the middle of Batson's coffee-house, and was fortifying Gravelines for the service of the most Christian king, with all imaginable expedition. The work was carried on with such success, that in less than a quarter of an hour's time, he had made it almost impregnable, and in the opinion of several worthy citizens who had gathered round him, full as strong both by sea and land as Dunkirk ever could pretend to be. I happened however unadvisedly to attack some of his outworks; upon which, to show his great skill likewise in the offensive part, he immediately made an assault upon one of my buttons, and carried it in less than two minutes, notwithstanding I made as handsome a defence as was possible. He had likewise invested a second, and would certainly have been master of that too in a very little time, had not he been diverted from this enterprize by the arrival of a courier, who brought advice that his presence was absolutely necessary in the disposal of a beaver[d], upon

[d] The real person here alluded to was a Mr. James Heywood, a linen-draper, who was the writer of a letter in the Spectator signed James Easy. See Spect. vol. iv. No. 268, and note. Mr. Heywood outlived this silly

which he raised the siege, and indeed retired with some precipitation. In the coffee-houses here about the Temple, you may harangue even among our dabblers in politics for about two buttons a day, and many times for less. I had yesterday the good fortune to receive very considerable additions to my knowledge in state affairs, and I find this morning, that it has not stood me in above a button. In most of the eminent coffee-houses at the other end of the town, for example, to go no farther than Will's in Covent-garden, the company is so refined, that you may hear and be heard, and not be a button the worse for it. Besides the gentleman before mentioned, there are others who are no less active in their harangues, but with gentle services rather than robberies. These, while they are improving your understanding, are at the same time setting off your person; they will new plait and adjust your neckcloth.

'But though I can bear with this kind of orator, who is so humble as to aim at the good will of his hearer by being his valet de chambre, I must rebel against another sort of them. There are some, sir, that do not stick to take a man by the collar when they have a mind to persuade him. It is your business I humbly presume, Mr. Ironside, to interpose, that a man is not brought over to his opponent by force of arms. It were requisite therefore that you should name a certain interval, which ought to be preserved between the speaker and him to whom he speaks. For sure no man has a right, because I am not of his opinion, to take any of my clothes from me, or dress me according to his own liking. I assure you the most becoming thing to me in the world is, in a campaign periwig, to wear one side before and the

habit, and gave the annotator this and a variety of similar information, gratis, yet he was not a button worse or better for it.

other cast upon the collateral shoulder. But there is a friend of mine who never talks to me but he throws that which I wear forward upon my shoulder, so that in restoring it to its place I lose two or three hairs out of the lock upon my buttons; though I never touched him in my whole life, and have been acquainted with him these ten years. I have seen my eager friend in danger sometimes of a quarrel by this ill custom, for there are more young gentlemen who can feel than can understand. It would be therefore a good office to my good friend if you advised him not to collar any man but one who knows what he means, and give it him as a standing precaution in conversation[e], that none but a very good friend will give him the liberty of being seen, felt, heard, and understood all at once.

I am, SIR, your most humble servant,

Middle Temple, June 12. JOHANNES MISOCHIROSOPHUS.'

'P. S. I have a sister who saves herself from being handled by one of these manual rhetoricians by giving him her fan to play with; but I appeal to you in the behalf of us poor helpless men.'

I am of opinion, that no orator or speaker in public or private has any right to meddle with any body's clothes but his own. I indulge men in the liberty of playing with their own hats, fumbling in their own pockets, settling their own periwigs, tossing or twisting their heads, and all other gesticulations which may contribute to their elocution; but pronounce it an infringement of the English liberty for a man to keep his neighbour's person in custody in order to force an hearing: and farther declare, that all assent

[e] See Guard. No. 24.

given by an auditor under such constraint, is of itself void and of no effect[f].

June 15, 1713. NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. 85. THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1713.*

— Sed te decor iste, quod optas
Esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat. OVID. Met. i. 488.

But so much youth, with so much beauty join'd,
Oppose the state, which thy desires design'd. DRYDEN.

To suffer scandal (says somebody) is the tax which every person of merit pays to the public[g]; and my lord Verulam finely observes, that a man who has no virtue in himself, ever envies virtue in others. I know not how it comes to pass, but detraction, through all ages, has been found a vice which the fair sex too easily give into. Not the Roman satyrist could use them with more severity than they themselves do one another. Some audacious critics, in my opinion, have launched out a little too far when they take upon them to prove, in opposition to history, that Lais was a woman of as much virtue as beauty, which violently displeasing the Phrynes of those times, they secretly prevailed with the historians to deliver her down to posterity under the infamous character of an extorting prostitute. But though I have the greatest regard imaginable to that softer species, yet am I sorry to find they have very little for themselves. So far are they from being tender of one another's reputation,

* STEELE'S.

[f] See notes on No. 10. and No. 15.

[g] Dr. Swift, who, if we decide on his merit by the scandal he suffered, was very meritorious.

that they take a malicious pleasure in destroying it. My lady the other day, when Jack was asking who could be so base to spread such a report about Mrs. ——, answered, 'None, you may be sure, but a woman.' A little after, Dick told my lady, that he had heard Florella hint as if Cleora wore artificial teeth. The reason is, said she, because Cleora first gave out that Florella owed her complexion to a wash. Thus the industrious pretty creatures take pains by invention, to throw blemishes on each other, when they do not consider that there is a profligate set of fellows too ready to taint the character of the virtuous, or blast the charms of the blooming virgin. The young lady from whom I had the honour of receiving the following letter, deserves, or rather claims, protection from our sex, since so barbarously treated by her own. Certainly they ought to defend innocence from injury, who gave ignorantly the occasion of its being assaulted. Had the men been less liberal of their applauses, the women had been more sparing of their calumnious censures.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'I DO not know at what nice point you fix the bloom of a young lady; but I am one who can just look back upon fifteen. My father dying three years ago, left me under the care and direction of my mother, with a fortune not profusely great, yet such as might demand a very handsome settlement, if ever proposals of marriage should be offered. My mother, after the usual time of retired mourning was over, was so affectionately indulgent to me, as to take me along with her in all her visits; but still not thinking she gratified my youth enough, permitted me further to go with my relations to all the public, cheerful, but

innocent entertainments, where she was too reserved to appear herself. The two first years of my teens were easy, gay, and delightful. Every one caressed me; the old ladies told me how finely I grew, and the young ones were proud of my company. But when the third year had a little advanced, my relations used to tell my mother that pretty miss Clary was shot up into a woman. The gentlemen began now not to let their eyes glance over me, and in most places I found myself distinguished; but observed, the more I grew into esteem of their sex, the more I lost the favour of my own. Some of those whom I had been familiar with, grew cold and indifferent; others mistook by design, my meaning, made me speak what I never thought, and so by degrees took occasion to break off all acquaintance. There were several little insignificant reflections cast upon me, as being a lady of a great many quaintnesses and such like, which I seemed not to take notice of. But my mother coming home about a week ago, told me there was a scandal spread about town by my enemies, that would at once ruin me for ever for a beauty; I earnestly intreated her to know it; she refused me, but yesterday it discovered itself. Being in an assembly of gentlemen and ladies, one of the gentlemen who had been very facetious to several of the ladies, at last turning to me, 'And as for you, madam, Prior has already given us your character,

> "That air and harmony of shape express,
> Fine by degrees, yet beautifully less."

I perceived immediately a malignant smile display itself in the countenance of some of the ladies, which they seconded with a scornful flutter of the fan; until one of them, unable any longer to contain, asked the gentleman if he did not remember what Congreve said

about Aurelia, for she thought it mighty pretty. He made no answer, but instantly repeated the verses:

" The Mulcibers who in the Minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat;
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill."

This was no sooner over, but it was easily discernible what an ill-natured satisfaction most of the company took; and the more pleasure they showed by dwelling upon the two last lines, the more they increased my trouble and confusion. And now, Sir, after this tedious account, what would you advise me to? Is there no way to be cleared of these malicious calumnies? What is beauty worth that makes the possessor thus unhappy? Why was nature so lavish of her gifts to me, as to make her kindness prove a cruelty? They tell me my shape is delicate, my eyes sparkling, my lips I know not what, my cheeks forsooth, adorned with a just mixture of the rose and lily; but I wish this face was barely not disagreeable, this voice harsh and unharmonious, these limbs only not deformed, and then perhaps I might live easy and unmolested, and neither raise love and admiration in the men, nor scandal and hatred in the women.

'Your very humble servant,

'CLARINA.'

The best answer I can make my fair correspondent is, that she ought to comfort herself with this consideration, that those who talk thus of her know it is false, but wish they could make others believe it true. It is not they think you deformed, but are vexed that they themselves were not as nicely framed. If you will take an old man's advice, laugh, and be not concerned at them: they have attained what they en-

deavoured if they make you uneasy; for it is envy that has made them so. I would not have you wish your shape one sixtieth part of an inch disproportioned, nor desire your face might be impoverished with the ruin of half a feature, though numbers of remaining beauties might make the loss insensible; but take courage, go into the brightest assemblies, and the world will quickly confess it to be scandal. Thus Plato, hearing it was asserted by some persons that he was a very bad man, 'I shall take care,' said he, 'to live so, that no body will believe them.'

I shall conclude this paper with a relation of matter of fact. A gay young gentleman in the country, not many years ago, fell desperately in love with a blooming fine creature, whom give me leave to call Melissa. After a pretty long delay, and frequent solicitations, she refused several others of larger estates, and consented to make him happy. But they had not been married much above a twelvemonth, until it appeared too true what Juba says,

> 'Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
> Fades in the eye, and palls upon the sense.'

Polydore (for that was his name) finding himself grow every day more uneasy, and unwilling she should discover the cause, for diversion came up to town, and to avoid all suspicions brought Melissa along with him. After some stay here, Polydore was one day informed, that a set of ladies over their tea-table, in the circle of scandal, had touched upon Melissa—— And was that the silly thing so much talked of! How did she ever grow into a toast! For their parts they had eyes as well as the men, but could not discover where her beauties lay. Polydore upon hearing this, flew immediately home and told Melissa, with the

utmost transport, that he was now fully convinced how numberless were her charms, since her own sex would not allow her any.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE observed that this day you make mention of Will's Coffee-house, as a place where people are too polite to hold a man in discourse by the button[h]. Every body knows your honour frequents this house; therefore they will take an advantage against me, and say, if my company was as civil as that at Will's, you would say so: therefore, pray your honour do not be afraid of doing me justice, because people would think it may be a conceit below you on this occasion to name the name of

'Your humble servant,

'Button's Coffee-house.' 'DANIEL BUTTON[i].

'The young poets are in the back-room, and take their places as you directed[k].'

[h] See Guard. No. 84.; and note on Mrs. Heywood.

[i] Daniel Button had been a servant in the countess of Warwick's family, and under the patronage of Addison kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russel-street, about two doors from Covent-garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said that when Addison had suffered any vexation from the countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house. Dr. Johnson's 'Lives of English Poets,' vol. ii. p. 299. Edit. 8vo. 1781.

[k] See notes on Nos. 10. and 15.

*** ADV. For the benefit of Mr. Boman, at Drury-lane, on the 18th of June will be presented, The History and Fall of C. Marius. The part of Caius Marius by Mr. Powel; Marius, junior, by Mr. Booth; Metellus, by Mr. Boman; Lavinia, by Mrs. Bradshaw; Nurse, by Mr. Bullock; First Clown, by Mr. Penkethman; Second Clown, by Mr. Norris. With dancing, by Mr. Prince and Mrs. Bicknel. No money to be returned after the curtain is drawn up.—Guardian, in fol. No. 85.

No. 86. FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1713.*

—Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum.— HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 43.

——who writes
With fancy high, and bold and daring flights. CREECH.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR. Oxford[1], June 16, 1713.

'The classical writers, according to your advice, are by no means neglected by me, while I pursue my studies in divinity. I am persuaded that they are fountains of good sense and eloquence; and that it is absolutely necessary for a young mind to form itself upon such models. For by a careful study of their style and manner, we shall at least avoid those faults, into which a youthful imagination is apt to hurry us, such as luxuriance of fancy, licentiousness of style, redundancy of thought, and false ornaments. As I have been flattered by my friends, that I have some genius for poetry, I sometimes turn my thoughts that way: and with pleasure reflect, that I have got over that childish part of life, which delights in points and turns of wit: and that I can take a manly and rational satisfaction in that which is called painting in poetry. Whether it be, that in these copyings of nature, the object is placed in such lights

* STEELE'S.

[1] William Cary of Oriel college M. A. June 2, 1711, is said to have been a writer in the Guardian. Edward afterwards Dr. Young, was likewise it is said, a coadjutor in the same work, and at this time of Corpus Christi college, Oxford. Richard Parker, M.A. of Merton, Steele's intimate friend and fellow-collegian, dean Bartelett, M. A. of the same college, and at the same time, were among Steele's Oxford correspondents, and probably his auxiliaries in the Guardian.

and circumstances as strike the fancy agreeably; or whether we are surprised to find objects that are absent, placed before our eyes; or whether it be our admiration of the author's art and dexterity; or whether we amuse ourselves with comparing the picture and the original; or rather (which is most probable) because all these reasons concur to affect us; we are wonderfully charmed with these drawings after the life, this magic that raises apparitions in the fancy.

'Landscapes, or still-life, work much less upon us, than representations of the postures or passions of living creatures. Again, those passions or postures strike us more or less in proportion to the ease or violence of their motions. A horse grazing moves us less than one stretching in a race, and a racer less than one in the fury of a battle. It is very difficult, I believe, to express violent motions which are fleeting and transitory, either in colours or words. In poetry it requires great spirit in thought, and energy in style; which we find more of in the Eastern poetry, than in either the Greek or Roman. The great Creator, who accommodated himself to those he vouchsafed to speak to, hath put into the mouths of his prophets such sublime sentiments and exalted language, as must abash the pride and wit of man. In the book of Job, the most ancient poem in the world, we have such paintings and descriptions, as I have spoken of, in great variety. I shall at present make some remarks on the celebrated description of the horse in that holy book, and compare it with those drawn by Homer and Virgil.

'Homer hath the following similitude of a horse twice over in the Iliad, which Virgil hath copied from him; at least he hath deviated less from Homer than Mr. Dryden hath from him;

"Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains;
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds;
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or seeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulders flows his waving mane;
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high,
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly." Æn. xi.

Virgil's description is much fuller than the foregoing, which as I said, is only a simile; whereas Virgil professes to treat of the nature of the horse. It is thus admirably translated:

"The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight.
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round;
His chine is double; starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow;
He bears his rider headlong on the foe." Georg. iii.

'Now follows that in the book of Job; which under all the disadvantages of having been written in a language little understood; of being expressed in phrases peculiar to a part of the world, whose manner of thinking and speaking seems to us very uncouth: and above all, of appearing in a prose translation; is nevertheless so transcendently above the heathen descriptions, that hereby we may perceive how faint and languid the images are, which are formed by mortal authors, when compared with that which is figured as it were, just as it appears in the eye of the Creator. God speaking to Job, asks him.

"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou

clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith amongst the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." *

'Here are all the great and sprightly images, that thought can form of this generous beast, expressed in such force and vigour of style, as would have given the great wits of antiquity new laws for the sublime, had they been acquainted with these writings. I cannot but particularly observe, that whereas the classical poets chiefly endeavour to paint the outward figure, lineaments, and motions; the sacred poet makes all the beauties to flow from an inward principle in the creature he describes, and thereby gives great spirit and vivacity to his description. The following phrases and circumstances seem singularly remarkable:

"Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" Homer and Virgil mention nothing about the neck of the horse, but his mane. The sacred author, by the bold figure of thunder, not only expresses the shaking of that remarkable beauty in the horse, and the flakes of hair which naturally suggest the idea of lightning; but likewise the violent agitation and force of the neck, which in the oriental tongues had been flatly expressed by a metaphor less than this.

"Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?"

* Job xxxix. v. 19-25.

There is a twofold beauty in this expression, which not only marks the courage of this beast, by asking if he can be scared? but likewise raises a noble image of his swiftness, by insinuating, that if he could be frightened, he would bound away with the nimbleness of a grasshopper.

"The glory of his nostrils is terrible." This is more strong and concise than that of Virgil, which yet is the noblest line that was ever written without inspiration:

"*Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.*"
Georg. iii. 85.

"And in his nostrils rolls collected fire."

"He rejoiceth in his strength——He mocketh at fear——neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet—He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha!" —are signs of courage as I said before, flowing from an inward principle. There is a particular beauty in his "not believing it is the sound of the trumpet:" that is, he cannot believe it for joy; but when he was sure of it, and is "amongst the trumpets, he saith, Ha! ha!" he neighs, he rejoices. His docility is elegantly painted in his being unmoved at the "rattling quiver, the glittering spear and the shield;" and is well imitated by Oppian (who undoubtedly read Job as well as Virgil) in his poem upon hunting:

"How firm the manag'd war-horse keeps his ground,
Nor breaks his order, tho' the trumpets sound!
With fearless eye the glittering host surveys,
And glares directly at the helmet's blaze!
The master's word, the laws of war he knows,
And when to stop, and when to charge the foes."

"He swalloweth the ground" is an expression for prodigious swiftness, in use among the Arabians, Job's countrymen, at this day. The Latins have something like it:

" *Latumque fugâ consumere campum.*" NEMESIAN.
" In flight the extended champaign to consume."

" *Carpere prata fugâ.*"— VIRG. Georg. iii. 142.
" In flight to crop the meads."

" ——— *campumque volatu*
" *Cùm rapuere, pedum vestigia quæras.*" SIL. Ital.

" When in their flight the champaign they have snatched,
No track is left behind."

' It is indeed the boldest and noblest of images for swiftness; nor have I met with any thing that comes so near it, as Mr. Pope's in Windsor Forest:

" The impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing seems to beat the distant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already crost,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost."

" He smelleth the battle afar off," and what follows about the shouting, is a circumstance expressed with great spirit by Lucan:

" So when the ring with joyful shouts rebounds,
With rage and pride the imprison'd courser bounds:
He frets, he foams, he rends his idle rein;
Springs o'er the fence, and headlong seeks the plain."

' I am, SIR,
' Your ever obliged servant,
' JOHN LIZARD[m].'

[m] See notes on Guard. Nos. 10. and 15. This paper, No. 86. signed J. Lizard, was the production probably of Dr. Young.

No. 87. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1713.*

——Constiterant, hinc Thisbe, Pyramus illinc,
Inque vicem fuerat captatus anhelitus oris. OVID Met. iv. 71.

Here Pyramus, there gentle Thisbe, strove
To catch each other's breath, the balmy breeze of love.

MY precautions are made up of all that I can hear and see, translate, borrow, paraphrase, or contract, from the persons with whom I mingle and converse, and the authors whom I read. But the grave discourses which I sometimes give the town, do not win so much attention as lighter matters. For this reason it is, that I am obliged to consider vice as it is ridiculous, and accompanied with gallantry, else I find in a very short time I shall lie like waste paper on the tables of coffee-houses. Where I have taken most pains I often find myself least read. There is a spirit of intrigue got into all, even the meanest of the people, and the very servants are bent upon delights and commence oglers and languishers. I happened the other day to pass by a gentleman's house, and saw the most flippant scene of low love that I have ever observed. The maid was rubbing the windows within side of the house, and her humble servant the footman was so happy a man as to be employed in cleaning the same glass on the side towards the street. The wench began with the greatest severity of aspect imaginable, and breathing on the glass, followed it with a dry cloth; her opposite observed her, and fetching a deep sigh, as if it were his last, with a very disconsolate air did the same on his side of the window. He still worked on and languished, until at last his fair one smiled, but covered herself, and spreading the napkin in her hand,

* STEELE'S.

concealed herself from her admirer, while he took pains, as it were, to work through all that intercepted their meeting. This pretty contest held for four or five large panes of glass, until at last the waggery was turned into an humorous way of breathing in each other's faces, and catching the impression. The gay creatures were thus loving and pleasing their imaginations with their nearness and distance, until the windows were so transparent that the beauty of the female made the man-servant impatient of beholding it, and the whole house besides being abroad, he ran in, and they romped out of my sight. It may be imagined these oglers of no quality, made a more sudden application of the intention of kind sighs and glances, than those whose education lays them under greater restraints, and who are consequently more slow in their advances. I have often observed all the low part of the town in love, and taking a hackney-coach have considered all that passed by me in that light, as these cities are composed of crowds wherein there is not one who is not lawfully or unlawfully engaged in that passion. When one is in this speculation, it is not unpleasant to observe alliances between those males and females whose lot it is to act in public. Thus the woods in this middle of summer are not more entertaining with the different notes of birds, than the town is of different voices of the several sorts of people who act in public; they are divided into classes, and crowds made for crowds. The hackney-coachmen, chairmen, and porters, are the lovers of the hawker-women, fruitresses, and milk-maids. They are a wild world by themselves, and have voices significant of their private inclinations, which strangers can take no notice of. Thus a wench with fruit looks like a mad woman when she cries wares you see she does not carry, but those in the secret know that

cry is only an assignation to an hackney-coachman who is driving by, and understands her. The whole people is in an intrigue, and the undiscerning passengers are unacquainted with the meaning of what they hear all round them. They know not how to separate the cries of mercenary traders, from the sighs and lamentations of languishing lovers. The common face of modesty is lost among the ordinary part of the world, and the general corruption of manners is visible from the loss of all deference in the low people towards those of condition. One order of mankind trips fast after the next above it, and by this rule you may trace iniquity from the conversations of the most wealthy, to those of the humblest degree. It is an act of great resolution to pass by a crowd of polite footmen, who can rally, make love, ridicule, and observe upon all the passengers who are obliged to go by the places where they wait. This licence makes different characters among them, and there are beaux, party-men, and free-thinkers in livery. I take it for a rule, that there is no bad man but makes a bad woman, and the contagion of vice is what should make people cautious of their behaviour. Juvenal says, there is the greatest reverence to be had to the presence of children; it may be as well said of the presence of servants, and it would be some kind of virtue, if we kept our vices to ourselves. It is a feeble authority which has not the support of personal respect, and the dependence founded only upon their receiving their maintenance of us is not of force enough to support us against an habitual behaviour, for which they contemn and deride us. No man can be well served, but by those who have an opinion of his merit; and that opinion cannot be kept up, but by an exemption from those faults which we would restrain in our dependents.

Though our fopperies imitated are subjects of laughter, our vices transferred to our servants give matter of lamentation. But there is nothing in which our families are so docile, as in the imitation of our delights. It is therefore but common prudence to take care, that our inferiors know of none but our innocent ones. It is, methinks, a very arrogant thing to expect, that the single consideration of not offending us should curb our servants from vice, when much higher motives cannot moderate our own inclinations. But I began this paper with an observation, that the lower world is got into fashionable vices, and above all to the understanding the language of the eye. There is nothing but writing songs which the footmen do not practice as well as their masters. Spurious races of mankind, which pine in want, and perish in their first months of being, come into the world from this degeneracy. The possession of wealth and affluence seems to carry some faint extenuation of his guilt who is sunk by it into luxury; but poverty and servitude accompanied with the vices of wealth and licentiousness is, I believe, a circumstance of ill peculiar to our age. This may perhaps, be matter of jest, or is overlooked by those who do not turn their thoughts upon the actions of others. But from that one particular, of the immorality of our servants arising from the negligence of masters of families in their care of them, flows that irresistible torrent of disasters which spreads itself through all human life. Old age oppressed with beggary, youth drawn into the commission of murders and robberies, both owe their disaster to this evil. If we consider the happiness which grows out of a fatherly conduct towards servants, it would encourage a man to that sort of care, as much as the effects of a libertine behaviour to them would affright us.

Lycurgus is a man of that noble disposition, that his domestics, in a nation of the greatest liberty, enjoy a freedom known only to themselves, who live under his roof. He is the banker, the counsel, the parent of all his numerous dependents. Kindness is the law of his house, and the way to his favour is being gentle and well-natured to their fellow-servants. Every one recommends himself, by appearing officious to let their patron know the merit of others under his care. Many little fortunes have streamed out of his favour; and his prudence is such, that the fountain is not exhausted by the channels from it, but its way cleared to run into new meanders. He bestows with so much judgment, that his bounty is the increase of his wealth; all who share his favour, are enabled to enjoy it by his example, and he has not only made, but qualified many a man to be rich[n].

No. 88. MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1713.*

Mens agitat molem.— VIRG. Æn. vi. 727.

A mind informs the mass.

To ONE who regards things with a philosophical eye, and hath a soul capable of being delighted with the sense that truth and knowledge prevail among men, it must be a grateful reflection to think that the sublimest truths, which, among the heathens, only here

[n] See notes on Guard. Nos. 10. and 15. Perhaps Mr. John Hughes was the writer of this paper, No. 87. and lord Cowper, the illustrious character celebrated here under the name of Lycurgus. If the paper was written by Addison or Steele, the allusion in this fine character was probably to lord Somers.

* G. BERKELEY'S, D.D. of Trinity College.

and there one of brighter parts and more leisure than ordinary could attain to, are now grown familiar to the meanest inhabitants of these nations.

Whence came this surprising change, that regions formerly inhabited by ignorant and savage people, should now outshine ancient Greece, and the other Eastern countries so renowned of old, in the most elevated notions of theology and morality? Is it the effect of our own parts and industry? Have our common mechanics more refined understandings than the ancient philosophers? It is owing to the God of truth, who came down from heaven, and condescended to be himself our teacher. It is as we are Christians, that we profess more excellent and divine truths than the rest of mankind.

If there be any of the free-thinkers who are not direct atheists, charity would incline one to believe them ignorant of what is here advanced. And it is for their information that I write this paper, the design of which is to compare the ideas that Christians entertain of the being and attributes of a God, with the gross notions of the heathen world. Is it possible for the mind of man to conceive a more august idea of the Deity than is set forth in the Holy Scriptures? I shall throw together some passages relating to this subject, which I propose only as philosophical sentiments, to be considered by a free-thinker.

'Though there be that are called gods, yet to us there is but one God. He made the heaven, and heaven of heavens, with all their host; the earth, and all things that are therein; the seas and all that is therein; He said, Let them be, and it was so. He hath stretched forth the heavens. He hath founded the earth, and hung it upon nothing. He hath shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be staid. The Lord is an invisible

spirit, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. He is the fountain of life. He preserveth man and beast. He giveth food to all flesh. In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich. He bringeth low and lifteth up. He killeth and maketh alive. He woundeth and he healeth. By him kings reign, and princes decree justice, and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him. All angels, authorities, and powers, are subject to him. He appointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going-down. He thundereth with his voice, and directeth it under the whole heaven, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, fulfil his word. The Lord is king for ever and ever, and his dominion is an everlasting dominion. The earth and the heavens shall perish, but thou, O Lord, remainest. They all shall wax old, as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. God is perfect in knowledge; his understanding is infinite. He is the Father of lights. He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven. The Lord beholdeth all the children of men from the place of his habitation, and considereth all their works. He knoweth our down-sitting and up-rising. He compasseth our path, and counteth our steps. He is acquainted with all our ways; and when we enter our closet, and shut our door, he seeth us. He knoweth the things that come into our mind, every one of them; and no thought can be withholden from him. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He is a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow. He is the God of peace, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort and consola-

tion. The Lord is great, and we know him not; his greatness is unsearchable. Who but he hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span? Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty. Thou art very great, thou art clothed with honour. Heaven is thy throne and earth is thy footstool.'

Can the mind of a philosopher rise to a more just and magnificent, and at the same time a more amiable idea of the Deity than is here set forth, in the strongest images and most emphatical language? And yet this is the language of shepherds, and fishermen. The illiterate Jews, and poor persecuted Christians retained these noble sentiments, while the polite and powerful nations of the earth were giving up to that sottish sort of worship, of which the following elegant description is extracted from one of the inspired writers:

'Who hath formed a god, or molten an image that is profitable for nothing? The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms: yea he is hungry, and his strength faileth. He drinketh no water and is faint. A man planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. He burneth part thereof in the fire. He rosteth rost. He warmeth himself. And the residue thereof he maketh a god. He falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, deliver me, for thou art my God. None considereth in his heart, I have burnt part of it in the fire, yea also, I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh and eaten it, and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? Shall I fall down to the stock of a tree[o]?'

[o] Isai. xliv. *passim.*

In such circumstances as these, for a man to declare for free-thinking, and disengage himself from the yoke of idolatry, were doing honour to human nature, and a work well becoming the great asserters of reason. But in a church, where our adoration is directed to the Supreme Being[p], and, to say the least, where is nothing either in the object or manner of worship that contradicts the light of nature; there, under the pretence of free-thinking, to rail at the religious institutions of their country, showeth an undistinguishing genius that mistakes opposition for freedom of thought. And indeed, notwithstanding the pretences of some few among our free-thinkers, I can hardly think there are men so stupid and inconsistent with themselves, as to have a serious regard for natural religion, and at the same time use their utmost endeavours to destroy the credit of those sacred writings, which, as they have been the means of bringing these parts of the world to the knowledge of natural religion, so in case they lose their authority over the minds of men, we should of course sink into the same idolatry which we see practised by other unenlightened nations.

If a person who exerts himself in the modern way of free-thinking be not a stupid idolater, it is undeniable that he contributes all he can to the making other men so, either by ignorance or design; which lays him under the dilemma, I will not say of being a fool or knave, but of incurring the contempt or detestation of mankind[q].

[p] This and what follows concerning the object and manner of worship in the church of England, are round assertions; but to say the least of them, they are certainly questionable; and sound Christians may have very serious doubts about the truth of them, and even religiously abstain from the worship as idolatrous, without thinking uncharitably, that the worshippers are idolaters, though they themselves, wanting the convictions of sincerity, would be self-condemned in joining with them.

[q] This paper, No. 88. is ascribed to bishop Berkeley, the author of the

No. 89. TUESDAY, JUNE 23, 1713.*

Igneus est ollis vigor, et cœlestis origo
Seminibus. — VIRG. Æn. vi. 730.

They boast ethereal vigour, and are form'd
From seeds of heavenly birth.

THE same faculty of reason and understanding which placeth us above the brute part of the creation, doth also subject our minds to greater and more manifold disquiets than creatures of an inferior rank are sensible of. It is by this that we anticipate future disasters, and oft create to ourselves real pain from imaginary evils, as well as multiply the pangs arising from those which cannot be avoided.

It behoves us therefore to make the best use of that sublime talent, which, so long as it continues the instrument of passion, will serve only to make us more miserable, in proportion as we are more excellent than other beings.

It is the privilege of a thinking being to withdraw from the objects that solicit his senses, and turn his thoughts inward on himself. For my own part I often mitigate the pain arising from the little misfortunes and disappointments that checker human life by this introversion of my faculties, wherein I regard my own soul as the image of her Creator, and receive great consolation from beholding those perfections

preceding papers on free-thinkers; but it is not mentioned in the list of his father's papers, communicated by the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly student of Christ-church, and vicar of Bray in Berkshire. See No. 90. let. 2, from which it seems that the assignment of this and the two following papers, Nos. 89. and 90. to Dr. Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, rests on the authority of Steele himself.

* G. BERKELEY'S, D.D. Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

which testify her divine original, and lead me into some knowledge of her everlasting Archetype.

But there is not any property or circumstance of my being that I contemplate with more joy than my immortality. I can easily overlook any present momentary sorrow, when I reflect that it is in my power to be happy a thousand years hence. If it were not for this thought, I had rather be an oyster than a man, the most stupid and senseless of animals than a reasonable mind tortured with an extreme innate desire of that perfection which it despairs to obtain.

It is with great pleasure that I behold instinct, reason, and faith, concurring to attest this comfortable truth. It is revealed from Heaven, it is discovered by philosophers; and the ignorant, unenlightened part of mankind have a natural propensity to believe it. It is an agreeable entertainment to reflect on the various shapes under which this doctrine has appeared in the world. The Pythagorean transmigration, the sensual habitations of the Mahometan, and the shady realms of Pluto, do all agree in the main points, the continuation of our existence, and the distribution of rewards and punishments, proportioned to the merits or demerits of men in this life.

But in all these schemes there is something gross and improbable, that shocks a reasonable and speculative mind. Whereas nothing can be more rational and sublime than the Christian idea of a future state. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for those that love him.' The above-mentioned schemes are narrow transcripts of our present state: but in this indefinite description there is something ineffably great and noble. The mind of man must be raised to a higher pitch, not

only to partake the enjoyments of the Christian paradise, but even to be able to frame any notion of them.

Nevertheless, in order to gratify our imagination, and by way of condescension to our low way of thinking, the ideas of light, glory, a crown, &c. are made use of to adumbrate that which we cannot directly understand. 'The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away, and behold all things are new. There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light, and shall make them drink of the river of his pleasures; and they shall reign for ever and ever. They shall receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away.'

These are cheering reflections; and I have often wondered that men could be found so dull and phlegmatic, as to prefer the thought of annihilation before them; or so ill-natured, as to endeavour to persuade mankind to the disbelief of what is so pleasing and profitable even in the prospect; or so blind, as *not* to see that there is a Deity, and if there be, that this scheme of things flows from his attributes, and evidently corresponds with the other parts of the creation.

I know not how to account for this absurd turn of thought, except it proceed from a want of other employment joined with an affection of singularity. I shall, therefore, inform our modern freethinkers of two points whereof they seem to be ignorant. The first is, that it is not the being singular, but being singular for something, that argues either extraordinary

endowments of nature, or benevolent intentions to mankind, which draws the admiration and esteem of the world. A mistake in this point naturally arises from that confusion of thought which I do not remember to have seen so great instances of in any writers, as in certain modern free-thinkers.

The other point is, that there are innumerable objects within the reach of a human mind, and each of these objects may be viewed in innumerable lights, and positions, and the relations arising between them are innumerable. There is therefore an infinity of things whereon to employ their thoughts, if not with advantage to the world, at least with amusement to themselves, and without offence or prejudice to other people. If they proceed to exert their talent of free-thinking in this way; they may be innocently dull, and no one take any notice of it. But to see men without either wit or argument pretend to run down divine and human laws, and treat their fellow-subjects with contempt for professing a belief of those points on which the present as well as future interest of mankind depends, is not to be endured. For my own part, I shall omit no endeavours to render their persons as despicable, and their practices as odious, in the eye of the world, as they deserve[r].

[r] This paper, No. 89. as well as the preceding, is ascribed to bishop Berkeley, who was at this time in London, aged about 29; and most probably the gentleman to whom the last letter of the following paper, No. 90, was addressed. It is not mentioned as a paper of his father's in the list communicated by George Berkeley, student of Christ-church, and vicar of Bray, in Berkshire. The author of this, and the foregoing papers on free-thinkers, was at this time fellow of Trinity college, Dublin; he was elected a senior fellow in 1717, and took the degrees of bachelor and doctor in divinity in 1721. In 1724, he was promoted to the deanery of Derry, worth 1100*l.* per annum: and in 1734, to the bishopric of Cloyne, where he constantly resided, excepting one winter spent at Dublin, and applied himself diligently to the discharge of all episcopal duties.

No. 90. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1713.

— *Fungar vice cotis.*— HOR. Ars Poët. 304.

I'll play the whetstone. CREECH.

IT is, they say, frequent with authors to write letters to themselves, either out of laziness or vanity.

The following is genuine, and, I think, deserves the attention of every man of sense in England:

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'THOUGH I am not apt to make complaints, have never yet troubled you with any, and little thought I ever should, yet seeing that in your paper of this day, you take no notice of yesterday's Examiner, as I hoped you would, my love for my religion, which is so nearly concerned, would not permit me to be silent. The matter, sir, is this: A bishop* of our church, to whom the Examiner himself has nothing to object, but his care and concern for the Protestant religion, which by him, it seems, is thought a sufficient fault, has lately published a book, in which he endeavours to show the folly, ignorance, and mistake of the church of Rome in its worship of saints. From this the Examiner takes occasion to fall upon the author with his utmost malice, and to make him the subject of his ridicule. Is it then become a crime for a Protestant to speak or write in defence of his religion? Shall a Papist have leave to print and publish in England what he pleases in defence of his own

* Dr. William Fleetwood, bishop of St. Asaph, published about this time, 'The Life and Miracles of St. Winifred, together with her Litanies. With some Historical Observations.' Pr. 1*s.* 6*d.* Guard. in folio, No. 77.

opinion, with the Examiner's approbation; and shall not a Protestant be permitted to write an answer to it? For this, Mr. Guardian, is the present case. Last year a Papist, or to please Mr. Examiner, a Roman catholic, published the life of St. Winifred, for the use of those devout pilgrims who go in great numbers to offer up their prayers to her at her well. This gave occasion to the worthy prelate, in whose diocese that well is, to make some observations upon it; and in order to undeceive so many poor deluded people, to show how little reason, and how small authority there is, not only to believe any of the miracles attributed to St. Winifred, but even to believe there ever was such a person in the world. And shall then a good man, upon such an account, be liable to be abused in so public a manner? Can any good Church-of-England man bear to see a bishop, one whom her present majesty was pleased to make, treated in so ludicrous a way? Or should one pass by the scurrility and the immodesty that is to be found in several parts of the paper? Who can with patience see St. Paul and St. Winifred set by the Examiner upon a level, and the authority for one made by him to be equal with that for the other? Who, that is a Christian, can endure his insipid mirth upon so serious an occasion? I must confess it raises my indignation to the greatest height, to see a pen that has been long employed in writing panegyrics upon persons of the first rank, who would be indeed to be pitied were they to depend upon that for their praise, to see I say, the same pen at last made use of in defence of popery.

'I think I may now, with justice, congratulate with those whom the Examiner dislikes; since, for my own part, I should reckon it my great honour to be worthy his dis-esteem, and should count his censure praise.

'I am, SIR,

June 20. 'Your most humble servant.'

The above letter complains, with great justice, against this incorrigible creature; but I do not insert any thing concerning him, in hopes what I say will have any effect upon him, but to prevent the impression which what he says may have upon others. I shall end this paper with a letter I have just now written to a gentleman, whose writings are often inserted in the Guardian[t], without deviation of one title from what he sends me.

'SIR,

'I HAVE received the favour of yours with the inclosed, which made up the papers of the two last days. I cannot but look upon myself with great contempt and mortification, when I reflect that I have thrown away more hours than you have lived, though you so much excel me in every thing for which I would live. Till I knew you, I thought it the privilege of angels only to be very knowing and very innocent. In the warmth of youth to be capable of such abstracted and virtuous reflections, with a suitable life, as those with which you entertain yourself, is the utmost of human perfection and felicity. The greatest honour I can conceive done to another, is when an elder does reference to a younger, though that younger is not distinguished above him by fortune. Your contempt of pleasures, riches and honour, will crown you with them all, and I wish you them not for your own sake, but for the reason which only would make them eligible to yourself, the good of others. I am, dearest youth,

'Your friend and admirer,

June 23. 'NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

[t] George Berkeley, then fellow of Trinity college, Dublin. See No. 89. note *ad finem*. See Introd. note to No. 126.; and No. 130. note on Mr. Bartelett.

No. 91. THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1713.*

— Inest sua gratia parvis.

Little things have their value.

It is the great rule of behaviour 'to follow nature.' The author of the following letter is so much convinced of this truth, that he turns what would render a man of a little soul exceptious, humoursome and particular in all his actions, to a subject of raillery and mirth. He is, you must know, but half as tall as an ordinary man, but is contented to be still at his friend's elbow, and has set up a club, by which he hopes to bring those of his own size into a little reputation:

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I REMEMBER a saying of yours concerning persons in low circumstances of stature, that their littleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. Indeed, the observation that no man is ridiculous, for being what he is, but only in the affectation of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

'I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear that a set of us have formed a society, who are sworn to "dare to be short," and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

'The day of our institution was the tenth of De-

* POPE'S.

cember, being the shortest of the year, on which we are to hold an annual feast over a dish of shrimps.

'The place we have chosen for this meeting is in the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's opera, for the performers of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

'At our first resort hither an old woman brought her son to the club-room, desiring he might be educated in this school, because she saw here were finer boys than ordinary. However, this accident no way discouraged our designs. We began with sending invitations to those of a stature not exceeding five foot, to repair to our assembly; but the greater part returned excuses, or pretended they were not qualified.

'One said he was indeed but five foot at present, but represented that he should soon exceed that proportion, his periwig-maker and shoe-maker having lately promised him three inches more betwixt them.

'Another alledged, he was so unfortunate as to have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever had determined his stature to five foot, had taken him at a disadvantage; for when he was mounted on the other leg, he was at least five foot[a] two inches and a half.

'There were some who questioned the exactness of our measures; and others, instead of complying, returned us informations of people yet shorter than themselves. In a word, almost every one recommended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he was willing we should look upon to be less than he. We were not a little ashamed that those who are past the years of growth, and whose beards pronounce them men, should be guilty of as many unfair tricks in this

[a] "I could never," said Swift, speaking of Pope, "I could never get the blockhead to learn his grammar." The Doctor himself, and not seldom, broke Priscian's head.

point, as the most aspiring children when they are measured.

'We therefore proceeded to fit up the club-room, and provide conveniencies for our accommodation. In the first place we caused a total removal of all the chairs, stools, and tables, which had served the gross of mankind for many years. The disadvantages we had undergone while we made use of these, were unspeakable. The president's whole body was sunk in the elbow chair: and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared, to the great lessening of his dignity, like a child in a go-cart. It was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that notwithstanding the president sat in it, there was a *sede vacante*.

'The table was so high, that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen barbers. Another time one of the club spoke contumeliously of the president, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face. We therefore new-furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us, and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man above five foot high, without brushing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

'*Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follow:*

'I. If it be proved upon any member, though never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his size, by stretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath stood on tiptoe in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a man as the rest: or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or

other device under him, to exalt him on his seat: every such offender shall be sentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

'II. If any member shall take advantage from the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwise, to seem larger or higher than he is; it is ordered, he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red feather in his hat, which may apparently mark and set bounds to the extremities of his small dimension, that all people may readily find him out between his hat and his shoes.

'III. If any member shall purchase a horse for his own riding above fourteen hands and an half in height, that horse shall forthwith be sold, a Scotch galloway bought in its stead for him, and the overplus of the money shall treat the club.

'IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of the society, shall wear the heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and a half, it shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleness, and the criminal shall instantly be expelled. Note, The form to be used in expelling a member shall be in these words, 'Go from among us, and be tall if you can!'

'It is the unanimous opinion of our whole society, that since the race of mankind is granted to have decreased in stature from the beginning to this present, it is the intent of nature itself, that men should be little; and we believe that all human kind shall at last grow down to perfection, that is to say, be reduced to our own measure[*]. I am very literally,

'Your humble servant, BOB SHORT.'

[*] This paper, No. 91. and its sequel, No. 92. is ascribed to Pope on the authority of Steele himself. See The Publisher to the Reader; and Guard. No. 108.

*** Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand; and sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick Lane, pr. 2d. 1713. Guard. in folio.

No. 92. FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1713.*

Homunculi quanti sunt, cùm recogito! PLAUTUS.

Now I recollect, how considerable are these little men!

' TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

' SIR,

' THE club rising early this evening I have time to finish my account of it. You are already acquainted with the nature and design of our institution; the characters of the members, and the topics of our conversation, are what remain for the subject of this epistle.

' The most eminent persons of our assembly are, a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a little hero. The first of these, Dick Distich by name, we have elected president, not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of the stature, as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough: he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs. A spider is no ill emblem of him. He has been taken at a distance for a small windmill. But indeed what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry, for he hath promised to undertake a long work in short verse to celebrate the heroes of our size. He has entertained so great a respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

* POPE'S.

"*Major in exigno regnabat corpore virtus.*"

"A larger portion of heroic fire
Did his small limbs and little breast inspire,"—

that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus.

'Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be done him that way, constantly employs the same artist who makes attire for the neighbouring princes and ladies of quality at Mr. Powel's. The vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast of the favours of the fair. He was the other night, excusing his absence from the club upon account of an assignation with a lady, and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too, who had consented to the full accomplishment of his desires that evening; but one of the company, who was his confident, assured us she was a woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition, that his toe[w] should be tied to hers.

'Our politician is a person of real gravity, and professed wisdom. Gravity in a man of this size, compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a cat, compared with that of a lion. This gentleman is accustomed to talk to himself, and was once over-heard to compare his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes of princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the welfare of Europe, which is also thought to have stinted his growth: for he hath destroyed his own constitution with taking care of that

[w] Pope seems to allude here, and at the close of this paper, to his waggish rondeau on Mrs. Eliz. Thomas, mistress to H. Cromwell, esq. See Biogr. Brit. art. Pope, p. 3414.

of the nation. He is what Mons. Balzac calls a great distiller of the maxims of Tacitus. When he speaks, it is slowly, and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you too fast with his observations; like a limbec that gives you drop by drop, an extract of the simples in it.

'The last I shall mention is Tim Tuck, the hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his sword, which intersects his person in a cross line, and makes him appear not unlike a fly, that the boys have run a pin through and set a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow as he passed along the street. But what he especially values himself upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he never once ducked at the whiz of a cannon-ball. Tim was full as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little heroes being generally choleric.

'These are the gentlemen that most enliven our conversation. The discourse generally turns upon such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size. These we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth or of consolation to each other. The president had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a stormy day; whereupon he informed us, it was no new disaster, but the same a certain ancient poet had been subject to, who is recorded to have been so light, that he was obliged to poise himself against the wind with lead on one side, and his own works on the other. The lover confessed the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron, with his tea, three mornings successively. Our hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adventures. And as for the

politician, he declares himself an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so will never discompose the austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less discover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befal him, is by way of complaint, nor is he ever laughed at, but in his absence.

'We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the club all such passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim Tuck having but just reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the same stories, of little David, that conquered the mighty Goliah, and little Luxembourg, that made Lewis XIV. a grand monarque, never forgetting little Alexander the Great. Dick Distich celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace, Lepidissimum Homunciolum; and is wonderfully pleased with Voiture and Scarron, for having so well described their diminutive forms to all posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, against a great reader and all his adherents[x], that Æsop was not a jot properer or handsomer than he is represented by the common pictures. But the soldier believes with the learned person above mentioned; for he thinks, none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of such an unmannerly piece of satire on little warriors, as his battle of the mouse and the frog. The politician is very proud of a certain king of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus assures us, was a person of very low stature, but far exceeded all that went before him in discretion and politics.

[x] Dr. Bentley, to whose conduct in Trinity college, objections were now under public consideration, an answer to them being advertised, pr. 2d. in the preceding paper of the Guard. in folio.

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'As I am secretary to the club, it is my business whenever we meet to take minutes of the transactions. This has enabled me to send you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have spies appointed in every quarter of the town, to give us informations of the misbehaviour of such refractory persons as refuse to be subject to our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring practices any of these our people shall be guilty of in their amours, single combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted with, and publish to the world for their punishment and reformation. For the president has granted me the sole property of exposing and showing to the town all such intractable dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from being carried about in boxes; reserving only to himself, as the right of a poet, those smart characters that will shine in epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the name of the club[y]. BOB SHORT, Secretary.'

No. 93. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1713.*

—Est animus lucis contemptor.— VIRG. Æn. ix. 205.

The thing call'd life with ease I can disclaim. DRYDEN.

THE following letters are curious and instructive, and shall make up the business of the day.

'TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'THE inclosed is a faithful translation from

* WILLIAM WOTTON'S, D. D.

y No. 92 is ascribed to Pope, on Steele's authority. See The Publisher to the Reader; and Guard. No. 108.

an old author, which if it deserves your notice let the readers guess whether he was a heathen or a Christian*. I am, Your most humble servant.'

'June 25, 1713.'

"I CANNOT, my friends, forbear letting you know what I think of death; for methinks I view and understand it much better, the nearer I approach to it. I am convinced that your fathers, those illustrious persons whom I so much loved and honoured, do not cease to live, though they have passed through what we call death; they are undoubtedly still living, but it is that sort of life which alone deserves truly to be called life. In effect, while we are confined to bodies, we ought to esteem ourselves no other than a sort of galley-slaves at the chain, since the soul, which is somewhat divine, and descends from heaven as the place of its original, seems debased and dishonoured by this mixture with flesh and blood, and to be in a state of banishment from its celestial country. I cannot help thinking too, that one main reason of uniting souls to bodies was, that the great work of the universe might have spectators to admire the beautiful order of nature, the regular motion of heavenly bodies, who should strive to express that regularity in the uniformity of their lives. When I consider the boundless activity of our minds, the remembrance we have of things past, our foresight of what is to come; when I reflect on the noble discoveries and vast improvements, by which these minds have advanced arts and sciences; I am entirely persuaded, and out of all doubt, that a nature which has in itself a fund of so many excellent things cannot possibly be mortal. I observe further, that my mind is altogether simple, without the mixture of any sub-

* Xenoph. Opera, vol. i. p. 547, *et seq.* edit. A Ernesti, 8vo. Lips. 1765. 4 tom. M. T. Cicer. Opera, Pars Xmas, p. 3754, *et seq.* Cato Major, De Senectute, xxii. edit. J. Verburgij, 8vo. Amst. 1724.

stance or nature different from its own; I conclude from thence that it is indivisible, and consequently cannot perish.

"By no means think, therefore, my dear friends, when I shall have quitted you, that I cease to be, or shall subsist no where. Remember that while we live together, you do not see my mind, and yet are sure that I have one actuating and moving my body; doubt not then but that this same mind will have a being when it is separated, though you cannot then perceive its actions. What nonsense would it be to pay those honours to great men after their deaths, which we constantly do, if their souls did not then subsist? For my own part, I could never imagine that our minds live only when united to bodies, and die when they leave them; or that they shall cease to think and understand when disengaged from bodies, which without them have neither sense nor reason; on the contrary, I believe the soul when separated from matter, to enjoy the greatest purity and simplicity of its nature, and to have much more wisdom and light than while it was united. We see when the body dies what becomes of all the parts which composed it; but we do not see the mind, either in the body, or when it leaves it. Nothing more resembles death than sleep, and it is in that state that the soul chiefly shows it has something divine in its nature. How much more then must it show it, when entirely disengaged?"

'TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'SINCE you have not refused to insert matters of a theological nature in those excellent papers with which you daily both instruct and divert us, I earnestly desire you to print the following paper.

The notions therein advanced are, for ought I know, new to the English reader, and if they are true, will afford room for many useful inferences.

'No man that reads the evangelists, but must observe that our blessed Saviour does upon every occasion bend all his force and zeal to rebuke and correct the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. Upon that subject he shows a warmth which one meets with in no other part of his sermons. They were so enraged at this public detection of their secret villanies, by one who saw through all their disguises, that they joined in the prosecution of him, which was so vigorous, that Pilate at last consented to his death. The frequency and vehemence of these reprehensions of our Lord, have made the word Pharisee to be looked upon as odious amongst Christians, and to mean only one who lays the utmost stress upon the outward, ceremonial, and ritual part of his religion, without having such an inward sense of it, as would lead him to a general and sincere observance of those duties which can only arise from the heart, and which cannot be supposed to spring from a desire of applause or profit.

'This is plain from the history of the life and actions of our Lord in the four evangelists. One of them, St. Luke, continued his history down in a second part, which we commonly call, The Acts of the Apostles. Now it is observable, that in this second part, in which he gives a particular account of what the apostles did and suffered at Jerusalem upon their first entering upon their commission, and also of what St. Paul did after he was consecrated to the apostleship until his journey to Rome, we find not only no opposition to Christianity from the Pharisees, but several signal occasions in which they assisted its first teachers, when the Christian church was in its

infant state. The true, zealous, and hearty persecutors of Christianity at that time were the Sadducees, whom we may truly call the free-thinkers among the Jews. They believed neither resurrection, nor angel, nor spirit, *i. e.* in plain English, they were deists at least, if not atheists. They could outwardly comply with, and conform to the establishment in church and state, and they pretended forsooth to belong only to a particular sect; and because there was nothing in the law of Moses which in so many words asserted a resurrection, they appeared to adhere to that in a particular manner beyond any other part of the old testament. These men therefore justly dreaded the spreading of Christianity after the ascension of our Lord, because it was wholly founded upon his resurrection.

'Accordingly therefore when Peter and John had cured the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, and had thereby raised a wonderful expectation of themselves among the people, the priests, and Sadducees, Acts iv. clapt them up, and sent them away for the first time with a severe reprimand. Quickly after, when the deaths of Ananias and Sapphira, and the many miracles wrought after those severe instances of the apostolical power had alarmed the priests, who looked upon the temple-worship, and consequently their bread, to be struck at; these priests, and all they that were with them, who were of the sect of the Sadducees, imprisoned the apostles, intending to examine them in the great council the next day. Where, when the council met, and the priests and Sadducees proposed to proceed with great rigour against them, we find that Gamaliel, a very eminent Pharisee, St. Paul's master, a man of great authority among the people, many of whose determinations we have still preserved in the

body of the Jewish traditions, commonly called the Talmud, opposed their heat, and told them, for aught they knew, the apostles might be act[uat]ed by the Spirit of God, and that in such a case it would be in vain to oppose them, since if they did so, they would only fight against God, whom they could not overcome. Gamaliel was so considerable a man amongst his own sect, that we may reasonably believe he spoke the sense of his party as well as his own. St. Stephen's martyrdom came on presently after, in which we do not find the Pharisees, as such, had any hand; it is probable that he was prosecuted by those who had before imprisoned Peter and John. One novice indeed of that sect was so zealous, that he kept the clothes of those that stoned him. This novice, whose zeal went beyond all bounds, was the great St. Paul, who was peculiarly honoured with a call from Heaven by which he was converted, and he was afterwards, by God himself, appointed to be the apostle of the Gentiles. Besides him, and him too reclaimed in so glorious a manner, we find no one Pharisee either named or hinted at by St. Luke, as an opposer of Christianity in those earliest days. What others might do we know not. But we find the Sadducees pursuing St. Paul even to death at his coming to Jerusalem, in the 21st of the Acts. He then, upon all occasions, owned himself to be a Pharisee. In the 22d chapter he told the people, that he had been bred up at the feet of Gamaliel after the strictest manner, in the law of his fathers. In the 23d chapter he told the council that he was a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, and that he was accused for asserting the hope and resurrection of the dead, which was their darling doctrine. Hereupon the Pharisees stood by him, and though they did not own our Saviour to be the Messiah, yet they would not deny

but some angel or spirit might have spoken to him, and then if they opposed him, they should fight against God. This was the very argument Gamaliel had used before. The resurrection of our Lord, which they saw so strenuously asserted by the apostles, whose miracles they also saw and owned, [Acts iv. 16.] seems to have struck them, and many of them were converted [Acts xv. 5.] even without a miracle, and the rest stood still and made no opposition.

'We see here, what the part was which the Pharisees acted in this important conjuncture. Of the Sadducees we meet not with one in the whole apostolic history that was converted. We hear of no miracles wrought to convince any of them, though there was an eminent one wrought to reclaim a Pharisee. St. Paul we see, after his conversion, always gloried in his having been bred a Pharisee. He did so to the people of Jerusalem, to the great council, to king Agrippa, and to the Philippians. So that from hence we may justly infer, that it was not their institution, which was in itself laudable, which our blessed Saviour found fault with, but it was their hypocrisy, their covetousness, their oppression, their overvaluing themselves upon their zeal for the ceremonial law, and their adding to that yoke by their traditions all which were not properly essentials of their institution, that our Lord blamed.

'But I must not run on. What I would observe, sir, is that atheism is more dreadful, and would be more grievous to human society, if it were invested with sufficient power, than religion under any shape, where its professors do at the bottom believe what they profess. I despair not of a papist's conversion, though I would not willingly lie at a zealot papist's mercy, and no protestant would, if he knew what popery is, though he truly believes in our Saviour. But the

free-thinker who scarcely believes there is a God, and certainly disbelieves revelation, is a very terrible animal. He will talk of natural rights, and the just freedoms of mankind, no longer than until he himself gets into power; and by the instance before us, we have small grounds to hope for his salvation, or that God will ever vouchsafe him sufficient grace to reclaim him from errors, which have been so immediately levelled against himself.

'If these notions be true, as I verily believe they are, I thought they might be worth publishing at this time, for which reason they are sent in this manner to you by, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'WILLIAM WOTTON[a].'

No. 94. MONDAY, JUNE 29, 1713.*

Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,
Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis; statuâ taciturnius exit
Plerumque, et risu populum quatit.— HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 81.

IMITATED.

The man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare;
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air! POPE.

SINCE our success in worldly matters may be said to

STEELE'S.

[a] This letter signed with the final letters of his name appears to be Dr. Wotton's, by comparing it with his Miscellaneous Discourses, vol. i. p. 95. *et seq.* Dr. Wotton was probably the translator too of the parting Discourse of Cyrus to his Friends, and consequently the author of the whole of this paper, No. 93. See an account of Dr. Wotton, in Nichols's Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer, p. 50. and p. 73. See also Supplement to Granger, vol. i. p. 150.

depend upon our education, it will be very much to the purpose to enquire if the foundations of our fortune could not be laid deeper and surer than they are. The education of youth falls of necessity under the direction of those, who through fondness to us and our abilities, as well as to their own unwarrantable conjectures, are very likely to be deceived; and the misery of it is, that the poor creatures, who are the sufferers upon wrong advances, seldom find out the errors, until they become irretrievable. As the greater number of all degrees and conditions have their education at the universities, the errors which I conceive to be in those places fall most naturally under the following observations. The first mismanagement in these public nurseries, is the calling together a number of pupils, of howsoever different ages, views and capacities, to the same lectures. But surely there can be no reason to think that a delicate tender babe, just weaned from the bosom of his mother, indulged in all the impertinences of his heart's desire, should be equally capable of receiving a lecture of philosophy, with a hardy ruffian of full age, who has been occasionally scourged through some of the great schools, groaned under constant rebuke and chastisement, and maintained a ten years' war with literature, under very strict and rugged discipline.

I know the reader has pleased himself with an answer to this already, viz. That an attention to the particular abilities and designs of the pupil, cannot be expected from the trifling salary paid upon such account. The price indeed which is thought a sufficient reward for any advantages a youth can receive from a man of learning, is an abominable consideration; the enlarging which would not only increase the care of tutors, but would be a very great encouragement to such as designed to take this province upon them, to furnish

themselves with a more general and extensive knowledge. As the case now stands, those of the first quality pay their tutors but little above half so much as they do their footmen: what morality, what history, what taste of the modern languages, what, lastly, that can make a man happy or great, may not be expected in return for such an immense treasure. It is monstrous, indeed, that the men of the best estates and families are more solicitous about the tutelage of a favourite dog or horse, than of their heirs male. The next evil is the pedantical veneration that is maintained at the university for Greek and Latin, which puts the youth upon such exercises as many of them are incapable of performing, with any tolerable success. Upon this emergency they are succoured by the allowed wits of their respective colleges, who are always ready to befriend them with two or three hundred Latin or Greek words thrown together, with a very small proportion of sense.

But the most established error of our university education, is the general neglect of all the little qualifications and accomplishments which make up the character of a well-bred man, and the general attention to what is called deep learning. But as there are very few blessed with a genius, that shall force success by the strength of itself alone, and few occasions of life that require the aid of such genius; the vast majority of the unblessed souls ought to store themselves with such acquisitions, in which every man has capacity to make a considerable progress, and from which every common occasion of life may reap great advantage. The persons that may be useful to us in the making our fortunes, are such as are already happy in their own; I may proceed to say, that the men of figure and family are more superficial in their education, than those of a less degree, and of course, are

ready to encourage and protect that qualification in another, which they themselves are masters of. For their own application implies the pursuit of something commendable; and when they see their own characters proposed as imitable, they must be won by such an irresistible flattery. But those of the university, who are to make their fortunes by a ready insinuation into the favour of their superiors, contemn this necessary foppery so far, as not to be able to speak common sense to them without hesitation, perplexity, and confusion. For want of care in acquiring less accomplishments which adorn ordinary life, he that is so unhappy as to be born poor, is condemned to a method that will very probably keep him so.

I hope all the learned will forgive me what is said purely for their service, and tends to no other injury against them, than admonishing them not to overlook such little qualifications, as they every day see defeat their greater excellences in the pursuit both of reputation and fortune.

If the youth of the university were to be advanced, according to their sufficiency in the severe progress of learning; or 'riches could be secured to men of understanding, and favour to men of skill;' then indeed all studies were solemnly to be defied, that did not seriously pursue the main end; but since our merit is to be tried by the unskilful[b] many, we must gratify the sense of the injudicious majority, satisfying ourselves that the shame of a trivial qualification sticks only upon him that prefers it to one more substantial. The more accomplishments a man is master of, the better is he prepared for a more extended acquaint-

[b] If the universities are to be modelled agreeably to the fancies of the unskilful, I cannot think at what point they are to stop. All that can be said is, that accomplished characters are formed at our universities, and not on too slavish a plan; for Cromwell, Milton, Locke, &c. were bred there. A.

ance, and upon these considerations, without doubt, the author of the Italian book called Il Cortegiano, or the Courtier[c], makes throwing the bar, vaulting the horse, nay even wrestling, with several other as low qualifications, necessary for the man whom he figures for a perfect courtier; for this reason no doubt, because his end being to find grace in the eyes of men of all degrees, the means to pursue this end was the furnishing him with such real and seeming excellences as each degree had its particular taste of. But those of the university, instead of employing their leisure hours in the pursuit of such acquisitions as would shorten their way to better fortune, enjoy those moments at certain houses in the town, or repair to others at very pretty distances out of it, where 'they drink and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more.' Persons of this indigent education are apt to pass upon themselves and others for modest, especially in the point of behaviour; though it is easy to prove, that this mistaken modesty not only arises from ignorance, but begets the appearance of its opposite, pride. For he that is conscious of his own insufficiency to address his superiors without appearing ridiculous, is by that betrayed into the same neglect and indifference towards them, which may bear the construction of pride. From this habit they begin to argue against the base submissive application from men of letters to men of fortune, and to be grieved when they see, as Ben Jonson says,

'——The learned pate
Duck to the golden fool ——'

though these are points of necessity and convenience, and to be esteemed submissions rather to the occasion

[c] Written by Conte Baldassar Castiglione, and published in Italian and English, with a life of the author, by A. P. Castiglione, of the same family. 4to. Lond. 1727.

than to the person. It was a fine answer of Diogenes, who being asked in mockery, why philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers, replied, 'Because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not.' It certainly must be difficult to prove, that a man of business, or a profession, ought not to be what we call a gentleman, but yet very few of them are so. Upon this account they have little conversation with those who might do them most service, but upon such occasions only as application is made to them in their particular calling; and for any thing they can do or say in such matters have their reward, and therefore rather receive than confer an obligation: whereas he that adds his being agreeable to his being serviceable, is constantly in a capacity of obliging others. The character of a beau, is, I think, what the men that pretend to learning please themselves in ridiculing: and yet if we compare these persons as we see them in public, we shall find that the lettered coxcombs without good-breeding, give more just occasion to raillery, than the unlettered coxcombs with it: as our behaviour falls within the judgment of more persons than our conversation, and a failure [in it is] therefore more visible. What pleasant victories over the loud, the saucy, and the illiterate, would attend the men of learning and breeding; which qualifications, could we but join them, would beget such a confidence, as arising from good sense and good nature, would never let us oppress others, or desert ourselves. In short, whether a man intends a life of business or pleasure, it is impossible to pursue either in an elegant manner, without the help of good breeding. I shall conclude with the face at least of a regular discourse; and say, if it is our behaviour and address upon all common occasions that prejudice people in our favour, or to our disadvan-

tage, and the more substantial parts, as our learning and industry, cannot possibly appear but to few; it is not justifiable to spend so much time in that which so very few are judges of, and utterly neglect that which falls within the censure of so many.

No. 95. TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1713.*

—Aliena negotia centum. HOR. 2 Sat. vi. 33.

A crowd of petitioners. CREECH.

I FIND business increase upon me very much, as will appear by the following letters:

'SIR,

'THIS day Mr. Oliver Purville, gentleman, property-man to the theatre royal in the room of Mr. William Peer[d], deceased, arrived here in widow Bartlett's waggon. He is an humble member of the Little Club[e], and a passionate man, which makes him tell the disasters which he met with on his road hither, a little too incoherently to be rightly understood. By what I can gather from him, it seems that within three miles of this side Wickham, the party was set upon by highwaymen. Mr. Purville was supercargo to the great hamper in which were the following goods. The chains of Jaffier and Pierre; the crowns and sceptres of the posterity of Banquo; the bull, bear and horse of captain Otter; bones, skulls, pick-axes, a bottle of brandy and five muskets; fourscore pieces of stock-gold, and thirty pieces of tin-silver hid in a green purse within a skull. These the robbers, by being put up safe, supposed to be true, and

* STEELE'S.

[d] See Guard. No. 82. Account of Mr. William Peer, property-man.

[e] See Guard. Nos. 91. and 92. by Mr. Pope.

rid off with, not forgetting to take Mr. Purville's own current coin. They broke the armour of Jacomo, which was cased up in the same hamper, and one of them put on the said Jacomo's mask to escape. They also did several extravagances with no other purpose but to do mischief; they broke a mace for the lord mayor of London. They also destroyed the world, the sun and moon, which lay loose in the waggon. Mrs. Bartlett is frightened out of her wits, for Purville says he has her servant's receipt for the world, and expects she shall make it good. Purville is resolved to take no lodgings in town, but makes behind the scenes a bed chamber of the hamper. His bed is that in which Desdemona is to die, and he uses the sheet in which Mr. Johnson is tied up in a comedy, for his own bed of nights. It is to be hoped the great ones will consider Mr. Purville's loss. One of the robbers has sent, by a country fellow, the stock-gold, and had the impudence to write the following letter to Mr. Purville:

"SIR,

"If you had been an honest man, you would not have put bad money upon men who ventured their lives for it. But we shall see you when you come back. PHILIP SCOWRER."

'There are many things in this matter which employ the ablest men here, as whether an action will lie for the world among people who make the most of words? or whether it be adviseable to call that round ball the world, and if we do not call it so, whether we can have any remedy? The ablest lawyer here says there is no help; for if you call it the world, it will be answered how could the world be in one shire, to wit, that of Buckingham; for the county must be named, and if you do not name it we shall certainly

be nonsuited. I do not know whether I make myself understood; but you understand me right when you believe I am

'Your most humble servant,

Oxford, June 24, 1713. 'and faithful correspondent,

'THE PROMPTER[f].'

'HONOURED SIR,

'YOUR character of Guardian makes it not only necessary, but becoming, to have several employed under you. And being myself ambitious of your service, I am now your humble petitioner to be admitted into a place I do not find yet disposed of—I mean that of your lion-catcher[g]. It was, Sir, for want of such commission from your honour, that very many lions have lately escaped. However, I made bold to distinguish a couple. One I found in a coffee-house—He was of the larger sort, looked fierce, and roared loud. I considered wherein he was dangerous; and accordingly expressed my displeasure against him, in such a manner upon his chaps, that now he is not able to show his teeth. The other was a small lion, who was slipping by me as I stood at the corner of an alley—I smelt the creature presently, and catched at him, but he got off with the loss of a lock of hair only, which proved of a dark colour. This and the teeth abovementioned I have by me, and design them both for a present to Button's coffee-house.

'Besides this way of dealing with them, I have invented many curious traps, snares, and artificial baits, which, it is humbly conceived, cannot fail of clearing the kingdom of the whole species in a short time.

[f] See inventory of play-house-goods, by Addison, in the Tat. No. 42; and the last letter of this No. 95.

[g] This letter refers to Guard. No. 71. an essay on political lions, by Addison.

'This is humbly submitted to your honour's consideration; and I am ready to appear before your honour, to answer to such questions as you, in your great wisdom, shall think meet to ask, whenever you please to command

'Your Honour's most obedient humble servant,

'Midsummer-day. 'HERCULES CRABTREE[h].

'N. B. I have an excellent nose.'

'SIR,

'READING in your yesterday's paper, a letter from Daniel Button, in recommendation of his coffee-house for polite conversation and freedom from the argument by the Button[h], I make bold to send you this to assure you, that at this place there is as yet kept up as good a decorum in the debates of politics, trade, stocks, &c. as at Will's, or at any other coffee-house at your end of the town. In order therefore to preserve this house from the arbitrary way of forcing an assent, by seizing on the collar, neckcloth, or any other part of the body, or dress, it would be of signal service if you would be pleased to intimate, that we who frequent this place after Exchange-time, shall have the honour of seeing you here sometimes; for that would be a sufficient guard for us from all such petty practices, and also be a means of enabling the honest man, who keeps the house, to continue to serve us with the best bohea and green tea, and coffee, and will in a particular manner oblige, SIR,

'Your humble servant,

'Tom's coffee-house, in Cornhill, June 19, 1713. 'JAMES DIAPER.

'P. S. The room above stairs is the handsomest in this part of the town, furnished with large pier

[h] See Guard. Nos. 84. and 85.

glasses for persons to view themselves in, who have no business with any body else, and every way fit for the reception of fine gentlemen.'

'SIR,

'I AM a very great scholar, wear a fair wig, and have an immense number of books curiously bound and gilt. I excel in a singularity of diction and manners, and visit persons of the first quality. In fine, I have by me a great quantity of cockle-shells, which, however does not defend me from the insults of another learned man, who neglects me in a most insupportable manner: for I have it from persons of undoubted veracity, that he presumed once to pass by my door without waiting upon me. Whether this be consistent with the respect which we learned men ought to have for each other, I leave to your judgment, and am, SIR,

'Your affectionate friend,

'PHILAUTUS[1].'

'FRIEND NESTOR,

'I HAD always a great value for thee, and have so still: but I must tell thee, that thou strangely affectest to be sage and solid: now pr'ythee let me observe to thee, that though it be common enough for people as they grow older to grow graver, yet it is not so common to become wiser. Verily to me thou seemest to keep strange company, and with a positive sufficiency incident to old age, to follow too much thine own inventions. Thou dependest too much likewise upon thy correspondence here, and art apt to take people's words without consideration. But my present business with thee is to expostulate with thee about a late paper occasioned, as thou

[1] See Tat. Nos. 216. 221. and notes.

say'st, by Jack Lizard's information, my very good friend, that we are to have a Public Act.

'Now I say, in that paper, there is nothing contended for which any man of common sense will deny: all that is there said, is, that no man or woman's reputation ought to be blasted, *i. e.* nobody ought to have an ill character, who does not deserve it. Very true; but here's this false consequence insinuated, that therefore nobody ought to hear of their faults; or in other words, let any body do as much ill as he pleases, he ought not to be told of it. Art thou a patriot, Mr. Ironside, and wilt thou affirm, that arbitrary proceedings and oppression ought to be concealed or justified? Art thou a gentleman, and wouldst thou have base, sordid, ignoble tricks connived at, or tolerated? Art thou a scholar, and would'st thou have learning and good-manners discouraged? Would'st thou have cringing servility, parasitical shuffling, fawning, and dishonest compliances, made the road to success? Art thou a Christian, and would'st thou have all villanies within the law practised with impunity? Should they not be told of it? It is certain, there are many things which though there are no laws against them, yet ought not to be done; and in such cases there is no argument so likely to hinder their being done, as the fear of public shame for doing them. The two great reasons against an act are always, the saving of money, and hiding of roguery.'

[Here many things are omitted which will be in the speech of the Terræfilius.]

'And now, dear Old Iron, I am glad to hear that at these years thou hast gallantry enough left to have thoughts of setting up for a knight-errant, a tamer of monsters, and a defender of distrest damsels.

'Adieu, old fellow, and let me give thee this ad-

vice at parting. E'en get thyself case-hardened[k]; for though the very best steel may snap, yet old iron you know will rust.

Oxford, June 18, 1713[l]. UMBRA.

'Be just, and publish this.'

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'THIS day arrived the vanguard of the theatrical army. Your friend, Mr. George Powel, commanded the artillery both celestial and terrestrial. The magazines of snow, lightning, and thunder, are safely laid up[m]. We have had no disaster on the way, but that of breaking Cupid's bow by a jolt of the waggon: but they tell us they make them very well in Oxford. We all went in a body, and were shown your chambers in Lincoln college. The Terræfilius expects you down, and we of the theatre design to bring you into the town with all our guards. Those of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and the faithful retinue of Cato, shall meet you at Shotover. The ghost of Hamlet, and the statue which supped with Don John, both say, that though it be at noonday, they will attend your entry. Every body expects you with great impatience. We shall be in very good order when all are come down. We have sent to town for a brick-wall which we forgot. The sea is to come by water.

'Your most humble servant,

'and faithful correspondent,

Oxford, Sat. 27, 1713. 'THE PROMPTER[o].'

*** This day was published, The Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff. Printed for A. Baldwin, near the Oxford Arms, in Warwick-lane. Price 3*d.*—Guard. in fol. By the author of the following paper.

[k] A conceit on Steele's name; case-hardening of iron is a superficial conversion of that metal into steel. See Guard. No. 102, *ad finem*, by Addison.

[l] See Guard. No. 72. and notes.

[m] See Tat. No. 42. Inventory of the play-house; and Guard. No. 72.

[o] See notes on Guard. Nos. 10. and 15. Mr. L. Eusden was perhaps the writer of this and the preceding letter from Oxford. See The Publisher to the Reader.

No. 96. WEDNESDAY, July 1, 1713.*

Cuncti adsint, meritæque exspectent præmia palmæ. Virg. Æn. v. 70.

Let all be present at the games prepar'd;
And joyful victors wait the just reward. Dryden.

There is no maxim in politics more indisputable, than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the public the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprize sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the emperor of China. These are never given to any subject, says monsieur le Comte[p], till the subject is dead. If he has pleased his emperor to the

* Addison's.

p Pere le Compte, or Comte, a Jesuit missionary, published his remarks on China in the French language, under the title of Nouveaux Memoires sur l'état present de la Chine. The edition of Amsterdam in 1698, is in 2 vols. 8vo.; that of Paris in 1701, is in 3 vols. Of the English translation there are two editions in 8vo.; the last is in 1737. See Spect. No. 189.

last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their rank accordingly. This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin stamped upon the occasion which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means his whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. Their medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded on coin, it was stamped perhaps upon an hundred thousand pieces of money like our shillings, or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread through the whole Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often re-coined by a succeeding emperor, many years after the death of the emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend[q] of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been put in execution had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman above-mentioned to men of the greatest genius, as well as quality; I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and halfpence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her Majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to posterity.

As I have in my possession the copy of the paper above-mentioned, which was delivered to the late lord treasurer, I shall here give the public a sight of it. For I do not question but that the curious part of my readers will be very well pleased to see so much matter, and so many useful hints upon this subject, laid together in so clear and concise a manner.

The English have not been so careful as other polite nations to preserve the memory of their great actions and events on medals. Their subjects are few, their mottos and devices mean, and the coins them-

[q] Dr. Swift. Something in this way was actually done under the direction of sir Andrew Fountaine, who was warden of the Mint, and raised, but did not gratify the expectations of the public. The coins and medals struck with relation to public affairs fell very far short of those of the ancients, and even of France, in design, device, spirit, and legend; it was said that the warden's genius was cramped by the saving knowledge of some people concerned in the business. Sir A. Fountaine was knighted by king William, and was vice-chamberlain to queen Caroline. He was well versed in the knowledge of antiquities, and perfectly master of the taste of virtu. In the 78th year of his age, he died at his seat at Narford in Norfolk, A. D. 1753. His fine and large collection of antiquities, china, Roman Fayence, called Raphael's Earthen Ware, &c. &c. was disposed at his seat in the most secure and elegant manner, where it still is, or was very lately.

selves not numerous enough to spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

The French have outdone us in these particulars, and by the establishment of a society for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of their present king in a regular series of medals.

They have failed as well as the English, in coining so small a number of each kind, and those of such costly metals, that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

Every thing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, sea-port, or high-way, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of senate.

It is therefore proposed,

I. That the English farthings and halfpence be recoined upon the union of the two nations.

II. That they bear devices and inscriptions allud-

ing to all the most remarkable parts of her Majesty's reign.

III. That their be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and devices.

IV. That no subject, inscription, or device, be stamped without the approbation of this society, nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of privy-council.

By this means, medals that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and at the same time, perpetuate the glories of her Majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions. T.[r]

No. 97. THURSDAY, July 2, 1713.*

—Furor est post omnia perdere naufum. Juv. Sat. viii. 97.
'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left. Stepney.

'SIR,

'I was left a thousand pounds by an uncle; and being a man to my thinking very likely to get a

* Addison's.

[r] Distinguished by a hand, the mark of Addison's papers in the Guardian, as Steele informs us in The Publisher to the Reader. It is reprinted in Addison's Works, 4to. edit. 1721, vol. iv. p. 138.

rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts of making my fortune any other way, and without loss of time made my applications to one who had buried her husband about a week before. By the help of some of her she-friends who were my relations, I got into her company when she would see no man besides myself and her lawyer, who is a little, rivelled, spindle-shanked gentleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing her, she said in conversation within my hearing, that she thought a pale complexion the most agreeable either in man or woman. Now you must know, sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me some encouragement; so that to mend the matter I bought a fine flaxen long wig that cost me thirty guineas[s], and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the next day. She then let drop some expressions about an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the hint, and bought one, being unwilling to omit any thing that might make me desirable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the same manner into a brocade waistcoat, a sword-knot, a pair of silver-fringed gloves, and a diamond ring[t]. But whether out of fickleness or a design upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her discourse, that what she liked one day, she disliked another: so that in six months space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen times. As I told you before, I took her hints at a distance, for I could never find an opportunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time however, I was allowed the utmost familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played with it above an hour together, without receiving the least reprimand, and had many other marks of favour shown

[s] Drumvir's fair wig cost forty guineas. Tatler, No. 34.
[t] See Guard. No. 34. *ad finem.*

me, which I thought amounted to a promise. If she chanced to drop her fan, she received it from my hands with great civility. If she wanted any thing, I reached it for her. I have filled her tea-pot above an hundred times, and have afterwards received a dish of it from her own hands. Now, Sir, do you judge, if after such encouragements she was not obliged to marry me. I forgot to tell you that I kept a chair by the week, on purpose to carry me thither and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the space of about a twelvemonth I have run out of my whole thousand pound upon her, having laid out the last fifty in a new suit of clothes, in which I was resolved to receive a final answer, which amounted to this, "that she was engaged to another; that she never dreamt I had any such thing in my head as marriage; and that she thought I had frequented her house only because I loved to be in company with my relations." This, you know, Sir, is using a man like a fool, and so I told her; but the worst of it is, that I have spent my fortune to no purpose. All therefore that I desire of you is, to tell me whether upon exhibiting the several particulars which I have here related to you, I may not sue her for damages in a court of justice. Your advice in this particular will very much oblige,

'Your most humble admirer,

'SIMON SOFTLY.'

Before I answer Mr. Softly's request, I find myself under a necessity of discussing two nice points. First of all, What it is, in cases of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement? And, secondly, What it is that amounts to a promise? Each of which subjects requires more time to examine than I am at present master of. Besides, I would have my friend Simon

consider, whether he has any counsel that will undertake his cause *in formâ pauperis*, he having unluckily disabled himself, by his own account of the matter, from prosecuting his suit any other way.

In answer however to Mr. Softly's request, I shall acquaint him with a method made use of by a young fellow in king Charles the Second's reign, whom I shall here call Silvio, who had long made love with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whose true name I shall conceal under that of Zelinda. Silvio, who was much more smitten with her fortune than her person, finding a twelvemonth's application unsuccessful, was resolved to make a saving bargain of it; and since he could not get the widow's estate into his possession, to recover at least what he had laid out of his own in the pursuit of it.

In order to this he presented her with a bill of costs, having particularized in it the several expences he had been at in his long perplexed amour. Zelinda was so pleased with the humour of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that upon the perusal of the bill, she sent him a purse of fifteen hundred guineas, by the right application of which, the lover in less than a year, got a woman of greater fortune than her[a] he had missed. The several articles in the bill of costs I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular sum charged to each article.

Laid out in supernumerary full-bottom wigs.

Fiddles for a serenade, with a speaking trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux, with perfumed wax.

A ream of sonnets and love-verses, purchased at different times of Mr. Triplet at a crown a sheet.

To Zelinda two sticks of May-cherries.

[a] "Than she was whom he had missed." Lowth's Introd. to Engl. Grammar, 2d edit. 1763. p. 160.

Last summer at several times, a bushel of peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The first who stood centry near her door.

The second who had his stand at the stables where her coach was put up.

The third who kept watch at the corner of the street where Ned Courtall lives, who has since married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of May.

Five conjurors kept in pay all last winter.

Spy-money to John Trott her footman, and Mrs. Sarah Wheedle her companion.

A new Conningsmark blade to fight Ned Courtall.

To Zelinda's woman (Mrs. Abigail) an Indian fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of Flanders lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret-service money to Betty at the ring.

Ditto to Mrs. Tape the mantua-maker.

Loss of time. ☞.[v]

No. 98. FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1713.*

In sese redit — VIRG. Georg. iv. 444.

He resumes himself.

THE first who undertook to instruct the world in single papers was Isaac Bickerstaff of famous memory: a man nearly related to the family of the Ironsides. We have often smoked a pipe together; for I was so much in his books[w], that at his decease he left me

* ADDISON'S.

[v] Distinguished by a hand, the mark of Addison's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted in Addison's Works, 4to. edit. 1721, vol. iv. p. 141.

[w] Books, i. e. good graces.

a silver standish, a pair of spectacles, and the lamp by which he used to write his Lucubrations.

The venerable Isaac was succeeded by a gentleman of the same family, very memorable for the shortness of his face and of his speeches. This ingenious author published his thoughts, and held his tongue with great applause, for two years together.

I Nestor Ironside, have now for some time undertaken to fill the place of these my two renowned kinsmen and predecessors. For it is observed of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarked of some of us, that we are apt on this occasion, rather to give than take[x].

However it be, I cannot but observe with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our line. I believe I speak within compass, when I affirm that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing, some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom: but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art. Their projects have always dropt after a few unsuccessful essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me by a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid-servant seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was music in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find where about the tune lay.

But though the whole burthen of such a paper is

[x] An allusion to Steele. See Addison's let. in Hughes's Correspondence. Vol. i. p. 80. let. 26.

only fit to rest on the shoulders of a Bickerstaff or an Ironside; there are several who can acquit themselves of a single day's labour in it with suitable abilities. These are gentlemen whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private emolument, as well as to their own reputation. My paper among the republic of letters is the Ulysses his bow, in which every man of wit or learning may try his strength. One who does not care to write a book without being sure of his abilities, may see by this means if his parts and talents are to the public taste.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the best sense, who are always diffident of their private judgment, till it receives a sanction from the public. '*Provoco ad populum*,' 'I appeal to the people,' was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatic poet, when he had any dispute with particular persons about the justness and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an author to be satisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world besides himself. Common modesty should, on this occasion, make a man suspect his own judgment, and that he misapplies the rules of his art, when he finds himself singular in the applause which he bestows upon his own writings.

The public is always even with an author who has not a just deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. 'I laugh at every one,' said an old cynic, 'who laughs at me.' 'Do you so,' replied the philosopher; 'then let me tell you, you live the merriest life of any man in Athens.'

It is not therefore the least use of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and such is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of sounding the public before he launches

into it. For this reason I look upon my paper as a kind of nursery for authors, and question not but some who have made a good figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favour to beg of the candid and courteous reader, that when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull or heavy, though I hope this will not be often, he will believe it is the work of some other person, and not of Nestor Ironside.

I have, I know not how, been drawn in to tattle of myself, *more majorum*, almost the length of a whole Guardian; I shall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person, and my correspondents. Now I would have them all know, that on the twentieth instant it is my intention to erect a lion's head in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be kept in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the public. This head requires some time to finish, the workmen being resolved to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in Button's coffee-house in Covent-garden[y], who

[y] The lion's head, formerly at Button's coffee-house, is still preserved at the Shakspeare tavern in Covent-garden. There is under it an inscrip-

is directed to shew the way to the lion's head, and to instruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy. [z]

No. 99. SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1713.*

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ; neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. HOR. 3 Od. iii. 1.

PARAPHRASED.

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours, and tumultuous cries:
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough wirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulph, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtues of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst the falling world. ANON.

THERE is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of

* ADDISON'S.

tion incorrectly formed from the two following detached lines of Martial:

'*Servantur magnis isti cervicibus ungues:*
Non nisi delectâ pascitur ille ferâ.'

See the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lvii. p. 311.

[z] Distinguished by a hand, the mark of Addison's papers in the Guardian, as Steele informs us in The Publisher to the Reader. It is likewise reprinted in Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 141. edit. 1721. See Guard. Nos. 114. 116. 118. 134.

created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it. The one to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words, and actions. The other, to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the Divine Nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his Maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal he averts the judgments of Heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people; or as my friend Cato expresses it much better in a sentiment conformable to his character,

> 'When by just vengeance impious mortals perish,
> The Gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
> And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.'

When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy, and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront, or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

For this reason the best law that has ever past in our days, is that which continues our judges in their posts during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. I dare say the extraordinary

person who is now posted in the chief station of the law[a], would have been the same had that act never passed; but it is a great satisfaction to all honest men, that while we see the greatest ornament of the profession in its highest post, we are sure he cannot hurt himself by that assiduous, regular, and impartial administration of justice, for which he is so universally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greatest national blessings, and should have that honour paid them whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a Persian story, which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal.

[a] Sir Thomas Parker, l. c. j. of the queen's bench, afterwards earl of Macclesfield and lord chancellor.

The emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three days the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The sultan approaching it looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in the house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the emperor eat very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? Why upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down by it in prayer? And why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner. 'Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and pre-

suming? I gave orders therefore for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by partiality or compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting of the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and, to my unspeakable joy, found that it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this very moment.' ☞[b].

No. 100. MONDAY, JULY 6, 1713.*

Hoc vos præcipuè, niveæ, decet; hoc ubi vidi,
Oscula ferre humero, quà patet, usque libet.

OVID. Ars Am. iii. 309.

If snowy-white your neck, you still should wear
That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare;
Such sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiss the naked part. CONGREVE.

THERE is a certain female ornament by some called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the woman's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description of the tucker, I must take notice that our ladies have of late thrown aside

* ADDISON'S.

[b] Distinguished by a hand, which Steele ascertains as the mark of Addison's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted in Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 145, edit. 1721.

this fig-leaf, and exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other day by a famous she-visitant at my lady Lizard's, when accidentally as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom*, I was surprised with beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing, when she observed by my looks that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great grand-mothers in queen Elizabeth's time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all tucked up their garments to the elbow, and notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air, and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have escaped them had they been still concealed.

About the same time the ladies considering that the neck was a very modest part in a human body, they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen ruffs, in which the simplicity of their grand-mothers had inclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress still sunk lower; so that when

* See No. 109. second letter signed Olivia.

we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still enlarged it, insomuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all, how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

For my own part, their necks as they call them, are no more than busts of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon

'The yielding marble of a snowy breast,'

with as much coldness as this line of Mr. Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider that all their beholders are not Nestors. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations of a roving nature, and their passions under no discipline or restraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I see her thus exposing herself to the regards of every impudent staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe last winter, that upon the disuse of the neck-piece, the ladies will pardon me, if it is not the fashionable term of art, the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would intreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their

characters, and not to imitate the nakedness but the innocence of their mother Eve.

What most troubles and indeed surprises me in this particular, I have observed that the leaders in this fashion were most of them married women. What their design can be in making themselves bare I cannot possibly imagine. Nobody exposes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken, the snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe Lycurgus: as that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and strength of a republic consisted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage. In order to it he prescribed a certain loose dress for the Spartan maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that upon putting themselves in motion discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of by that wise law-giver to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once sped, she was not suffered to tantalize the male part of the commonwealth. Her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I shall conclude this discourse of the tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occasions, and shall still continue to inculcate[d] into my female readers; namely, that nothing bestows so much beauty on a woman as Modesty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himself, the greatest master in the art of love. He observes upon it, that Venus pleases most when she appears, *semi-reducta*, in a figure withdrawing

[d] This word is reprobated by Dr. Armstrong, in his Sketches, by L. Temple.

herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the Venus de Medicis, where she is represented in such a shy retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth, it bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity. ☞[e].

No. 101. TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1713.*

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur. VIRG. Æn. i. 573.

Trojan and Tyrian differ but in name,
Both to my favour have an equal claim.

THIS being the great day of thanksgiving for the peace[f], I shall present my reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a gentleman who has taken this opportunity to see France, and has given his friends in England a general account of what he has there met with, in several epistles. Those which follow were put into my hands with liberty to make them public, and I question not but my reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

'SIR,

'SINCE I had the happiness to see you last, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight errant. I had a fall into the water at Calais, and since that several bruises upon the land, lame post-

* ADDISON'S.

[e] Distinguished by a hand, as one of Addison's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted in Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 146. edit. 1721. See Guardian, No. 109.

[f] See No. 103. paragr. 2. Nos. 105. and 102. Adv.

horses by day, and hard beds at night, with many other dismal adventures,

"*Quorum animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.*"
VIRG. Æn. ii. 12.
"At which my memory with grief recoils."

'My arrival at Paris was at first no less uncomfortable, where I could not see a face nor hear a word that I ever met with before; so that my most agreeable companions have been statues and pictures, which are many of them very extraordinary; but what particularly recommends them to me is, that they do not speak French, and have a very good quality, rarely to be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

'I am settled for some time at Paris. Since my being here I have made the tour of all the king's palaces, which has been, I think, the pleasantest part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I there met with, or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man's imagination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day's time, and plants a village or town on such a particular spot of ground only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to see how many tricks he has made the water play for his diversion. It turns itself into pyramids, triumphal arches, glass bottles, imitates a firework, rises in a mist, or tells a story out of Æsop.

'I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than those about the king's houses, or with all your descriptions raise a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am however so singular as to prefer Fontainbleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods, that

give you a fine variety of savage prospects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The cascades seems to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks and canals; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at Versailles. To pass from works of nature to those of art. In my opinion, the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him. For one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscotted with looking-glass[s]. The history of the present king till the year 16 . . . is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the present.

'The painter has represented his most Christian majesty under the figure of Jupiter, throwing thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie astonished and blasted with lightning a little above the cornice.

'But what makes all these shows the more agreeable, is the great kindness and affability that is shown

s There are vast windows into the garden, and the same in looking-glass opposite to them, on the blank side, which produce a fine effect, for you see the garden on both sides of you as you walk along the gallery. A.

to strangers. If the French do not excel the English in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the outward expressions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I believe the English are a much wiser nation, the French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the most agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briskness in him at three score and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones scarce conversible, when a listle wasted and tempered by years, makes a very pleasant gay old age. Besides, this national fault of being so very talkative looks natural and graceful in one that has grey hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the French must put me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me already too much infected by their conversation; but I must desire you to consider, that travelling does in this respect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age.

'I am, Sir,' &c.[h]

'SIR,

'I CANNOT pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have, besides getting the language, is to see the manners and tempers of the people, which I believe may be better learnt here than in courts and

[h] This and the following letter, with two more in Guardian, No. 104. seem to have been the communications of Mr. G. Berkeley, of Trinity college, Dublin, afterwards D. D. dean of Derry, and bishop of Cloyne. He certainly went abroad as chaplain and secretary to the earl of Peterborough, in 1713, and perhaps two or three months sooner than the time mentioned in the memoirs of the bishop published in 1784, 8vo. on the authority, it is said, of the bishop's brother, lord Robert Berkeley, D. D. rector of Middleton, in the diocese of Cloyne. See memoirs of G. Berkeley, D. D. &c. p. 7. Addison evidently was only the publisher of this paper, and of No. 104. The letters of which they consist were probably written by Mr. Berkeley to Steele. See No. 104.

greater cities, where artifice and disguise are more in fashion.

'I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in every thing about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are however the happiest in the world, and enjoy from the benefit of their climate, and natural constitution, such a perpetual gladness of heart, and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. It is not in the power of want or slavery, to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country, but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight, that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without observing, that from what I have already seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular mark of distinction upon those who abound most in the virtues of their nation, and least with its imperfections. When therefore I see the good sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection, without

any mixture of the spleen, I hope you will excuse me, if I admire the character, and am ambitious of subscribing myself,

Blois, May 15, N.S. 'SIR, yours,' &c.

☞[1].

*** Just published, the seventh edition of Cato, in a neat pocket volume, 12mo. with copies of verses to the author, prefixed. Guard. in folio.

No. 102. WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1713.*

— Natos ad flumina primùm
Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus et undis.

VIRG. Æn. iii. 663.

Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold. DRYDEN.

I AM always beating about in my thoughts for something that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The present season of the year having put most of them in slight summer-suits, has turned my speculations to a subject that concerns every one who is sensible of cold or heat, which I believe takes in the greatest part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the British climate, if we except the humour of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in August and rose in December.

* ADDISON'S.

[1] Distinguished by a hand, the mark of Addison's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted in Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 149. edit. 1721. N. B. Addison seems to have compiled or communicated this paper, No. 101, from the letter-box. In some copies it is not distinguished by his mark, and wants the hand at the end. See Guard. No. 104.

Summer has often caught me in my Drap de Berry, and winter in my Doily[k] suit.

I remember a very whimsical fellow, commonly known by the name of Posture-master[l], in king Charles the Second's reign, who was the plague of all the tailors about town. He would often send for one of them to take measure of him, but would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders. When the clothes were brought home and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the tailor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could, but upon a third trial found him a straight-shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a humpt back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our English climate.

After this short descant on the uncertainty of our English weather, I come to my moral.

A man should take care that his body be not too soft for his climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein

[k] Doily was a famous draper about this time, probably the inventor, certainly a principal vender of this kind of cloth, &c.

[l] Mr. Joseph Clark, commonly called the posture-master. His father, a distiller in Shoe-lane, put him first to liking to Mr. John Coniers, an apothecary in Fleet-street; but not being pleased with that employment, he was bound apprentice to a silk-man in Bishopsgate-street, beyond Bedlam. He travelled afterwards in the duke of Buckingham's retinue to Paris, where he began to be taken notice of for his agility and postures. Thence he went into Ireland. In 1690 he died in his house in Pall-Mall, and was buried in the Parish-church of St. Martin in the Fields. Harl. MSS. 5912. There are many representations of Clark, in different attitudes, in the London Cries, and in the British Museum. See Dr. King's Works, 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 1776. vol. ii. p. 17. Tat. No. 108. and note on posture-master.

he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourselves by custom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our British ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body by the same means might contract the same firmness and temper. The Scythian that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, 'Because we are all over face.' Mr. Locke advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be somewhat like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river Styx. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which his mother held in her hand during this immersion, and which by that means lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softening ourselves by good fires and warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three more degrees of heat in it, than the air without doors[m].

[m] A peasant's cottage in Yorkshire is often heated up to 70 degrees on Fahrenheit's scale, and is generally warmer than the parlours of the rich and effeminate, in this age of list and carpets.

Crassus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For these twenty years last past he has been clothed in frieze of the same colour, and of the same piece. He fancies he should catch his death in any other kind of manufacture; and though his avarice would incline him to wear it until it was threadbare, he dares not do it least he should take cold when the knap is off. He could no more live without his frieze-coat, than without his skin. It is not indeed so properly his coat as what the anatomists call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Crassus from myself! It is indeed the particular distinction of the Ironsides to be robust and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worst. My father lived until a hundred without a cough; and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather used to throw off his hat, and go open-breasted, after fourscore. As for myself, they used to souse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-hardened[n] of the whole family of the Ironsides. In short, I have been so plunged in water and inured to the cold, that I regard myself as a piece of true-tempered steel[o], and can say with the above-mentioned Scythian, that I am face, or, if my enemies please, forehead all over. ☞[p]

*** There is now in hand, and will be speedily published, an exact draught of the royal Fireworks which were yesterday performed, by the directions of colonel Hopkey and colonel Boigard, on the river Thames before Whitehall. Etched by Mr. James Thornhill. Guard. in fol.

[n] See Guard: No. 95. Note on case-hardened.

[o] Iron and steel are but one and the same metal in different states; steel is tempered, by being suddenly plunged when red hot into cold water; and when tempered it may be untempered again.

[p] Distinguished by a hand, the mark of Addison's papers in the Guardian. See the Publisher to the Reader. It is likewise reprinted by Mr. Tickell in his edition of Addison's Works, 4to. 1721. vol. iv. p. 152. Steele was too delicate to have named himself, even in a pun.

No. 103. THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1713.*

Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 586.

With mimic thunder impiously he plays,
And darts the artificial lightning's blaze.

I AM considering how most of the great phænomena or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chymists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphor[q]. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water-work; and we are informed[r], that some years ago the virtuosos of France covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his present majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble firework that was exhibited last night upon the Thames. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing stars and meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoke, and multitudes of stars mingled to-

* ADDISON'S.

q Phosphorus, or phosphor, a name applied to all substances capable of giving light in the dark; but it signifies here a kind of very combustible sulphur composed of a peculiar acid, united with phlogiston, which may be made to burn weakly in a heat from ten to fifteen degrees. The discovery of this phosphor was not very much antecedent to the date of this paper. Processes for making it were known before this century began; but they were incomplete, or over-expensive, and the operation still continued a secret till 1737, when a stranger introduced it into France, and for a public reward communicated the process for making it as now made.

r See Nos. 101. 105. and notes.

gether in such an agreeable confusion. Every rocket ended in a constellation, and strowed the air with such a shower of silver spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in Œdipus,

> 'Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night
> Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars?'

In short, the artist did his part to admiration, and was so encompassed with fire and smoke, that one would have thought nothing but a Salamander could have been safe in such a situation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole show. One of them being a critic, that is, a man who on all occasions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is present, began to exert his talent upon the several objects we had before us. 'I am mightily pleased,' says he, 'with that burning cypher. There is no matter in the world so proper to write with as wild-fire, as no characters can be more legible than those which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I do not care for seeing them in such combustible figures. Who can imagine Chastity with a body of fire, or Temperance in a flame? Justice indeed may be furnished out of this element as far as her sword goes, and Courage may be all over one continued blaze if the artist pleases.'

Our companion observing that we laughed at this unseasonable severity, let drop the critic, and proposed a subject for a firework, which he thought would be very amusing, if executed by so able an artist[a] as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a scene in Milton. He

[a] There were two artists on this occasion, colonel Hopkey, and colonel Boigard. See advert. *ad finem.*

would have a large piece of machinery represent the Pan-dæmonium, where

'——from the arched roof
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky——'

This might be finely represented by several illuminations disposed in a great frame of wood, with ten thousand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men versed in this art know very well how to raise. The evil spirits at the same time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of Art to terrify and surprise the spectator.

We were well enough pleased with this start of thought, but fancied there was something in it too serious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put in execution.

Upon this a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work described, if I am not mistaken, by Strada[t]. A prince of Italy, it seems, entertained his mistress with it upon a great lake. In the midst of this lake was a huge floating mountain made by art. The mountain represented Ætna, being bored through the top with a monstrous orifice. Upon a signal given the eruption began. Fire and smoke, mixed with several unusual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for some time. On a sudden there was heard a most dreadful rumbling noise within the entrails of the machine. After which the mountain burst, and discovered a vast cavity in that side which faced the prince and his court. Within this hollow was Vulcan's shop full of fire, and clock-work. A column of blue flames issued out incessantly from the forge. Vulcan was employed in hammering out

[t] Stradæ Prol. Acad. l. ii. Prol. 6. Acad. ii.

thunderbolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flashes. Venus stood by him in a figure of the brightest fire, with numberless Cupids on all sides of her, that shot out vollies of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot several other particulars no less curious, and have only mentioned these to show that there may be a sort of fable or design in a fire-work which may give an additional beauty to those surprising objects.

I seldom see any thing that raises wonder in me which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I have seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificancy of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought I considered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing-star, as a sky-rocket discharged by an hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon-ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it! that it should move in such inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity! How spacious must the universe be that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it! What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous ob-

jects wandering through those immeasurable depths of ether, and running their appointed courses! Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of Infinite Wisdom and Power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention.

*** There is now in hand, and will be speedily published an exact draught of the royal Fireworks which were yesterday performed by the directions of colonel Hopkey and colonel Boigard, on the river Thames, before Whitehall. Etched by Mr. James Thornhill. Guard. in Folio. No. 102. It is advertised as published that day, in Guardian, No. 120. July 29, 1713.

††† 'Showers of rain,' says the author of this paper, 'are to be met with in every water-work,' p. 99. The observation probably rose out of the advertisement of Winstanley's Water Theatre, at the end of this number in the Guardian, in fol. which is not different from similar advertisements given before.

No. 104. FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1713.*

Quæ è longinquo magis placent. TACIT.

The farther fetch'd the more they please.

ON Tuesday last[u] I published two letters written by

* ADDISON'S.

[u] This paper No. 103, as well as the seven preceeding numbers, are distinguished by a hand, the mark of Addison's papers in the Guardian. It is likewise reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edit. of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 154.

[v] See Guard. No. 101. and note, which suggests a conjecture that George Berkeley, then fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, afterwards D.D. and bishop of Cloyne, was really the author both of that and of this paper, of which Addison appears to have been only the publisher; nevertheless both these papers, Nos. 101 and 104. are reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 149; and p. 157, *et segg.*

a gentleman in his travels. As they were applauded by my best readers, I shall this day publish two more from the same hand. The first of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deserve the attention of those who are versed in our British antiquities.

'SIR,

'BECAUSE I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you a story that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country, who is descended from one of the persons concerned in the relation, and very inquisitive to know if there be any of the family now in England.

'I shall only premise to it, that this story is preserved with great care among the writings of this gentleman's family, and that it has been given to two or three of our English nobility, when they were in these parts, who could not return any satisfactory answer to the gentleman, whether there be any of that family now remaining in Great Britain.

"In the reign of king John there lived a nobleman called John de Sigonia, lord of that place in Touraine: his brothers were Philip and Briant. Briant, when very young, was made one of the French king's pages, and served him in that quality when he was taken prisoner by the English. The king of England chanced to see the youth, and being much pleased with his person and behaviour, begged him of the king his prisoner. It happened some years after this, that John the other brother, who in the course of the war had raised himself to a considerable post in the French army, was taken prisoner by Briant, who at that time was an officer in the king of England's guards. Briant knew nothing of his brother, and being naturally of an haughty temper, treated

him very insolently, and more like a criminal than a prisoner of war. This John resented so highly, that he challenged him to a single combat. The challenge was accepted, and time and place assigned them by the king's appointment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the lists completely armed amidst a great multitude of spectators. Their first encounters were very furious, and the success equal on both sides; till after some toil and blood-shed they were parted by their seconds to fetch breath, and prepare themselves afresh for the combat. Briant in the mean time had cast his eye upon his brother's escutcheon, which he saw agree in all points with his own. I need not tell you after this, with what joy and surprise the story ends. King Edward who knew all the particulars of it, as a mark of his esteem, gave to each of them, by the king of France's consent, the following coat of arms, which I will send you in the original language, not being herald enough to blazon it in English.

"*Le Roi d' Angleterre par permission du Roi de France, pour perpétuelle mémoire de leurs grands faits d'armes et fidélité envers leurs Rois, leur donna par ampliation à leurs armes en une croix d'argent cantonée de quartre coquilles d'or en champ de sable, qu'ils avoient auparavant, une endenteleuse faite en façons de croix de guëulle inserée au dedans de la ditte croix d'argent et par le milieu d'icelle qui est participation des deux croix que portent les dits Rois en la guerre.*"

'I am afraid by this time you begin to wonder that I should send you for news a tale of three or four hundred years old; and I dare say never thought, when you desired me to write to you, that I should trouble you with a story of king John, especially at a time when there is a monarch on the French throne

that furnishes discourse for all Europe. But I confess I am the more fond of the relation, because it brings to mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen: though at the same time I must own it is not so much the vanity of an Englishman which puts me upon writing it, as that I have of taking any occasion to subscribe myself, Sir, Yours, &c.'

Blois, May 15, N. S.

'SIR,

'I AM extremely obliged to you for your last kind letter[w], which was the only English that had been spoken to me for some months together, for I am at present forced to think the absence of my countrymen my good fortune:

'*Votum in amante novum! vellem, quod amamus, abesset.*'
OVID. Met. iii. 468.

'Strange wish, to harbour in a lover's breast!
I wish that absent, which I love the best.'

'This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I stayed near the French court, though I must confess I would not but have seen it, because I believe it shewed me some of the finest places, and of the greatest persons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to mind a piece of a gazette, nor see a man that has not signalized himself in a battle. One would fancy one's self to be in the enchanted palaces of a romance; one meets with so many heroes, and finds something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and water-works. I am ashamed that I am not able to make a quicker progress through the French tongue[x], because I believe it is impossible for a learner of a language to find in any nation such advantages as in

[w] A letter probably from Steele, to the Traveller, supposed to be Mr. (afterwards bishop) Berkeley.

[x] Is it tongue or language, says Swift to Mrs. Johnson, his wife.

this, where every body is so very courteous, and so very talkative. They always take care to make a noise as long as they are in company, and are as loud any hour of the morning, as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I have seen, there is more mirth in the French conversation, and more wit in the English. You abound more in jests, but they in laughter. Their language is indeed extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of so much repetition and compliment. One may know a foreigner by his answering only No or Yes to a question, which a Frenchman generally makes a sentence of. They have a set of ceremonious phrases that run through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common than to hear a shopkeeper desiring his neighbour to have the goodness to tell him what it is o'clock, or a couple of cobblers, that are extremely glad of the honour of seeing one another.

'The face of the whole country where I now am, is at this season pleasant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as well as the men, a great deal merrier than those of our own nation. I am sure the French year has got the start of ours more in the works of nature, than in the new stile. I have past one March in my life without being ruffled with the winds, and one April without being washed with rains. 'I am, SIR, yours,' &c.

Blois, May 20, N. S.

[y] This paper, and No. 101, are distinguished by hands, as papers of Addison, who probably was not the author, but only the publisher, of them. The publication of the Guardian devolved entirely on Addison, for two or three weeks, about this time: and it seems that if he had been always circumstanced as Steele was, he would have called as loudly for 'the letter-box,' as Steele is said to have done by Dr. Johnson. An attentive reader must long ere now have anticipated this remark, and can be at no loss for previous instances that might be urged as arguments of its probability.

No. 105. SATURDAY, July 11, 1713.*

Hoc neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris:
Perdere nec fœtus ausa leæna suos.
At teneræ faciunt, sed non impune, puellæ;
Sæpe, suos utero quæ necat, ipsa perit.

Ovid. Amor. 2 Eleg. xiv. 35.

The tigresses, that haunt th' Armenian wood,
Will spare their proper young, tho' pinch'd for food!
Nor will the Lybian lionesses slay
Their whelps: but women are more fierce than they,
More barbarous to the tender fruit they bear;
Nor Nature's call, tho' loud she cries, will hear.
But righteous vengeance oft their crimes pursues,
And they are lost themselves who would their children lose.

Anon.

There was no part of the show on the thanksgiving day[a] that so much pleased and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with so much order and decency in that part of the Strand which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter-change. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, clothed in the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a Roman triumph. Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks of their several instructors, who were disposed among this little helpless people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any sentiments of humanity.

I am very sorry that her majesty did not see this assembly of objects, so proper to excite that charity

* Addison's.

[a] See Nos. 101. and 103.

and compassion which she bears to all who stand in need of it, though at the same time I question not but her royal bounty will extend itself to them. A charity bestowed on the education of so many of her young subjects, has more merit in it than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune who are in greater stations in life.

I have always looked on this institution of charity-schools, which of late years has so universally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use of to recover it out of its present degeneracy and depravation of manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity. There will be few in the next generation, who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had the early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the several persons of wealth and quality, who made their procession through the members of these new-erected seminaries, will not regard them only as an empty spectacle, or the materials of a fine show, but contribute to their maintenance and increase. For my part, I can scarce forbear looking on the astonishing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in some measure the blessings returned upon that national charity which has been so conspicuous of late; and that the great successes of the last war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in some measure occasioned by the several objects which then stood before us.

Since I am upon this subject, I shall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more, because it is practised by most of the nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings[a], or for those child-

[a] See Spect. No. 190. note on the Magdalen-house and Asylum, signed

ren who through want of such a provision are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either ashamed, or unable to provide for them.

There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence! Not to mention those, who by unnatural practices do in some measure defeat the intentions of Providence, and destroy their conceptions even before they see the light. In all these the guilt is equal, though the punishment is not so. But to pass by the greatness of the crime, which is not to be expressed by words, if we only consider it as it robs the commonwealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly deserves the utmost application and wisdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays these profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderness which is natural to them on other occasions, is the fear of shame, or their inability to support those whom they gave life to. I shall therefore show how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from those who have been conversant in the several great cities in Europe.

There are at Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges. In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines, in the shape of large lanthorns[b], with a lit-

P. and the life of capt. Thomas Coram, to whom the public is indebted for the Foundling-hospital. New Gen. Biogr. Dict. 8vo.

[b] Baskets in the shape of large lanthorns. A.

the door in the side of them turned towards the street, and a bell hanging by them. The child is deposited in this lanthorn, which is immediately turned about into the inside of the hospital. The person who conveys the child, rings the bell, and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further inquiries. The parent, or her friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet christened, the name it should be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been some years in the hospital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his son, or left his estate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preserved, and do signal services to their country, who without such a provision might have perished as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like destruction.

This I think is a subject that deserves our most serious consideration, for which reason I hope I shall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my readers.

No. 106. MONDAY, JULY 13, 1713.

Quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ. PERS. Sat. v. 29.

The deep recesses of the human breast.

As I was making up my Monday's provision for the

[a] This paper, No. 105. is distinguished by a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted, by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 160.

public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furnish out myself, I shall set it before the reader, and desire him to fall on without further ceremony.

'SIR,

'YOUR two kinsmen and predecessors of immortal memory[d], were very famous for their dreams and visions, and contrary to all other authors never pleased their readers more than when they were nodding. Now it is observed, that the second sight generally runs in the blood; and, sir, we are in hopes that you yourself, like the rest of your family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a seer of visions. In the mean while I beg leave to make you a a present of a dream, which may serve to lull your readers till such time as you yourself shall think fit to gratify the public with any of your nocturnal discoveries.

'You must understand, sir, I had yesterday been reading and ruminating upon that passage where Momus is said to have found fault with the make of a man, because he had not a window in his breast. The moral of this story is very obvious, and means no more than that the heart of man is so full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that there is no guessing at what he is, from his speeches and outward appearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the sexes would be, if there was a window in the breast of every one, that makes or receives love. What protestations and perjuries would be saved on the one side, what hypocrisy and dissimulation on the other! I am myself very far gone in this passion for Aurelia, a woman of an unsearchable heart. I would give the world to know the secrets of it, and particu-

[d] Isaac Bickerstaff, esq. and the Spectator.

larly whether I am really in her good graces, or if not, who is the happy person.

'I fell asleep in this agreeable reverie, when on a sudden methought Aurelia lay by my side. I was placed by her in the posture of Milton's Adam, and with looks of cordial love "hung over her enamour'd." As I cast my eye upon her bosom, it appeared to be all of crystal, and so wonderfully transparent that I saw every thought in her heart. The first images I discovered in it were fans, silk, ribands, laces, and many other gewgaws, which lay so thick together, that the whole heart was nothing else but a toyshop. These all faded away and vanished, when immediately I discerned a long train of coaches and six, equipages and liveries, that ran through the heart one after another in a very great hurry for above half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I observed the whole space to be filled with a hand of cards, in which I could see distinctly three matadores. There then followed a quick succession of different scenes. A play-house, a church, a court, a puppet-show, rose up one after another, until at last they all of them gave place to a pair of new shoes, which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour. These were driven off at last by a lap-dog, who was succeeded by a guinea-pig, a squirrel, and a monkey. I myself, to my no small joy, brought up the rear of these worthy favourites. I was ravished at being so happily posted and in full possession of the heart: but as I saw the little figure of myself simpering and mightily pleased with its situation, on a sudden the heart methought gave a sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little representative vanished; for upon applying my eye, I found my place taken up by an ill-bred, awkward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This gentleman however did not keep his station long, be-

fore he yielded it up to a wight as disagreeable as himself, with a white stick in his hand. These three last figures represented to me in a lively manner the conflicts in Aurelia's heart, between Love, Avarice, and Ambition, for we jostled one another out by turns, and disputed the point for a great while. But at last, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw myself entirely settled in it. I was so transported with my success, that I could not forbear hugging my dear piece of crystal, when to my unspeakable mortification I awaked, and found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.

'This is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

'O venerable Nestor, if you have any skill in dreams, let me know whether I have the same place in the real heart, that I had in the visionary one. To tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope and fear. I was very sanguine until eleven o'clock this morning, when I overheard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams always went by contraries. I did not indeed before much like the crystal heart, remembering that confounded simile in Valentinian, of a maid "as cold as crystal never to be thawed." Besides, I verily believe if I had slept a little longer, that awkward whelp with his money-bags would certainly have made his second entrance. If you can tell the fair-one's mind, it will be no small proof of your art, for I dare say it is more than she herself can do. Every sentence she speaks is a riddle; all that I can be certain of is, that I am her and

'Your humble servant,

'PETER PUZZLE[e].'

[e] This paper, No. 106. is not distinguished by a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian; but it is reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' vol. iv. p. 162. edit. 1721. The reader

No. 107. TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1713.*

— *Tentanda via est* — VIRG. Georg. iii. 8.

I'll try the experiment.

I HAVE lately entertained my reader with two or three letters from a traveller[f], and may possibly, in some of my future papers, oblige him with more from the same hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a sort of correspondent as diverting as a traveller; his subject having the same grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curiosity of the reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondness for a project, and may say, without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myself. I could mention some which I have brought to maturity, others which have miscarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I see a proper juncture: I had a hand in the land bank[g], and was consulted with, upon the reformation of manners[h]. I have had several designs upon the Thames and the New-river[i], not to mention my refinements

* ADDISON'S.

must judge for himself of the deference due in this case to Mr. Tickell's authority; to the decisiveness of which the paper itself suggests objections.

[f] See Nos. 101. 104. and notes on the author of them.

[g] The land bank was once really proposed, and designed as a rival bank, to lend money upon land security.

[h] See Tat. No. 3. and note on the society for the reformation of manners.

[i] This seems to refer to Steele's contrivance for bringing fish to London, which was not completed till four or five years after the date of this paper, and did not succeed. See an account of it in a note on Steele's 'Letters,' vol. i. let. 279. p. 165. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 1787.

upon lotteries[k], and insurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which if it had succeeded to my wishes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper[l]. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for want of any good will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a two-fold nature: the first arising from public-spirited persons, in which number I declare myself: the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter.

'SIR,

'A MAN of your reading knows very well that there were a set of men in old Rome, called by the name of Nomenclators, that is, in English, men who could call every one by his name. When a great man stood for any public office, as that of a tribune, a consul, or a censor, he had always one of these nomenclators at his elbow, who whispered in his ear the name of every one he met with, and by that means enabled him to salute every Roman citizen by his name when he asked him for his vote. To come to my purpose; I have with much pains and assiduity qualified myself for a nomenclator to this great city,

[k] This seems to allude to Steele's 'Multiplication Table;' a species of lottery which proved illegal. See Spect. Nos. 413. 415. and 417. new edition; and Swift's 'Works,' vol. xix. p. 169. cr. 8vo.

[l] This appears to be another of Addison's oblique strokes at Steele, who is said to have been one of the last eminent men in this country who wasted money in search of the philosopher's stone. Certainly he had a laboratory at Poplar, now converted into a garden-house, where, it may be, he cultivated general chemistry, at greater expense than his fortune could bear. See Tat. No. 7. note, and Guard. No. 166. If these pleasantries and oblique strokes were really Addison's, they seem to have been unfriendly, because unseasonable; for it appears that Steele was at this time embarrassed and in a state of vexation. See his letters of this date to his wife. Steele's 'Letters,' vol. i. let. 172. let. 174. &c. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 1787; and Town-Talk, No. iv.

and shall gladly enter upon my office as soon as I meet with suitable encouragement. I will let myself out by the week to any curious country gentleman or foreigner. If he takes me with him in a coach to the Ring[m], I will undertake to teach him, in two or three evenings, the names of the most celebrated persons who frequent that place. If he plants me by his side in the pit, I will call over to him, in the same manner, the whole circle of beauties that are disposed among the boxes, and at the same time point out to him the persons who ogle them from their respective stations. I need not tell you that I may be of the same use in any other public assembly. Nor do I only profess the teaching of names, but of things. Upon the sight of a reigning beauty, I shall mention her admirers, and discover her gallantries, if they are of public notoriety. I shall likewise mark out every toast, the club in which she was elected, and the number of votes that were on her side. Not a woman shall be unexplained that makes a figure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The men too shall be set out in their distinguishing characters, and declared whose properties they are. Their wit, wealth, or good-humour, their persons, stations, and titles, shall be described at large.

'I have a wife who is a nomenclatress, and will be ready, on any occasion, to attend the ladies. She is of a much more communicative nature than myself, and is acquainted with all the private history of London and Westminster, and ten miles round. She has fifty private amours which nobody yet knows any thing of but herself, and thirty clandestine marriages that have not been touched by the tip of a tongue. She will wait upon any lady at her own lodgings,

[m] In Hyde-park, then a fashionable place of resort.

and talk by the clock after the rate of three guineas an hour.

'N. B. She is a near kinswoman of the author of the New Atalantis[n].

'I need not recommend to a man of your sagacity, the usefulness of this project, and do therefore beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a very great obligation upon

'Your humble servant.'

After this letter from my whimsical correspondent, I shall publish one of a more serious nature, which deserves the utmost attention of the public, and in particular of such who are lovers of mankind. It is on no less a subject than that of discovering the longitude, and deserves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any such term. But all I can say on this subject will be superfluous when the reader sees the names of those persons by whom this letter is subscribed, and who have done me the honour to send it me. I must only take notice, that the first of these gentlemen is the same person who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, intitled, A Scheme of the Solar System, with the orbits of the planets and comets belonging thereto, described from Dr. Halley's accurate Table of Comets, Philosoph. Trans. No. 297. founded on sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries, by William Whiston, M.A.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

AT BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NEAR COVENT-GARDEN.

'SIR,

'HAVING a discovery of considerable importance to communicate to the public, and finding

[n] Mrs. A. D. Manley. See Tat. Nos. 63. 243. and notes.

that you are pleased to concern yourself in any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we take the liberty to desire the insertion of this letter into your Guardian. We expect no other recommendation of it from you, but the allowing of it a place in so useful a paper. Nor do we insist on any protection from you, if what we propose should fall short of what we pretend to; since any disgrace, which in that case must be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own doors, and to be entirely borne by ourselves, which we hope we have provided for by putting our own names to this paper.

'It is well known, Sir, to yourself and to the learned, and trading, and sailing world, that the great defect of the art of navigation is, that a ship at sea has no certain method, in either her eastern or western voyages, or even in her less distant sailing from the coasts, to know her longitude, or how much she is gone eastward or westward, as it can easily be known in any clear day or night, how much she is gone northward or southward. The several methods by lunar eclipses, by those of Jupiter's satellites, by the appulses of the moon to fixed stars, and by the even motions of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how solid foundations soever they are built, still failing in long voyages at sea, when they come to be practised; and leaving the poor sailors frequently to the great inaccuracy of a log-line, or dead reckoning. This defect is so great, and so many ships have been lost by it, and this has been so long and so sensibly known by trading nations, that great rewards are said to be publicly offered for its supply. We are well satisfied, that the discovery we have to make as to this matter is easily intelligible by all, and readily to be practised at sea as well as at land; that the latitude will thereby be likewise found at the same time; and that with

proper charges it may be made as universal as the world shall please; nay that the longitude and latitude may be generally hereby determined to a greater degree of exactness than the latitude itself is now usually found at sea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the public consideration. We are ready to disclose it to the world, if we may be assured that no other persons shall be allowed to deprive us of those rewards which the public shall think fit to bestow for such a discovery; but do not desire actually to receive any benefit of that nature till sir Isaac Newton himself, with such other proper persons as shall be chosen to assist him, have given their opinion in favour of this discovery. If Mr. Ironside pleases so far to oblige the public as to communicate this proposal to the world, he will also lay a great obligation on his very humble servants,

WILL. WHISTON,
London, July 11, 1713. HUMPHRY DITTON.' ☞[P].

No. 108. WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1713.*

Abietibus juvenes patriis et montibus æquos. VIRG. Æn. ix. 674.

—Youths, of height and size,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise. DRYDEN.

I DO not care for burning my fingers in a quarrel, but since I have communicated to the world a plan

* ADDISON'S.

P This paper, No. 107. is distinguished by a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted, by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 165. edit. 1721.

N. B. Addison and Steele befriended Whiston essentially, promoted a subscription for his astronomical lectures at Button's coffee-house, and were among the honourable few who raised a comfortable subsistence to this ungrateful man and his family when distressed. See Tat. cr. 8vo. 6 vols. No. 251. vol. vi. note.

which has given offence to some gentlemen whom it would not be very safe to disoblige, I must insert the following remonstrance; and at the same time promise those of my correspondents who have drawn this upon themselves, to exhibit to the public any such answer as they shall think proper to make to it.

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'I WAS very much troubled to see the two letters which you lately published concerning the short club. You cannot imagine what airs all the little pragmatical fellows about us have given themselves since the reading of those papers[q]. Every one cocks and struts upon it, and pretends to overlook us who are two foot higher than themselves. I met with one the other day who was at least three inches above five foot, which you know is the statutable measure of that club. This overgrown runt has struck off his heels, lowered his foretop, and contracted his figure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this new-erected society; nay so far did his vanity carry him that he talked familiarly of Tom Tiptoe, and pretends to be an intimate acquaintance of Tim Tuck. For my part, I scorn to speak any thing to the diminution of these little creatures, and should not have minded them had they been still shuffled among the crowd. Shrubs and underwoods look well enough while they grow within the shades of oaks and cedars; but when these pigmies pretend to draw themselves out from the rest of the world, and form themselves into a body, it is time for us who are men of figure to look about us. If the ladies should once take a liking to such a diminutive race of lovers, we should, in a little time, see mankind epitomized, and the whole species in miniature; daisy roots[r] would grow fashion-

[q] See Nos. 91. and 92.

[r] Daisy roots, boiled in milk, are said to check the growth of puppies. At Bologna, to keep them little, they rub their backs with spirits of wine. A.

able diet. In order therefore to keep our posterity from dwindling, and fetch down the pride of these aspiring race of upstarts, we have here instituted a Tall Club.

'As the Short Club consists of those who are under five foot, ours is to be composed of such as are above six. These we look upon as the two extremes and antagonists of the species: considering all those as neuters, who fill up the middle space. When a man rises beyond six foot, he is an hypermeter, and may be admitted into the tall club.

'We have already chosen thirty members, the most sightly of all her majesty's subjects. We elected a president, as many of the ancients did their kings, by reason of his height, having only confirmed him in that station above us which nature had given him. He is a Scotch Highlander, and within an inch of a show. As for my own part, I am but a sesquipedal, having only six foot and a half of stature. Being the shortest member of the club, I am appointed secretary. If you saw us all together you would take us for the sons of Anak. Our meetings are held like the old gothic parliaments, *sub dio*, in open air; but we shall make an interest, if we can, that we may hold our assemblies in Westminster-hall when it is not term-time. I must add to the honour of our club, that it is one of our society who is now finding out the longitude[a]. The device of our public seal is, a crane grasping a pigmy in his right foot.

'I know the short club value themselves very much upon Mr. Distich, who may possibly play some of his pentameters upon us, but if he does he shall certainly be answered in Alexandrines. For we have a poet among us of a genius as exalted as his stature, and who is very well read in Longinus his treatise concern-

[a] Probably Mr. Whiston. See No. 107.

ing the sublime[t]. Besides, I would have Mr. Distich consider, that if Horace was a short man, Musæus, who makes such a noble figure in Virgil's sixth Æneid, was taller by the head and shoulders than all the people of Elysium. I shall therefore confront his *lepidissimum homuncionem* (a short quotation, and fit for a member of their club) with one that is much longer, and therefore more suitable to a member of ours.

" *Quos circumfusos sic est affata Sibylla;*
Musæum ante omnes: medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis."
VIRG. Æn. vi. 666.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd:
And first to him[u] surrounded by the rest:
Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast. DRYDEN.

'If after all, this society of little men proceed as they have begun to magnify themselves, and lessen men of higher stature, we have resolved to make a detachment, some evening or other, that shall bring away their whole club in a pair of panniers, and imprison them in a cupboard which we have set apart for that use, till they have made a public recantation. As for the little bully, Tim Tuck, if he pretends to be choleric, we shall treat him like his friend little Dicky[v], and hang him upon a peg until he comes to himself. I have told you our design, and let their little Machiavel prevent it if he can.

'This is, Sir, the long and the short of the matter. I am sensible I shall stir up a nest of wasps by it, but let them do their worst. I think that we serve our

[t] Leonard Welsted, whose translation of Longinus first appeared in 1712.

[u] Museus.

[v] Dick Distich. See No. 92. paragrap. 2. The meaning is, he shall be dressed in black to make him appear yet less, and hung up upon a peg.

The late Dr. S. Johnson qualified to have been a member of this tall club, set Osborn astride on a tree at a great height; and at another time he knocked down this bookseller with one of his own folios.

country by discouraging this little breed, and hindering it from coming into fashion. If the fair sex look upon us with an eye of favour, we shall make some attempts to lengthen out the human figure, and restore it to its antient procerity. In the mean time we hope old age has not inclined you in favour of our antagonists; for I do assure you, Sir, we are all your high admirers, though none more than,

'SIR, yours,' &c.[w]

No. 109. THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1713.*

Pugnabat tunicâ sed tamen illa tegi. OVID. Amor. 1 Eleg. v. 14.

Yet still she strove her naked charms to hide.

I HAVE received many letters from persons of all conditions in reference to my late discourse concerning the tucker[x]. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who subscribes herself Teraminta[y] bids me in a very pert manner mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dress for an old fellow, who cannot see them without a pair of spectacles. Another who calls herself Bubnelia, vents her passion in scurrilous terms; an old ninny-hammer, a dotard, a nincompoop, is the best language she can afford me. Florella indeed expostulates with me upon this subject, and only complains that she is forced to return a pair of stays which were made in the extremity of the

* ADDISON'S.

[w] This paper, No. 108. is not marked with a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian; but it is reprinted, by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 168. edit. 1721. It is therefore ascribed here to Addison; but the reader is left to judge for himself on the competency of this authority.

[x] No. 100. [y] No. 145. *ad finem.*

fashion, that she might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if on the one side I have been used ill (the common fate of all reformers) I have on the other side received great applauses and acknowledgments for what I have done, in having put a seasonable stop to this unaccountable humour of stripping, that was got among our British ladies. As I would much rather the world should know what is said to my praise, than to my disadvantage, I shall suppress what has been written to me by those who have reviled me on this occasion, and only publish those letters which approve my proceedings.

'SIR,

'I AM to give you thanks in the name of half a dozen superannuated beauties for your paper of the 6th instant. We all of us pass for women of fifty, and a man of your sense knows how many additional years are always to be thrown into female computations of this nature. We are very sensible that several young flirts about town had a design to cast us out of the fashionable world, and to leave us in the lurch by some of their late refinements. Two or three of them have been heard to say, that they would kill every old woman about town. In order to it, they began to throw off their clothes as fast as they could, and have played all those pranks which you have so seasonably taken notice of. We were forced to uncover after them, being unwilling to give out so soon, and be regarded as veterans in the beau monde. Some of us have already caught our deaths by it. For my own part, I have not been without a cold ever since this foolish fashion came up. I have followed it thus far with the hazard of my life; and how much further I must go, nobody knows, if your

paper does not bring us relief. You may assure yourself that all the antiquated necks about town are very much obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames are concealed in our bosoms, in which perhaps we vie with the youngest of the sex, they are not sufficient to preserve us against the wind and weather. In taking so many old women under your care, you have been a real Guardian to us, and saved the life of many of your contemporaries. In short, we all of us beg leave to subscribe ourselves, most venerable Nestor,

'Your humble servants and sisters.'

I am very well pleased with this approbation of my good sisters. I must confess I have always looked on the tucker to be the '*decus et tutamen*[z],' the ornament and defence, of the female neck. My good old lady, the lady Lizard, condemned this fashion from the beginning, and has observed to me, with some concern, that her sex at the same time they are letting down their stays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow shorter and shorter every day. The leg discovers itself in proportion with the neck. But I may possibly take another occasion of handling this extremity, it being my design to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time I shall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged correspondents.

'DEAR GUARDEE,

'THIS comes to you from one of those untuckered ladies whom you were so sharp upon on Monday was sennight[a]. I think myself mightily beholden to you for the reprehension you then gave us. You must know I am a famous olive beauty[b]. But

[z] The words milled on the larger silver and gold coins of this kingdom.

[a] See No. 100. [b] See No. 100. paragr. 2. and paragr. 7.

though this complexion makes a very good face when there are a couple of black sparkling eyes set in it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women therefore thought of this fashion to insult the olives and the brunettes. They know very well that a neck of ivory does not make so fine a show as one of alabaster. It is for this reason, Mr. Ironside, that they are so liberal in their discoveries. We know very well, that a woman of the whitest neck in the world, is to you no more than a woman of snow; but Ovid, in Mr. Duke's translation of him, seems to look upon it with another eye, when he talks of Corinna, and mentions

"—— her heaving breast,
Courting the hand, and suing to be prest."

'Women of my complexion ought to be more modest, especially since our faces debar us from all artificial whitenings. Could you examine many of these ladies who present you with such beautiful snowy chests, you would find that they are not all of a piece. Good father Nestor, do not let us alone until you have shortened our necks, and reduced them to their ancient standard.

'I am,
'Your most obliged humble servant,
'OLIVIA.'

I shall have a just regard to Olivia's remonstrance, though at the same time I cannot but observe that her modesty seems to be entirely the result of her complexion. [c]

*** This day is published, Mr. Pope's Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day. Printed for B. Lintot, at the Cross-Keys in Fleet-street. Where may be had, Windsor Forest, 2d edit. Guardian, in folio, No. 109.

[c] This paper, No. 109. is distinguished by a hand; and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 171. edit. 1721; it is therefore ascribed to Addison.

No. 110. FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1713.*

— Non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura— HOR. Ars Poët. 351.

I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse. ROSCOMMON.

THE candour which Horace shows in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a critic from a caviller. He declares that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical composition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world, than a perfect man. To say of a celebrated piece that there are faults in it, is in effect to say no more, than that the author of it was a man. For this reason, I consider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation, as the slave in the Roman triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, 'Remember, Sir, that you are a man.' I speak this in relation to the following letter, which criticises the works of a great poet, whose very faults have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and just, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author, who I am sure would not care for being praised at the expense of another's reputation. I must therefore desire my correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the preface or conclusion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

* ADDISON'S.

'SIR,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'OUR tragedy writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper sentiments to the persons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear an heathen talking of angels and devils, the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, according to the Christian system. Lee's Alcander discovers himself to be a Cartesian in the first page of Œdipus;

—"The sun's sick too,
Shortly he'll be an earth"—

As Dryden's Cleomenes is acquainted with the Copernican hypothesis two thousand years before its invention.

"I am pleas'd with my own work; Jove was not more
With infant nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,
To give it the first push, and see it roll
Along the vast abyss"—

'I have now Mr. Dryden's Don Sebastian before me, in which I find frequent allusions to ancient history, and the old mythology of the heathen. It is not very natural to suppose a king of Portugal would be borrowing thoughts out of Ovid's Metamorphoses when he talked even to those of his own court; but to allude to these Roman fables when he talks to an emperor of Barbary, seems very extraordinary. But observe how he defies him out of the classics, in the following lines:

"Why didst not thou engage me man to man,
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face
To stare me into statue?"

'Almeyda at the same time is more book-learned

than Don Sebastian. She plays an hydra upon the emperor that is full as good as the Gorgon.

" O that I had the fruitful heads of hydra,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still would I give thee work, still, still, thou tyrant,
And hiss thee with the last"—

' She afterwards, in allusion to Hercules, bids him " lay down the lion's skin, and take the distaff;" and in the following speech utters her passion still more learnedly.

" No, were we join'd, even tho' it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes wou'd be renew'd,
And my divided flame should break from thine."

' The emperor of Barbary shows himself acquainted with the Roman poets as well as either of his prisoners, and answers the foregoing speech in the same classic strain:

" Serpent, I will engender poison with thee;
Our offspring, like the seed of dragon's teeth,
Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death."

' Ovid seems to have been Muley Molock's favourite author, witness the lines that follow:

" She still inexorable, still imperious
And loud, as if like Bacchus born in thunder."

' I shall conclude my remarks on his part with that poetical complaint of his being in love, and leave my reader to consider how prettily it would sound in the mouth of an emperor of Morocco:

" The god of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him."

' Muley Zeydan is as ingenious a man as his bro-

her Muley Molock; as where he hints at the story of Castor and Pollux:

" May we ne'er meet?
For like the twins of Leda, when I mount,
He gallops down the skies "—

'As for the mufti, we will suppose that he was bred up a scholar, and not only versed in the law of Mahomet, but acquainted with all kinds of polite learning. For this reason he is not at all surprised when Dorax calls him a Phaëton in one place, and in another tells him he is like Archimedes.

'The mufti afterwards mentions Ximenes, Albornoz, and Cardinal Wolsey by name. The poet seems to think he may make every person in his play know as much as himself, and talk as well as he could have done on the same occasion. At least I believe every reader will agree with me, that the above-mentioned sentiments, to which I might have added several others, would have been better suited to the court of Augustus, than that of Muley Molock. I grant they are beautiful in themselves, and much more so in that noble language, which was peculiar to this great poet. I only observe that they are improper for the persons who make use of them. Dryden is indeed generally wrong in his sentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between Octavia and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a Roman lady's mouth filled with such obscene raillery. If the virtuous Octavia departs from her character, the loose Dolabella is no less inconsistent with himself, when, all of a sudden, he drops the pagan, and talks in the sentiments of revealed religion.'

—" Heaven has but
Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
To pardon erring man. Sweet mercy seems

Its darling attribute, which limits justice;
As if there were degrees in infinite:
And infinite would rather want perfection
Than punish to extent."—

'I might show several faults of the same nature in the celebrated Aurenge-Zebe. The impropriety of thoughts in the speeches of the great mogul and his empress has been generally censured. Take the sentiments out of the shining dress of words, and they would be too coarse for a scene in Billingsgate.

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I am,' &c. ☞[d]

No. 111. SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1713.*

Hic aliquis de gente hircosâ Centurionum
Dicat: quod satis est, sapio mihi; non ego curo
Esse quod Arcesilas, ærumnosique Solones. PERS. Sat. iii. 77.

But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit,
Cries, I have sense, to serve my turn, in store;
And he's a rascal who pretends to more:
Damme, whate'er those book-learn'd blockheads say,
Solon's the veriest fool in all the play. DRYDEN.

I AM very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves, and useful to the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure, and grow out of fashion by that time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wears off,

* ADDISON'S.

[d] This paper, No. 110, is distinguished by a hand; and reprinted, by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 173. ed. 1721.

they have nothing left to recommend them, but lie by the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens, indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are threescore. I must therefore earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to lay in timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition, to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter it is a known saying of his 'that he was more obliged to Aristotle who had instructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire.' There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

'ALEXANDER TO ARISTOTLE, GREETING.

'You have not done well to publish your books of Select Knowledge; for what is there now

in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than in power. Farewell.'

We see by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them.

Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is in popular and mixt governments the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish*. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most pro-

* Surely this is no discovery. A.

per method of gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

'In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast showed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart, to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment: Behold I have done according to thy words: Lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour, so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto

thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream.'

The French poet has shadowed this story in an allegory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddesses appearing to Paris, or rather from the vision of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleasure and Virtue are represented as real persons making their court to the hero with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour are introduced successively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage: and that since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom; Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, should always wait on her as her handmaids. ☞[f]

No. 112. MONDAY, JULY 20, 1713.*

—Udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ. HOR. iii. Od. 2. 23.

Scorns the base earth, and crowd below;
And with a soaring wing still mounts on high. CREECH.

THE philosophers of king Charles his reign were busy

* ADDISON'S.

[f] This paper No. 111. is distinguished by a hand, Addison's signature in the Guardian; and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 177. edit. 1721. See The Publisher to the Reader, Guard. vol. i.

in finding out the art of flying. The famous bishop Wilkins[g] was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next age it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed among the virtuosos of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the story of the great lady[h], who at the same time was building castles in the air for their reception[i]. I always leave such trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reason also I shall forbear extracting out of authors several instances of particular persons who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this I shall present my reader with the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of Dædalus.

'MR IRONSIDE,

'KNOWING that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you, that I have made a considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in the morning, and when my wings are on, can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step, and jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey-cock, and improve every

[g] John Wilkins, bishop of Chester. The book here alluded to was published in 1638, under the title of A Discovery of a New World, &c. See Biogr. Brit. art. Wilkins.

[h] Margaret duchess of Newcastle. See Ballard's Memoirs of British Ladies, and Walpole's Cat. of Royal and Noble Authors.

[i] The duchess of Newcastle objected to bishop Wilkins, the want of baiting-places in the way to his New World; the bishop expressed his surprise that this objection should be made by a lady who had been all her life employed in building castles in the air. A.

day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public thanksgiving day it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow steeple, from whence after the first discharge of the Tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet-street, and pitch upon the May-pole in the Strand. From thence, by a gradual descent, I shall make the best of my way for St. James's-park, and light upon the ground near Rosamond's-pond. This I doubt not will convince the world that I am no pretender; but before I set out, I shall desire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I intend to work for the court myself, and will have journeymen under me to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire that I may have the sole teaching of persons of quality, in which I shall spare neither time nor pains until I have made them as expert as myself. I will fly with the women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the next masquerade dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their travelling habits. You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to projectors of all kinds, for which reason when I talk of practising to fly, silly people think me an owl for my pains; but, Sir, you know better things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will accrue to the public from this invention; as how the roads of England will be saved when we travel through these new highways, and how all family accounts will be lessened in the article of coaches and horses. I need not mention post and packet-boats, with many other conveniences of life, which will be supplied this way. In short, Sir, when mankind are in possession of this

art, they will be able to do more business in three-score and ten years, than they could do in a thousand by the methods now in use[k]. I therefore recommend myself and art to your patronage, and am your most humble servant, DÆDALUS.'

I have fully considered the project of these our modern Dædalists, and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the monument, and see the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both sexes like the outside of a pigeon house. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret-window, or a gallant giving chase to his mistress, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of toasts. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head. If he were jealous, indeed, he might clip his wife's wings, but what would this avail when there were flocks of whore-masters perpetually hovering over his house? What concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? Every heiress must have an old woman flying at her heels. In short, the whole air would be full of this kind of gibier[l], as the French call it. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more business done than there is at present. However, should he apply for such a patent as he speaks of, I question not but there would be more

[k] The dates of human life, at the present time, and the antediluvian ages. We have got on a little by post-chaises. Mr. Leonard Brown spent 700*l.* per annum in them, and must have done business in proportion. A.

[l] Gibier signifies no more than flying-game. A.

petitions out of the city against it, than ever yet appeared against any other monopoly whatsoever. Every tradesman that cannot keep his wife a coach could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but she would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only considered the ill consequences of this invention in the influences it would have on love-affairs. I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but these I shall defer publishing till I see my friend astride the dragon. [m]

No. 113. TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1713.*

—Amphora cœpit
Institui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit? HOR. Ars Poët. 21.

When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low? ROSCOMMON.

I LAST night received a letter from an honest citizen, who it seems is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain subject, but has an air of good sense and natural honesty in it, which may perhaps please the public as much as myself. I shall not therefore scruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is designed for common use, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

'GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE lately married a very pretty body, who being something younger and richer than myself, I was advised to go a wooing to her in a finer suit of clothes than ever I wore in my life; for I love to dress

* ADDISON'S.

[m] This paper, No. 112. is distinguished by a hand, Addison's signature in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 180. edit. 1721.

plain, and suitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding day I put myself, according to custom, in another suit, fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of countenance among my neighbours upon being so fine, that I heartily wish my clothes well worn out. I fancy every body observes me as I walk the street, and long to be in my old plain geer again. Besides, forsooth, they have put me in a silk night-gown and a gaudy fool's cap, and make me now and then stand in the window with it. I am ashamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look in the glass without blushing to see myself turned into such a pretty little master. They tell me I must appear in my wedding-suit for the first month at least; after which I am resolved to come again in my every-day's clothes, for at present every day is Sunday with me. Now, in my mind, Mr. Ironside, this is the wrongest way of proceeding in the world. When a man's person is new and unaccustomed to a young body, he does not want any thing else to set him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wedding-suit. I should think, therefore, that a man should keep his finery for the latter seasons of marriage, and not begin to dress till the honey-moon is over[n]. I have observed at a lord-mayor's feast that the sweet-meats do not make their appearance until people are cloyed with beef and mutton, and begin to lose their stomachs. But instead of this we serve up delicacies to our guests, when their appetites are keen, and coarse diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my silver-buttoned coat and silk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing whether my wife would not repent of her marriage when she sees what a plain man she has to her husband. Pray, Mr. Ironside,

[n] But who will dress at last? A.

write something to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think she can ever love me in a hair button. I am, &c.

Cheapside, July 18.

'P. S. I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which they say too, I must wear all the first month.'

My correspondent's observations are very just, and may be useful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and wedding-suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this. Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correspondent's holiday suit, which is to last no longer than till he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves nor hates, nor talks nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with sullenness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to

a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, 'Madam, you see what a sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse.' I remember Tom was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? 'No, Madam,' says Tom, 'I mention this now because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine I should be too generous to do it.' In short, Tom succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the lover°. ☞ P

No. 114. WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1713.*

Alveos accipite, et ceris opus infundite:
Fuci recusant, apibus conditio placet. PHÆDR. 3. Fab. xiii. 9.

Take the hives, and empty your work into the combs;
The drones refuse, the bees accept the proposal.

I THINK myself obliged to acquaint the public that the lion's head, of which I advertised them about a

* ADDISON'S.

° See No. 147; paragr. 2. Frank Foresight.

P This paper, No. 113. is distinguished by Addison's signature in the Guardian, a hand; and it is likewise reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 182. edit. 1721.

fortnight ago[q], is now erected at Button's coffee-house in Russel-street, Covent-garden, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antique Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains every thing that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws. I need not acquaint my readers, that my lion, like a moth[r], or book-worm, feeds upon nothing but paper, and shall only beg of them to diet him with wholesome and substantial food. I must therefore desire that they will not gorge him either with nonsense or obscenity; and must likewise insist, that his mouth be not defiled with scandal, for I would not make use of him to revile the human species, and satirise those who are his betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any person whatsoever, such only excepted as disgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions contrive the ruin of their fellow-subjects. I must desire likewise, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to one another. Those who are read in the history of the popes, observe that the Leos have been the best, and the Innocents the worst of that species, and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate

[q] See No. 98. and note *ad finem*.

[r] Moths don't feed upon paper. A.

from my lion's character, by representing him as such a peaceable good-natured well-designing beast.

I intend to publish once every week, 'the roarings of the lion,' and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard all over the British nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in prompting him, and supplying him with suitable provision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in England.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins; which may have given occasion to a foolish report, that my lion's jaws are so contrived, as to snap the hands of any of the female sex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of sense. I shall only say, that there is not one of the sex in all the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, who may not put her hand in the mouth with the same security as if she were a vestal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from corresponding with me by this method, I must acquaint them that the coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her hand upon this occasion to any lady that shall desire it of her.

In the mean time I must further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further provision for them at my ingenious friend Mr. Motteux's or at Corticelli's, or some other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the sex. As I have here a lion's head for the men, I shall there erect an unicorn's head[1] for the ladies, and will so contrive it, that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the

[1] No. 120. *ad initium.*

horn, which shall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpose. Out of these two magazines I shall supply the town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and at the same time carry on an epistolary correspondence between the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the public and to myself. As both these monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no small use redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a request from the writer that it may be the first morsel which is put into his mouth, I shall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'YOUR predecessor, the Spectator, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair sex, by exposing their dress whenever it launched into extremities. Among the rest the great petticoat came under his consideration, but in contradiction to whatever he has said, they still resolutely persist in this fashion. The form of their bottom is not, I confess, altogether the same; for whereas before it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were pressed, so that they seem to deny access to any part but the middle. Many are the inconveniences that accrue to her majesty's loving subjects from the said petticoats, as hurting men's shins, sweeping down the ware of industrious females in the street, &c. I saw a young lady fall down the other day; and believe me, Sir, she very much resembled an overturned bell without a clapper. Many other disasters I could tell you of, that befal themselves, as well as others, by

means of this unwieldy garment. I wish, Mr. Guardian, you would join with me in showing your dislike of such a monstrous fashion, and I hope when the ladies see it is the opinion of two of the wisest men in England, they will be convinced of their folly. I am, SIR,

'Your daily reader and admirer,

'TOM PLAIN.' ☞[t]

No. 115. THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1713.*

Ingenium par materiæ.— JUV. Sat. i. 151.

A genius equal to the subject.

WHEN I read rules of criticism I immediately inquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition; for there is no question but every man aims at least at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and tasteless, I throw aside his criticisms with a secret indignation, to see a man without genius or politeness dictating to the world on subjects which I find are above his reach.

If the critic has published nothing but rules and observations in criticism, I then consider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearness and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good-breeding in his raillery; but if in the place of all these, I find nothing but dogmatical stupidity, I must beg such a writer's pardon if I have no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuse to conform myself to his taste.

* ADDISON'S.

[t] This paper, No. 114. is marked with a hand, Addison's signature in the Guardian; and reprinted in Mr. Tickell's edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 185. edit. 1721.

'So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the softer rules of rhimes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then show us what are bad by what they write.'

MR. CONGREVE to SIR R. TEMPLE.

The greatest critics among the ancients are those who have the most excelled in all other kinds of composition, and have shown the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns likewise no critic has ever pleased, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not show by his practice that he was a master of the theory. I have now one before me, who, after having given many proofs of his performances both in poetry and prose, obliged the world with several critical works. The author I mean is Strada. His prolusion[a] on the stile of the most famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verse, is one of the most entertaining, as well as the most just pieces of criticism that I have ever read. I shall make the plan of it the subject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known that Pope Leo the tenth was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations, and disputes of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom Strada founds the following narrative. When this pope was at his villa, that stood upon an eminence on the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was split at the top in imitation of Parnassus. There were several marks on it that distinguished it for the habi-

[a] Stradæ Prol. Acad. lib. ii. Prol. Poet. v. See Nos. 119. 122. and notes *ibidem*.

tation of heroic poets. Of all the muses Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegasus appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating Parnassus fell down the river to the sound of trumpets, and in a kind of epic measure, for it was rowed forward by six huge wheels, three on each side, that by their constant motion carried on the machine, until it arrived before the pope's villa.

The representatives of the ancient poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters. Statius was posted on the highest of the two summits, which was fashioned on the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner, so that people regarded him with with the same terror and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was seated on the other summit, which was lower, and at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce, on some spots of it, plants that are unknown to Italy, and such as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very busy about the roots of the mountain, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine which was under his conduct, and was indeed of his invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the spectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raised up, and became as conspicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not settle in any particular place, but ranged over all Parnassus with great nimbleness and

activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requisite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent station, and had a greater prospect under him than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off his back, insomuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out every now and then, that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modesty in his looks, was seated by Calliope, in the midst of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almost covered him with their shade. He would not perhaps have been seen in this retirement, but that it was impossible to look upon Calliope without seeing Virgil at the same time.

This poetical masquerade was no sooner arrived before the pope's villa, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the style and spirit of those immortal authors whom they represented. The subjects of these several poems, with the judgment passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper. ☞[v]

[v] This paper, No. 115. is distinguished by Addison's signature in the Guardian, a hand; and reprinted in Mr. Tickell's edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 187. edit. 1721. See the sequel, and conclusion, in Nos. 119. and 122. See notes *ib.*

No. 116. FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1713.*

—Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius.— HOR. 1 Sat. x. 14.

A jest in scorn points out, and hits the thing
More home, than the morosest satire's sting.

THERE are many little enormities in the world which our preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish, where the top-woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of her forehead. The good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelvemonth: but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Topknot, for reasons of the same nature. I remember the clergy during the time of Cromwell's usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and showing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white-wash, and have known a coloured riband made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men. While they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and

* ADDISON'S.

crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the merry-andrew has his separate packet for the megrims and tooth-ache.

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled, I mean the naked bosoms of our British ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a quaker, and is as follows;

'NESTOR IRONSIDE,

'OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have a glimmering of the light in thee. We shall pray for thee, that thou mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good advice to the women of this world to clothe themselves like unto our friends, and not to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against the record. The lion is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the sink of Babylon; for the scarlet whore is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.

"Rome, July 8, 1713. A placard is published here, forbidding women of whatsoever quality, to go with naked breasts; and the priests are ordered not to admit the transgressors of this law to confession, nor to communion, neither are they to enter the cathedrals, under severe penalties."

'These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it, "The Evening Post, from Saturday July the eighteenth, to Tuesday July the twenty-first[w]."

[w] See No. 134. penult. paragr. and No. 140. *ad finem*.

'Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish women[x] in thy own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise thou art desired to make him still roar till all the beasts of the forest shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee, friend Nestor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so inspired with the light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher of the word. I wish it heartily.

'Thine, in every thing that is praise-worthy,

Tom's Coffee-house, in Birchin-lane, the 23d day of the month called July. 'TOM TREMBLE.'

It happens very oddly that the pope and I should have the same thoughts much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say, that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider this fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his bull[y] and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occasion from hence to show their zeal for the protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to popery. ☞[z]

[x] The foolishest women are not the likeliest to listen to wise admonitions. A.

[y] A foreigner complaining how dear things were in England, one of our young travellers replied, '*Il n'y a rien si chere que votre Taureau d'or.*' I think a ducat is paid for a sight of it.

[z] This paper, No. 116. is distinguished by Addison's signature in the Guardian, a hand; and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 190. edit. 1721.

No. 117. SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1713.*

Cura pii Diis sunt.— OVID Met. viii. 724.

The good are Heaven's peculiar care.

LOOKING over the late edition of monsieur Boileau's Works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the Athalia of monsieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to Joad the high-priest, that the queen was incensed against him, the high-priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer,

'Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des méchans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.'

'He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to His holy will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him.' Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of a Divine Power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man; it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted

* ADDISON'S.

person; it disarms the tyrant and executioner; and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending Him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a Being that is omnipotent? A Being who is able to crush all his adversaries? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great superintendent of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments; but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him; or that, if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to Him who has human nature under his care; in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made

himself by this virtue an object of divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have enclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in pagan history which more pleases me, than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddess who represented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished by the Deity, whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of in several occurrences of his life; but particularly in the following one which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination; but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the abovementioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the

schemes of Providence, which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind; or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance, as I have here related. ☞[a]

No. 118. MONDAY, JULY 27, 1713.*

— *Ingenique largitor*	
Venter —	PERS. Prol. ver. 10.
Witty want.	DRYDEN.

I AM very well pleased to find that my lion has given such universal content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater number of visitants than any of his brotherhood in the tower. I this morning examined his maw, where, among much other food, I found the following delicious morsels.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'I AM a daily peruser of your papers. I have read over and over your discourse concerning the tucker; as likewise your paper of Thursday the 16th instant[b], in which you say it is your intention to

* ADDISON'S.

[a] This paper, No. 117. is marked with a hand, Addison's signature in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 192. edit. 1721.

[b] No. 109.

keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. Now, Sir, being by profession a mantua-maker, who am employed by the most fashionable ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at all hours; and seeing them both drest and undrest, I think there is no person better qualified than myself to serve you, if your honour pleases, in the nature of a lioness. I am in the whole secret of their fashion; and if you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a constant watch over them, and doubt not I shall send you from time to time such private intelligence, as you will find of use to you in your future papers.

'Sir, this being a new proposal, I hope you will not let me lose the benefit of it; but that you will first hear me roar before you treat with any body else. As a sample of my intended services, I give you this timely notice of an improvement you will shortly see in the exposing of the female chest, which, in defiance of your gravity, is going to be uncovered yet more and more; so that, to tell you truly, Mr. Ironside, I am in some fear least my profession should in a little time become wholly unnecessary. I must here explain to you a small covering, if I may call it so, or rather an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This consists of a narrow lace, or a small skirt of fine ruffled linen[c], which runs along the upper part of the stays before and crosses the breasts, without rising to the shoulders; and being as it were a part of the tucker, yet kept in use, is therefore by a particular name called the modesty-piece. Now, Sir, what I have to communicate to you at present is, that at a late meeting of the stripping ladies, in which were present several eminent toasts and beauties, it was resolved for the future to lay the mo-

[c] See No. 100.

desty-piece[d] wholly aside. It is intended at the same time to lower the stays considerably before, and nothing but the unsettled weather has hindered this design from being already put in execution. Some few indeed objected to this last improvement, but were over-ruled by the rest, who alleged it was their intention, as they ingeniously expressed it, to level their breast-works entirely, and to trust to no defence but their own virtue. I am, Sir,

'if you please, your secret servant,

'LEONILLA FIGLEAF.'

'DEAR SIR,

'As by name, and duty bound, I yesterday brought in a prey of paper for my patron's dinner; but by the forwardness of his paws he seemed ready to put it into his mouth, which does not enough resemble its prototypes, whose throats are open sepulchres. I assure you, Sir, unless he gapes wider, he will sooner be felt than heard. Witness my hand,

'JACKALL.'

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SAGE NESTOR,

'LIONS being esteemed by naturalists the most generous of beasts, the noble and majestic appearance they make in poetry, wherein they so often represent the hero himself, made me always think that name very ill applied to a profligate set of men, at present going about seeking whom to devour: and though I cannot but acquiesce in your account of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great satisfaction I here you are about to restore them to their former dignity, by producing one of that species so public-spirited, as to roar for reformation of manners.

[d] See No. 145. Teraminta; and No. 109.

" I will roar," says the Clown in Shakspeare, " that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let him roar again, let him roar again." Such success, and such applause, I do not question but your lion will meet with, whilst, like that of Samson, his strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his entrails abound with honey.

' At the time that I congratulate with the republic of beasts upon this honour done to their king, I must condole with us poor mortals, who by distance of place are rendered incapable of paying our respects to him, with the same assiduity as those who are ushered into his presence by the discreet Mr. Button. Upon this account Mr. Ironside, I am become a suitor to you, to constitute an out-riding lion; or if you please, a jackall or two, to receive and remit our homage in a more particular manner than is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then miscarry by the way; at least the natural self-love that makes us unwilling to think any thing that comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines us to believe so. Methinks it were likewise necessary to specify, by what means a present from a fair hand may reach his brindled majesty; the place of his residence being very unfit for a lady's personal appearance. I am

' Your most constant reader, and admirer,

' N. R.*

' DEAR NESTOR,

' It is a well known proverb in a certain part of this kingdom, " Love me, love my dog;"

* This letter seems to have been written by Mr. Nicholas Rowe, in the course of one of his retirements into the country, which were frequent. See Biogr. Brit. art. Rowe [Nicholas].

and I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect for your person that I here bring a bit for your lion.' ***[f]

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publish his private intelligence. [g]

No. 119. TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1713.*

—— Poëtarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi.—— HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 142.

A band of poets to my aid I'll call. CREECH.

THERE is nothing which more shows the want of taste and discernment in a writer than the decrying of any author in gross; especially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in several ages of the world. This however is the general practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing critics. Because Homer and Virgil and Sophocles have been commended by the learned of all times, every scribbler who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner Strada proceeds in his judgment on the Latin poets; for I intend to publish, in this paper, a continuation of that Prolu-

* ADDISON'S.

[f] See No. 120. A bit for the lion.

[g] This paper, No. 118. is distinguished by a hand, Addison's signature in the Guardian; and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 195. edit. 1721. It is therefore ascribed here to Addison, though apparently composed, or communicated from the letter-box. See No. 121, final note.

sion which was the subject of the last Thursday[h]. I shall therefore give my reader a short account in prose of every poem which was produced in the learned assembly there described; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the works of those ancient authors, he will see with how much judgment every subject is adapted to the poet who makes use of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characterised in the censure that is passed upon it. Lucan's representative was the first who recited before the august assembly. As Lucan was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation, which at the same time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the governor of a town invested by the Moors. During the blockade they made his only son their prisoner, whom they brought before their walls, and exposed to his father's sight, threatening to put him to death, if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them if he had an hundred sons he would rather see them all perish, than do an ill action, or betray his country. 'But,' says he, 'if you take a pleasure in destroying the innocent, you may do it if you please: behold a sword for your purpose.' Upon which he threw his sword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast, which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the shouts of the enemy, and the cries of the besieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he saw his son lying in the pangs of death; but far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, he upbraids his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast.

Upon the recital of this story, which is exquisitely

[h] See No. 115. and for the conclusion No. 122.

drawn up in Lucan's spirit and language, the whole assembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confused murmur. The poem was praised or censured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or disadvantage of the author. These were so very great, that some had placed him in their opinions, above the highest, and others beneath the lowest of the Latin poets. Most of them however agreed, that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art, and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering. In a word, that he chose rather a great than a just reputation; to which they added, that he was the first of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The representative of Lucretius told the assembly, that they should soon be sensible of the difference between a poet, who was a native of Rome, and a stranger who had been adopted into it: after which, he entered upon his subject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a speculation of one of my predecessors[1].

Strada, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day

[1] See Spect. vol. iii. No. 241. by Addison, who copies this whole paragraph verbatim from himself. See Guard. No. 122. and notes there.

are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

The whole audience were pleased with the artifice of the poet who represented Lucretius, observing very well how he had laid asleep their attention to the simplicity of his style in some verses, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his subject, and to the experiment which he related. Without such an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have sounded more harsh than Lucretius's diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the assembly were quite of another mind. These allowed that it was peculiar to Lucretius, above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching something, that no other style was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater

pleasure to those who had a true relish for the Roman tongue. They added further, that if Lucretius had not been embarrassed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian succeeded Lucretius, having chosen for his subject the famous contest between the nightingale and the lutanist, which every one is acquainted with, especially since Mr. Philips has so finely improved that hint in one of his pastorals[k].

He had no sooner finished but the assembly rung with acclamations made in his praise. His first beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings off so frequent in the works of other poets. There were several however of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infusion of foreign phrases with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and spoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers, that cloyed and satiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewise added, a frequent and unseasonable affectation of appearing sonorous and sublime.

The sequel of this prolusion shall be the work of another day[l]. ☞[m]

[k] Poems by A. Philips. Past. 5.

[l] See Strada, lib. ii. Prol. 6. and Guard. Nos. 115. and 122.

[m] This paper, No. 119. is distinguished by a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 204. edit. 1721. See Nos. 115. 122. and notes.

No. 120. WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1713.*

— Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote. MILTON.

A Bit for the Lion.

'SIR,

'As soon as you have set up your unicorn[a], there is no question but the ladies will make him push very furiously at the men; for which reason I think it is good to be beforehand with them, and make the lion roar aloud at female irregularities. Among these, I wonder how their gaming has so long escaped your notice. You who converse with the sober family of the Lizards, are perhaps a stranger to these viragos; but what would you say, should you see a Sparkler shaking her elbow for a whole night together, and thumping the table with a dice-box? Or how would you like to hear the good widow-lady herself returning to her house at midnight, and alarming the whole street with a most enormous rap, after having sat up until that time at crimp, or ombre? Sir, I am the husband of one of the female gamesters, and a great loser by it, both in my rest and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this subject might be of use both to her, and

'Your humble Servant.'

I should ill deserve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice which, when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one,

* ADDISON'S. [a] No. 114.

that the female world can fall into*. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them, first, as they relate to the mind; secondly, as they relate to the body.

Could we look into the mind of a female gamester we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her until the play-season returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such an use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior being think, were he shown this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

Their passions suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent, break out all at once in a fair assembly upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card! Who can

* See an excellent paper against gaming by Beau Nash, in his Life written by the late ingenious Dr. Goldsmith; and an eloquent sermon on the subject, by the late ingenious, learned, and worthy secretary to the royal society, H. P. Maty, A.M. and F.R.S. 'He that hasteneth to be rich, shall not be innocent.' SOLOMON.

consider, without a secret indignation, that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands, and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at loo! For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives; when I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of such a make that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to; and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of Pam than of her husband. My friend Theophrastus, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. 'When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise,' says he, 'from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary,' says he, 'if she has been a loser I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason but because she has been throwing away my estate.' What charming bedfellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with that choose their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion! What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, must we expect from mothers of this make?

I come in the next place to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the bodies of our fe-

male adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every thing which corrupts the soul decays the body[p]. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half-dead from bassette; and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is still another case in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate; the woman must find out something else to mortgage when her pin-money is gone. The husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now when the female body is once dipped, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to consider the consequences. ☞[q]

p 'Gaming,' says Montesquieu, 'keeps the body in a hurtful inactivity; and the mind in a hurtful activity.' A.

q This paper, No. 120. is marked with a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted, by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 198. edit. 1721.

No. 121. THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1713.*

Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque leonum. VIRG. Æn. vii. 15.
Hence to our ear the roar of lions came.

Roarings of the Lion.

'OLD NESTOR,

'EVER since the first notice you gave of the erection of that useful monument of yours in Button's coffee-house, I have had a restless ambition to imitate the renowned London 'Prentice, and boldly venture my hand down the throat of your lion. The subject of this letter is a relation of a club whereof I am member, and which has made a considerable noise of late, I mean the Silent Club. The year of our institution is 1694, the number of members twelve, and the place of our meeting is Dumb's-alley in Holborn. We look upon ourselves as the relics of the old Pythagoreans, and have this maxim in common with them, which is the foundation of our design, that "Talking spoils company." The president of our society is one who was born deaf and dumb, and owes that blessing to nature, which in the rest of us is owing to industry alone. I find upon inquiry that the greater part of us are married men, and such whose wives are remarkably loud at home. Hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy at once the two greatest and most valuable blessings, company and retirement. When that eminent relation of yours, the Spectator, published his weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his silence (for you must know

* ADDISON's and Dr. Z. PEARCE's.

though we do not read, yet we inspect all such useful essays) we seemed unanimous to invite him to partake our secrecy, but it was unluckily objected, that he had just then published a discourse of his at his own club, and had not arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue which we expected from a man of his understanding. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate; but it will be easily accounted for when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble and as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other men's tongues are; yet even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightiest occasions. We admire the wise institutions of the Turks, and other Eastern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes; and we wonder that the polite courts of Christendom should come so far short of the majesty of the barbarians. Ben Jonson has gained an eternal reputation among us by his play called The Silent Woman. Every member here is another Morose[r] while the club is sitting, but at home may talk as much and as fast as his family occasions require, without breach of statute. The advantages we find from this quaker-like assembly are many. We consider, that the understanding of man is liable to mistakes, and his will fond of contradictions; that disputes, which are of no weight in themselves, are often very considerable in their effects. The disuse of the tongue is the only effectual remedy against these. All party concerns, all private scandal, all insults over another man's weaker reasons, must there be lost where no disputes arise. Another advantage which follows from the first (and which is very rarely to be met with) is, that we are all upon the same level in conversation. A wag of my acquaintance used to add a third, viz. that if ever we debate we are sure

[r] The name of a character in the Silent Woman.

to have all our arguments at our fingers ends. Of all Longinus's remarks we are most enamoured with, that excellent passage where he mentions Ajax's silence as one of the noblest instances of the sublime; and, if you will allow me to be free with a namesake of yours, I should think that the everlasting story-teller Nestor[5], had he been likened to the ass instead of our hero, he had suffered less by the comparison.

'I have already described the practice and sentiments of this society, and shall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as fishes, but that we drink like fishes too; that we are like the Welshman's owl, though we do not sing, we pay it off with thinking. Others take us for an assembly of disaffected persons; nay, their zeal to the government has carried them so far as to send, last week, a party of constables to surprise us. You may easily imagine how exactly we represented the Roman senators of old, sitting with majestic silence, and undaunted at the approach of an army of Gauls. If you approve of our undertaking you need not declare it to the world; your silence shall be interpreted as consent given to the honourable body of Mutes, and in particular to

'Your humble servant,

'Ned Mum.

'P. S. We have had but one word spoken since the foundation, for which the member was expelled by the old Roman custom of bending back the thumb. He had just received the news of the battle of Hochstet, and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into a *lapsus linguæ*. We acted on the principles of the Roman Manlius, and

[5] Meaning the character exhibited under the name of Nestor in Homer's Poems. The passage of Homer referred to is in his Odyss. λ. v. 561. See Pearce's Longinus. Amst. 1733. 8vo. p. 30.

though we approved of the cause of his error as just, we condemned the effect as a manifest violation of his duty[t].'

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared so well out of my lion's mouth. My next pretty correspondent, like Shakspeare's lion in Pyramus and Thisbe, roars an it were any nightingale.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I WAS afraid at first you were only in jest, and had a mind to expose our nakedness for the diversion of the town; but since I see that you are in good earnest, and have infallibility of your side, I cannot forbear returning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who has promised me to give my letters to the lion, till we can communicate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now you must know, dear Sir, that if you do not take care to suppress this exorbitant growth of the female chest, all that is left of my waist must inevitably perish. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches, by what I have already made over to my neck. But if the stripping design mentioned by Mrs. Figleaf yesterday[u] should take effect, Sir, I dread to think what it will come to. In short, there is no help for it, my girdle and all must go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity on me then, my dear Guardian, and preserve me from being so inhumanly exposed. I do assure you that I follow your precepts as much as a young woman can, who will live in the world without being laughed at. I have no hooped petticoat, and when I am a matron

[t] This letter, signed N. Mum, was written by Dr. Z. Pearce, the late learned and worthy bishop of Rochester. See two papers of which this amiable prelate was likewise the author, being Spectators, Nos. 572. 633. and notes.

[u] See No. 118. let. 13.

will wear broad tuckers whether you succeed or no. If the flying project takes, I intend to be the last in wings[v], being resolved in every thing to behave myself as becomes

'Your most obedient Ward.'

July 28, 1713.

*** This day is published, in a neat pocket volume, Letters of Abelard and Heloise. With a particular account of their lives, amours, and misfortunes, extracted chiefly from M. Bayle. Translated from the French. N. B. This translation was by Mr. John Hughes, and suggests an opinion that he was concerned in the paper to which the advertisement is annexed in the Guard. in folio, No. 119. See No. 122. and note.

No. 122. FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1713.*

Nec magis expressi vultus per aheneæ signa. HOR. 2. Ep. i. 248.

IMITATED.

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august, of king, or conq'ring chief,
E'er swell'd on marble. POPE.

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of Strada's criticism on the Latin heroic poets. My readers may see the whole work in the three papers numbered 115, 119, 122. Those who are acquainted with the authors themselves cannot but be pleased to see them so justly represented; and as for those who have never perused the originals, they may form a judgment of them from such accurate and entertaining copies[x]. The whole piece will show at least how

* ADDISON'S.

[v] See No. 112.

[w] This paper, No. 121. is distinguished by a hand, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 201. edit. 1721. ascribed to Addison, though written by Dr. Pearce, and only communicated by Addison from the letter-box, to which it was sent by the respectable author, who was at this time a resident at Cambridge.

[x] It would seem, from what is said here, that Addison was only editor

a man of genius, and none else should call himself a critic, can make the driest art a pleasing amusement.

The Sequel of Strada's Prolusion, lib. ii. prol. 6.

The poet who personated Ovid gives an account of the chryso-magnet, or of the load-stone which attracts gold after the same manner as the common load-stone attracts iron. The author, that he might express Ovid's way of thinking, derives this virtue to the chryso-magnet from a poetical metamorphosis.

'As I was sitting by a well,' says he, 'when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father fastening a certain stone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no sooner touched the surface of the water but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner that he drew it out like a fish. My father seeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it. When Deucalion and Pyrrha went about the world to repair mankind by throwing stones over their heads, the men who rose from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the stones fell. Those which fell in the fields became ploughmen and shepherds. Those which fell into the water produced sailors and fishermen. Those that fell among the woods and forests gave birth to huntsmen. Among the rest there were several that fell upon mountains that had mines of gold and silver in them. This last race of men immediately betook themselves to the search of these precious metals; but nature being displeased to see herself ransacked, withdrew these her treasures towards the centre of

of these translations, &c. from Strada, during a period of more than a month that the Guardian, for whatever reason, was left entirely to his management and publication.

the earth. The avarice of man however persisted in its former pursuits, and ransacked her inmost bowels in quest of the riches which they contained. Nature seeing herself thus plundered by a swarm of miners, was so highly incensed, that she shook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The Stygian flames, which lay in the neighbourhood of these deep mines, broke out at the same time with great fury, burning up the whole mass of human limbs and earth until they were hardened and baked into stone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines were converted into those common loadstones which attract that metal. Those which were in search of gold became chryso-magnets, and still keep their former avarice in their present state of petrifaction.'

Ovid had no sooner given over speaking but the assembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were so taken with his easy way of writing, and had so formed their tastes upon it, that they had no relish for any composition which was not framed in the Ovidian manner. A great many however were of a contrary opinion; until at length it was determined, by a plurality of voices, that Ovid highly deserved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things which cost no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the last place they all agreed that the greatest objection which lay against Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have succeeded better in both had he rather checked than indulged it. Statius stood up next with a swelling and haughty air, and made the following story the subject of his poem.

A German and a Portuguese, when Vienna was

besieged, having had frequent contests of rivalry, were preparing for a single duel, when on a sudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this both the German and Portuguese consented to sacrifice their private resentments to the public, and to see who could signalize himself most upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The German was at length engaged amidst a whole army of Turks, until his left arm that held the shield was unfortunately lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a blow he had received that he fell down as dead. The Portuguese seeing the condition of his rival, very generously flew to his succour, dispersed the multitude that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the mean while the German recovered from his trance, and rose up to the assistance of the Portuguese, who a little after had his right arm, which held his sword, cut off by the blow of a sabre. He would have lost his life at the same time by a spear which was aimed at his back, had not the German slain the person who was aiming at him. These two competitors for fame having received such mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the sword, and the other a shield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portuguese covered the German, while the German dealt destruction among the enemy. At length, finding themselves faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part of the wall, and threw themselves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the besiegers.

When Statius ceased, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, such as he had re-

ceived in his life-time, declaring him the only man who had written in a style which was truly heroical, and that he was above all others in his fame as in his diction. Others censured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expressions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombast of his expressions. There were however a few select judges who moderated between both these extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his style much poetical heat and fire, but withal so much smoke as sullied the brightness of it. That there was a majesty in his verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a tyrant than of a king. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the Great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient poets who produced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the story of Theutilla[y], which being so near that of Judith in all its circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. Dryden's Miscellanies, I shall here give no further account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great poet a subject rather for their admiration than for their applause, and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art itself, and not in the genius of this great man. There were however some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently

[y] The rape of Theutilla, imitated from the Latin of Famian Strada. By Mr. Thomas Yalden. Dryden's Miscellanies, vol. iv. p. 115. Perhaps Dr. T. Yalden might really have been the writer of these three papers, drawn up from Strada's Prolusions: viz. Nos. 115. 119. and 122. notwithstanding what is said in No. 121. *ad finem*.

verses in him which flagged or wanted spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultless than beautiful. But these injudicious censures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not observe to my learned reader, that the foregoing story of the German and Portuguese is almost the same in every particular with that of the two rival soldiers in Cæsar's Commentaries. This prolusion ends with the performance of an Italian poet full of those little witticisms and conceits which have infected the greatest part of modern poetry. ☞*

*** This day is published, in a neat pocket volume, 12mo. A French Translation of the Tragedy of Cato. Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakespeare's Head, opposite to Catherine-street, in the Strand.—This was afterwards the shop of Andrew Millar, now of T. Cadell, and distinguished by the sign of Buchanan's Head.

*** This day is published, The Exact Draught of the Royal Fireworks on last Thanksgiving-day, etched by Mr. James Thornhill.—Guard. in fol. No. 120.

No. 123. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1713.*

—Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi.— HOR. 1 Ep. i. 60.

IMITATED.

True conscious honour is to feel no sin:
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass. POPE.

THERE are a sort of knights-errant in the world, who, quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and

* ADDISON'S.

[z] This paper No. 122, is distinguished by a hand, Addison's signature in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 207, edit. 1721. It is therefore ascribed to Addison, notwithstanding what has been said in the preceding notes upon it, and No. 119. and 121. *ad finem.*

to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and practices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

'Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults conspicuous.' CATO.

I have often wondered that these deflowerers of innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of virtue and honour, are not restrained by compassion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion, and infamy, into a family; to wound the heart of a tender parent, and stain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a dishonour that can never be wiped off, are circumstances, one would think, sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart which has the least tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchase the gratification of a moment at so dear a rate, and entail a lasting misery on others, for such a transient satisfaction to himself; nay, for a satisfaction that is sure, at some time or other, to be followed with remorse? I am led to this subject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one sent by a mother to one who had abused her daughter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after so great a provocation. I present the reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent suffers on such an occasion.

'SIR,

'THE other day I went into the house of one of my tenants, whose wife was formerly a servant in our family, and, by my grand-mother's kindness, had her education with my mother from her infancy; so that she is of a spirit and understanding greatly superior to those of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like stupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, on which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman very famous in our parts for low intrigue, or, in plainer words, for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper, may perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themselves in a passion which they possess but in common with the vilest part of mankind.

"MY LORD,

"LAST night I discovered the injury you have done to my daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that short-lived shameful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This consideration alone should have deterred a noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act. But alas! what is all the grief that must be my share, in comparison of that with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? Loss of good name, anguish of heart, shame and infamy, are what must inevitably fall upon her, unless she gets over them by what is much worse, open impudence, professed lewdness,

and abandoned prostitution. These are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power all her livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputation. Oh, my lord, should my son have practised the like on one of your daughters——I know you swell with indignation at the very mention of it, and would think he deserved a thousand deaths, should he make such an attempt upon the honour of your family. It is well, my lord. And is then the honour of your daughter, whom still, though it had been violated, you might have maintained in plenty and even luxury, of greater moment to her, than to my daughter hers, whose only sustenance it was? And must my son, void of all the advantages of a generous education, must he, I say,—consider? And may your lordship be excused from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of brutes. Ever cursed be its false lustre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits and godlike virtues of your great ancestor were honoured with a coronet, that it might be a pander to his posterity, and confer a privilege of dishonouring the innocent and defenceless? At this rate the laws of rewards should be inverted, and he who is generous and good should be made a beggar and a slave; that industry and honest diligence may keep his posterity unspotted, and preserve them from ruining virgins, and making whole families unhappy. Wretchedness is now become my everlasting portion! Your crime, my lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not sue for forgiveness of my own failings and misdeeds, for I never can forgive yours; but shall curse you with my dying breath, and at the last tremendous day shall hold forth in my arms my much-wronged child, and

call aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under these present horrors of mind, I could be content to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock-reverence, and sounding in your ears to your unutterable loathing, the empty title which inspired you with presumption to tempt, and over-awed my daughter to comply.

"Thus have I given some vent to my sorrow; nor fear I to awaken you to repentance, so that your sin may be forgiven. The divine laws have been broken; but much injury, irreparable injury, has been also done to me, and the just Judge will not pardon that until I do. My LORD,

"Your conscience will help you to my name."'

——*shire*, July 1713.

No. 124. MONDAY, AUGUST 8, 1713.*

Quid fremat in terris violentius?— Juv. Sat. viii. 37.

What roar more dreadful in the world is heard?

More Roarings of the Lion.

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'BEFORE I proceed to make you my proposals, it will be necessary to inform you that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, together with the remarkable flatness of my nose, and extent of my mouth, have long since procured me the name of Lion in this our university.

* ADDISON'S, and MR. EUSDEN'S.

a This paper, No. 123. is marked with a hand, the signature that distinguishes Addison's papers in the Guardian; and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 210, edit. 1721. It is therefore ascribed to Addison, though the two letters in it seem to have been communicated from the letter-box, at a period when Addison seems to have been entirely the publisher of the Guardian; which seems at sometimes to have been made out of his own materials; and, at others, from the communications of correspondents, or as he calls them, The Roarings of the Lion.

'The vast emolument that in all probability will accrue to the public from the roarings of my new-erected likeness at Button's, hath made me desirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as I am told I already am in all parts of my person. Wherefore I most humbly propose to you, that, as it is impossible for this one lion to roar, either long enough or loud enough against all the things that are roar-worthy in these realms, you would appoint him a sub-lion, as a *præfectus provinciæ*, in every county in Great Britain; and it is my request, that I may be instituted his under-roarer in this university, town and county of Cambridge, as my resemblance does, in some measure, claim that I should.

'I shall follow my metropolitan's example, in roaring only against those enormities that are too slight and trivial for the notice or censures of our magistrates; and shall communicate my roarings to him monthly, or oftener if occasion requires, to be inserted in your papers "*cum privilegio.*"

'I shall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of punning, and may chance to touch upon the rise and fall of tuckers; but I will roar aloud and spare not, to the terror of, at present, a very flourishing society of people called loungers[b], gentlemen whose observations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good sense of their own to be in need of staying at home to read other people's.

'I have, Sir, a raven that shall serve by way of jackall, to bring me in provisions, which I shall chew and prepare for the digestion of my principal; and I do hereby give notice to all under my jurisdiction, that whoever are willing to contribute to this good design, if they will affix their informations to the leg

[b] See Spect. No. 54. and note.

or neck of the aforesaid raven or jackall, they will be thankfully received by their, but more particularly

Your, humble servant,

From my den at —— college, in Cambridge, July 29. 'LEO the Second[c].'

'N. B. The raven will not bite.'

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'HEARING that your unicorn is now in hand, and not questioning but his horn will prove a cornucopiæ to you, I desire that in order to introduce it, you will consider the following proposal.

'My wife and I intend a dissertation upon horns; the province she has chosen is, the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, improvement, &c. The work is like to swell so much upon our hands, that I am afraid we shall not be able to bear the charge of printing it without a subscription; wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and desire those who have any thing by them relating to that part of natural history, to communicate it to,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

'HUMPHRY BINICORN.'

'SIR,

'I HUMBLY beg leave to drop a song into your lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It is fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our English lyrics. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all those who admire the translations of Italian operas.

I.

Oh the charming month of May!
Oh the charming month of May!

[c] This letter, signed Leo II. was probably the composition of Mr. Laurence Eusden, of Cambridge, and seems to countenance and confirm the conjectural assignment of the letter on the Loungers. Spect. vol. i. No. 54. to the same author. See Nos. 127. and 164.

When the breezes, fan the treeses
Full of blossoms fresh and gay——
Full, &c.

II.

Oh what joys our prospects yield!
Charming joys our prospects yield!
In a new livery, when we see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field——
Bush, &c.

III.

Oh how fresh the morning air!
Charming fresh the morning air!
When the zephyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breaths compare——
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nighting-gale delighting
With her song, suspends our talk——
With her, &c.

V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!
On mossy pillows, by the trilloes
Of a gentle purling stream——
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh how kind the country lass!
Charming kind the country lass!
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking
For a green gown upon the grass——
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh how sweet it is to spy!
Charming sweet it is to spy!
At the conclusion, her confusion,
Blushing cheeks, and down-cast eye——
Blushing, &c.

VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream!
When all is over, she gives her lover,
Who on her skimming dish carves her name——
Who on, &c.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE always been very much pleased with the sight of those creatures which, being of a foreign growth, are brought into our island for show. I may say, there has not been a tiger, leopard, elephant, or hyghgeen[d], for some years past, in this nation, but I have taken their particular dimensions, and am able to give a very good description of them. But I must own, I never had a greater curiosity to visit any of these strangers than your lion. Accordingly I came yesterday to town, being able to wait no longer for fair weather, and made what haste I could to Mr. Button's, who readily conducted me to his den of state. He is really a creature of as noble a presence as I have seen; he has grandeur and good-humour in his countenance, which command both our love and respect; his shaggy main and whiskers are peculiar graces. In short, I do not question but he will prove a worthy supporter of the British honour and virtue, especially when assisted by the unicorn. You must think I would not wait upon him without a morsel to gain his favour, and had provided what I hoped would have pleased, but was unluckily prevented by the presence of a bear, which constantly as I approached with my present, threw his eyes in my way, and stared me out of my resolution. I must not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is hard at work about her tucker, having

[d] Is this strange word for hyæna?

never from her infancy laid aside the modesty-piece. I am, Venerable Nestor,

'Your friend and humble servant,

July 30. 'P. N.

'I was a little surprised, having read some of your lion's roarings, that a creature of such eloquence should want a tongue; but he has other qualifications which make good that deficiency.' [e]

No. 125. TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1713.*

—*Nunc formosissimus annus.* VIRG. Ecl. iii. 57.

Now the gay year in all her charms is drest.

MEN of my age receive a greater pleasure from fine weather, than from any other sensual enjoyment of life. In spite of the auxiliary bottle, or any artificial heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy sky; and taste no luxury like a blue firmament, and sun-shine. I have often, in a splenetic fit, wished myself a dormouse during the winter; and I never see one of those snug animals, wrapt up close in his fur, and compactly happy in himself, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philosopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection[f], the use that I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the Zodiac. This love of warmth makes my heart

* MR. THOMAS TICKELL'S.

[e] This paper, No. 124. is distinguished by a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 213, edit. 1721; it is therefore assigned to Addison, though probably it was written, or at least the greatest part of it, by Mr. Eusden.

[f] See No. 112. On the art of flying.

glad at the return of the spring. How amazing is the change in the face of nature; when the earth from being bound with frost, or covered with snow, begins to put forth her plants and flowers, to be clothed with green, diversified with ten thousand various dies; and to exhale such fresh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight!

Full of thoughts like these, I make it a rule to lose as little as I can of that blessed season; and accordingly rise with the sun, and wander through the fields, throw myself on the banks of little rivulets or lose myself in the woods. I spent a day or two this spring at a country gentleman's seat, where I feasted my imagination every morning with the most luxurious prospect I ever saw. I usually took my stand by the wall of an old castle built upon a high hill. A noble river ran at the foot of it, which after being broken by a heap of misshapen stones, glided away in a clear stream, and wandering through two woods on each side of it in many windings, shone here and there at a great distance through the trees. I could trace the mazes for some miles, until my eye was led through two ridges of hills, and terminated by a vast mountain in another county.

I hope the reader will pardon me for taking his eye from our present subject of the spring, by this landscape, since it is at this time of the year only, that prospects excel in beauty. But if the eye is delighted, the ear hath likewise its proper entertainment. The music of the birds at this time of the year hath something in it so wildly sweet as makes me less relish the most elaborate compositions of Italy. The vigour which the warmth of the sun pours afresh into their veins, prompts them to renew their species; and thereby puts the male upon wooing his mate with more mellow warblings, and to swell his throat with

more violent modulations. It is an amusement by no means below the dignity of a rational soul, to observe the pretty creatures flying in pairs, to mark the different passions in their intrigues, the curious contexture of their nests, and their care and tenderness of their little offspring.

I am particularly acquainted with a wagtail and his spouse, and made many remarks upon the several gallantries he hourly used, before the coy female would consent to make him happy. When I saw in how many airy rings he was forced to pursue her; how sometimes she tripped before him in a pretty pitty-pat step, and scarce seemed to regard the cowering of his wings, and the many awkward and foppish contortions into which he put his body to do her homage, it made me reflect upon my own youth, and the caprices of the fair but fantastic Teraminta. Often have I wished that I understood the language of birds, when I have heard him exert an eager chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt, but that he muttered the same vows and reproaches which I often have vented against that unrelenting maid.

The sight that gave me the most satisfaction was a flight of young birds, under the conduct of the father, and indulgent directions and assistance of the dam. I took particular notice of a beau gold-finch, who was picking his plumes, pruning his wings, and, with great diligence, adjusting all his gaudy garniture. When he had equipt himself with great trimness and nicety, he stretched his painted neck, which seemed to brighten with new glowings, and strained his throat into many wild notes and natural melody. He then flew about the nest in several circles and windings, and invited his wife and children into open air. It was very entertaining to see the trembling and the fluttering of the little strangers at their first appearance in the

world, and the different care of the male and female parent, so suitable to their several sexes. I could not take my eye quickly from so entertaining an object; nor could I help wishing, that creatures of a superior rank would so manifest their mutual affection, and so cheerfully concur in providing for their offspring.

I shall conclude this tattle about the spring, which I usually call 'the youth and health of the year.' with some verses which I transcribe from a manuscript poem upon hunting. The author gives directions, that hounds should breed in the spring, whence he takes occasion, after the manner of the ancients, to make a digression in praise of that season. The verses here subjoined, are not all upon that subject; but the transitions slide so easily into one another, that I knew not how to leave off, until I had writ out the whole digression.

In spring, let loose thy males. Then all things prove
The stings of pleasure, and the pangs of love:
Æthereal Jove then glads, with genial showers,
Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with flow'rs;
Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
More kindly breezes, and a softer sky;
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on ev'ry bough,
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo.
Fell tygers soften in th' infectious flames,
And lions fawning, court their brinded dames:
Great Love pervades the deep; to please his mate,
The whale, in gambols, moves his monstrous weight;
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.

All nature smiles: Come now, nor fear, my love,
To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,
To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,
And sweetly swearing, languish life away.

An altar bound with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, best season of the various year:
All hail! such days in beauteous order ran,
So soft, so sweet, when first the world began;
In Eden's bow'rs, when man's great sire assign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares undaunted lick'd the fondling hound;
Wond'rous to tell! but when with luckless hand,
Our daring mother broke the sole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and Death had leave to reign:
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhorr'd the day,
And hungry churls ensnared the nightly prey.
Rude arts at first; but witty want refin'd
The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid career.
Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye pow'rs an humbler wreath demand:
No pomps I ask, which crowns and sceptres yield;
Nor dang'rous laurels in the dusty field:
Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.

*** Just published, with her majesty's royal privilege and licence, proposals for printing by subscription a very fine edition of all the ancient Greek Poets, in three volumes folio. This work is prepared for the press by Mr. Michael Maittaire, from the best editions, and will consist of 750 sheets, or thereabouts, adorned with several beautiful designs, engraved by the best hands. The types, both Greek and Latin, are all cast new abroad, according to the specimen. The price of the three volumes to subscribers is five guineas, in quires, viz. one guinea in hand, two more upon delivery of the first volume, one guinea more upon delivery of the second volume, and the last upon the delivery of the third volume. Whoever subscribes for six books shall have a seventh gratis. The first volume will certainly be delivered within one year from the time of subscribing, &c.—Guard. in fol.

No. 126. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1713.*

Homo sum, humani nihil à me alienum puto.

TER. Heaut. Act i. Sc. 1.

I am a man, and have a fellow-feeling of every thing belonging to man.

IF we consider the whole scope of the creation that lies within our view, the moral, intellectual, as well as the natural and corporeal; we shall perceive throughout, a certain correspondence of the parts, a similitude of operation, and unity of design, which plainly demonstrate the universe to be the work of one infinitely good and wise Being; and that the system of thinking beings is actuated by laws derived from the same divine power, which ordained those by which the corporeal system is upheld.

From the contemplation of the order, motion, and cohesion of natural bodies, philosophers are now agreed, that there is a mutual attraction between the most distant parts at least of this solar system. All those bodies that revolve round the sun are drawn towards each other, and towards the sun, by some secret uniform, and never-ceasing principle. Hence it is, that the earth, as well as the other planets, without flying off in a tangent line, constantly rolls

* G. BERKELEY'S, D. D. &c.—It may not be improper to observe here a circumstance that escaped notice in its proper place. Guardian, No. 3. and nine other papers of this work, are expressly ascribed to the bishop of Cloyne, on the claim and authority of his son the rev. George Berkeley, formerly student at Christ-church, and vicar of Bray. Nevertheless there is a long quotation from Guard. No. 3. in Steele's 'Apology,' 4to. p. 44. and it is expressly said there in a marginal note, that it was written by Steele himself. There are some other papers attributed to Dr. Geo. Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, in this edition of the Guard. that do not rest on the claim or authority of his son. Of the propriety of such assignments the reader must ultimately judge for himself. See Nos. 88. and 89.

about the sun, and the moon about the earth, without deserting her companion in so many thousand years. And as the larger systems of the universe are held together by this cause, so likewise the particular globes derive their cohesion and consistence from it.

Now if we carry our thoughts from the corporeal to the moral world, we may observe in the spirits or minds of men, a like principal of attraction, whereby they are drawn together into communities, clubs, families, friendships, and all the various species of society. As in bodies, where the quantity is the same, the attraction is strongest between those which are placed nearest to each other; so is it likewise in the minds of men, *cæteris paribus*, between those which are most nearly related. Bodies that are placed at the distance of many millions of miles, may nevertheless attract and constantly operate on each other, although this action do not show itself by an union or approach of those distant bodies so long as they are withheld by the contrary forces of other bodies, which, at the same time, attract them different ways; but would, on the supposed removal of all other bodies, mutually approach and unite with each other. The like holds with regard to the human soul, whose affection towards the individuals of the same species, who are distantly related to it, is rendered inconspicuous by its more powerful attraction towards those who have a nearer relation to it. But as those are removed, the tendency, which before lay concealed, doth gradually disclose itself.

A man who has no family is more strongly attracted towards his friends and neighbours; and if absent from these, he naturally falls into an acquaintance with those of his own city or country who chance to be in the same place. Two Englishmen meeting at Rome or Constantinople, soon run into a familiarity,

And in China or Japan, Europeans would think their being so, a good reason for their uniting in particular converse. Further, in case we suppose ourselves translated into Jupiter or Saturn, and there to meet a Chinese or other most distant native of our own planet, we should look on him as a near relation, and readily commence a friendship with him. These are natural reflections, and such as may convince us that we are linked by an imperceptible chain to every individual of the human race.

The several great bodies which compose the solar system are kept from joining together at the common centre of gravity by the rectilinear motions the Author of nature has impressed on each of them; which concurring with the attractive principle, form their respective orbits round the sun; upon the ceasing of which motions, the general law of gravitation that is now thwarted, would show itself by drawing them all into one mass. After the same manner, in the parallel case of society, private passions and motions of the soul do often obstruct the operation of that benevolent uniting instinct implanted in human nature; which notwithstanding doth still exert, and will not fail to show itself when those obstructions are taken away.

The mutual gravitation of bodies cannot be explained any other way than by resolving it into the immediate operation of God, who never ceases to dispose and actuate his creatures in a manner suitable to their respective beings. So neither can that reciprocal attraction in the minds of men be accounted for by any other cause. It is not the result of education, law, or fashion; but is a principle originally ingrafted in the very first formation of the soul by the Author of our nature.

And as the attractive power in bodies is the most

universal principle which produceth innumerable effects, and is a key to explain the various phenomena of nature; so the corresponding social appetite in human souls is the great spring and source of moral actions. This it is that inclines each individual to an intercourse with his species, and models every one to that behaviour which best suits with the common well-being. Hence that sympathy in our nature, whereby we feel the pains and joys of our fellow-creatures. Hence that prevalent love in parents towards their children, which is neither founded on the merit of the object, nor yet on self-interest. It is this that makes us inquisitive concerning the affairs of distant nations, which can have no influence on our own. It is this that extends our care to future generations, and excites us to acts of beneficence towards those who are not yet in being, and consequently from whom we can expect no recompence. In a word, hence arises that diffusive sense of humanity so unaccountable to the selfish man who is untouched with it, and is, indeed, a sort of monster, or anomalous production.

These thoughts do naturally suggest the following particulars. First, that as social inclinations are absolutely necessary to the well-being of the world, it is the duty and interest of each individual to cherish, and improve them to the benefit of mankind; the duty, because it is agreeable to the intention of the Author of our being, who aims at the common good of his creatures, and as an indication of his will, hath implanted the seeds of mutual benevolence in our souls; the interest, because the good of the whole is inseparable from that of the parts; in promoting therefore the common good, every one doth at the same time promote his own private interest. Another observation I shall draw from the premises is, That

it makes a signal proof of the divinity of the Christian religion, that the main duty which it inculcates above all others is charity. Different maxims and precepts have distinguished the different sects of philosophy and religion; our Lord's peculiar precept is, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another.'

I will not say, that what is a most shining proof of our religion, is not often a reproach to its professors: but this I think very plain, that whether we regard the analogy of nature, as it appears in the mutual attraction or gravitations of the mundane system; in the general frame and constitution of the human soul; or lastly, in the ends and aptnesses which are discoverable in all parts of the visible and intellectual world; we shall not doubt but the precept, which is the characterestic of our religion, came from the Author of nature. Some of our modern freethinkers would indeed insinuate the Christian morals to be defective, because say they, there is no mention made in the gospel of the virtue of friendship. These sagacious men, if I might be allowed the use of that vulgar saying, 'cannot see the wood for trees.' That a religion, whereof the main drift is to inspire its professors with the most noble and disinterested spirit of love, charity, and beneficence, to all mankind; or, in other words, with a friendship, to every individual man; should be taxed with the want of that very virtue, is surely a glaring evidence of the blindness and prejudice of its adversaries[h].

[h] This paper, No. 126. is ascribed to the bishop of Cloyne, on the authority of his son, the rev. George Berkeley, formerly student of Christ-church, and vicar of Bray, in Berkshire.

No. 127. THURSDAY, August 6, 1713.

Lusit amabiliter— Hor. ii. Ep. 2. 149.

He sported agreeably.

An agreeable young gentleman, that has a talent for poetry, and does me the favour to entertain me with his performances after my more serious studies, read me yesterday the following translation. In this town, where there are so many women of prostituted charms, I am very glad when I gain so much time of reflection from a youth of a gay turn, as is taken up in any composition, though the piece he writes is not foreign to that his natural inclination. For it is a great step towards gaining upon the passions, that there is a delicacy in the choice of their object; and to turn the imagination towards a bride, rather than a mistress, is getting a great way towards being in the interests of virtue. It is an hopeless manner of reclaiming youth which has been practised by some moralists, to declaim against pleasure in general. No; the way is to show that the pleasurable course is that which is limited and governed by reason. In this case virtue is upon equal terms with vice, and has with all the same indulgences of desire, the advantage of safety in honour and reputation. I have for this reason often thought of exercising my pupils, of whom I have several of admirable talents, upon writing little poens, or epigrams, which, in a volume, I would entitle, The Seeing Cupid. These compositions should be written on the little advances made towards a young lady of the strictest virtue, and all the circumstances alluded to in them, should have something that might please her mind in its purest

innocence, as well as celebrate her person in its highest beauty. This work would instruct a woman to be a good wife, all the while it is a wooing her to be a bride. Imagination and reason should go hand in hand in a generous amour; for when it is otherwise, real discontent and aversion in marriage, succeed the groundless and wild promise of imagination in courtship.

THE COURT OF VENUS, FROM CLAUDIAN, BEING PART OF THE EPITHALAMIUM ON HONORIUS AND MARIA.

In the fam'd Cyprian isle a mountain stands,
That casts a shadow into distant lands.
In vain access by human feet is try'd,
Its lofty brow looks down with noble pride
On bounteous Nile, thro' seven wide channels spread;
And sees old Proteus in his oozy bed.
Along its sides no hoary frosts presume
To blast the myrtle shrubs, or nip the bloom.
The winds with caution sweep the rising flowers,
While balmy dews descend, and vernal showers.
The ruling orbs no wintry horrors bring,
Fix'd in th' indulgence of eternal spring.
Unfading sweets in purple scenes appear,
And genial breezes soften all the year.
The nice, luxurious soul, uncloy'd may rove;
From pleasures still to circling pleasures move;
For endless beauty kindles endless love.

The mountain, when the summit once you gain,
Falls by degrees, and sinks into a plain;
Where the pleas'd eye may flow'ry meads behold,
Inclos'd with branching oar, and hedg'd with gold:
Or where large crops the gen'rous glebe supplies,
And yellow harvests unprovok'd arise.
For by mild zephyrs fann'd, the teeming soil
Yields ev'ry grain, nor asks the peasant's toil.
These were the bribes, the price of heavenly charms;
These Cytherea won to Vulcan's arms.

For such a bliss he such a gift bestow'd;
The rich, th' immortal labours of a god.

A sylvan scene, in solemn state display'd,
Flatters each feather'd warbler with a shade;
But here no bird its painted wings can move,
Unless elected by the Queen of Love.
Ere made a member of this tuneful throng,
She hears the songster, and approves the song:
The joyous victors hop from spray to spray;
The vanquish'd fly with mournful notes away.

Branches in branches twin'd, compose the grove;
And shoot, and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat;
And bending poplars bending poplars meet:
The distant plantanes seem to press more nigh;
And to the sighing alder, alders sigh.
Blue heav'ns above them smile; and all below,
Two murm'ring streams in wild meanders flow.
This mix'd with gall; and that like honey sweet!
But ah! too soon th' unfriendly waters meet!
Steep'd in these springs, if verse belief can gain,
The darts of Love their double power attain:
Hence all mankind a bitter sweet have found,
A painful pleasure, and a grateful wound.

Along the grassy banks, in bright array,
Ten thousand little loves their wings display:
Quivers and bows their usual sport proclaim;
Their dress, their stature, and their looks the same;
Smiling in innocence, and ever young,
And tender, as the nymphs from whom they sprung;
For Venus did but boast one only son,
And rosy Cupid was that boasted one;
He, uncontroll'd, thro' heaven extends his sway,
And gods and goddesses by turns obey;
Or if he stoops on earth, great princes burn,
Sicken on thrones, and wreath'd with laurels mourn.
Th' inferior powers o'er hearts inferior reign,
And pierce the rural fair, or homely swain.

Here Love's imperial pomp is spread around,
Voluptuous liberty that knows no bound;
And sudden storms of wrath, which soon decline;
And midnight watchings o'er the fumes of wine;
Unartful tears and hectic looks, that show
With silent eloquence, the lover's woe;
Boldness unfledg'd, and to stol'n raptures new
Half trembling stands, and scarcely dares pursue;
Fears that delight, and anxious doubts of joy,
Which check our swelling hopes, but not destroy;
And short-breath'd vows, forgot as soon as made,
On airy pinions flutter through the glade.
Youth with a haughty look, and gay attire,
And rolling eyes that glow with soft desire,
Shines forth exalted on a pompous seat;
While sullen cares and wither'd age retreat.

Now from afar the palace seems to blaze,
And hither would extend its golden rays;
But by reflection of the grove is seen
The gold still vary'd by a waving green.
For Mulciber with secret pride beheld
How far his skill all human wit excell'd;
And grown uxorious, did the work design
To speak the artist, and the art divine.
Proud columns tow'ring high, support the frame,
That hewn from hyacinthian quarries came.
The beams are emeralds, and yet scarce adorn
The ruby walls on which themselves are born.
The pavement, rich with veins of agate lies;
And steps with shining jasper slippery rise.

Here spices in parterres promiscuous blow,
Not from Arabia's field more odours flow;
The wanton winds through groves of cassia play,
And steal the ripen'd fragrances away;
Here with its load the wild amomum bends;
There cinnamon, in rival sweets, contends;
A rich perfume the ravish'd senses fills,
While from the weeping tree the balm distils.

At these delightful bowers arrives at last
The God of Love, a tedious journey past;
Then shapes his way to reach the fronting gate,
Doubles his majesty, and walks in state.
It chanc'd upon a radiant throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden tresses did unbind:
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either hand
Th' Idalian sisters, rang'd in order, stand.
Ambrosial essence one bestows in showers,
And lavishly whole streams of nectar pours.
With ivory combs another's dextrous care
Or curls, or opens the dishevell'd hair:
A third, industrious with a nicer eye,
Instructs the ringlets in what form to lie:
Yet leaves some few, that, not so closely prest,
Sport in the wind, and wanton from the rest.
Sweet negligence! by artful study wrought,
A graceful error, and a lovely fault.
The judgment of the glass is here unknown;
Here mirrors are supply'd by every stone.
Where'er the goddess turns, her image falls,
And a new Venus dances on the walls.
Now while she did her spotless form survey,
Pleas'd with Love's empire, and almighty sway:
She spy'd her son, and fir'd with eager joy
Sprung forwards, and embrac'd the fav'rite boy [1].

No. 128. FRIDAY, August 7, 1713.*

Delenda est Carthago.—

Demolish Carthage.

It is usually thought, with great justice, a very impertinent thing in a private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the state. But the memorial

* Steele's.

[1] By Mr. L. Eusden of Cambridge. See No. 164. Poem.

which is mentioned in the following letter is so daring, and so apparently designed for the most traitorous purpose imaginable, that I do not care what misinterpretation I suffer, when I expose it to the resentment of all men who value their country, or have any regard to the honour, safety, or glory of their queen. It is certain there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his present most Christian majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable regard to treaties; but that pious prince is aged, and in case of his decease, now the power of France and Spain is in the same family, it is possible an ambitious successor, or his ministry in a king's minority, might dispute his being bound by the act of his predecessor in so weighty a particular.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'You employ your important moments, methinks, a little too frivolously, when you consider so often little circumstances of dress and behaviour, and never make mention of matters wherein you and all your fellow-subjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifesting your loyalty to your queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an insolence done to them both with the disdain it deserves. The inclosed printed paper in French and English has been handed about the town, and given gratis to passengers in the streets at noon-day. You see the title of it is, "A most humble address, or memorial, presented to her majesty the queen of Great Britain, by the deputy of the magistrates of Dunkirk." The nauseous memorialist, with the most fulsome flattery, tells the queen of her thunder, and of wisdom and clemency adored by all the earth; at the same time that he

attemps to undermine her power, and escape her wisdom, by beseeching her to do an act which will give a well-grounded jealousy to her people. What the sycophant desires is, that the mole and dykes of Dunkirk may be spared; and it seems, the sieur Tugghe[k], for so the petitioner is called, was thunderstruck by the denunciation, which he says "the lord viscount Bolingbroke made to him," that her majesty did not think to make any alteration in the dreadful sentence she had pronounced against the town. Mr. Ironside, I think you would do an act worthy your general humanity, if you would put the sieur Tugghe right in this matter; and let him know, that her majesty has pronounced no sentence against the town, but his most Christian majesty has agreed that the town and harbour shall be demolished.

'That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of it.

'That the very common people know, that within three months after the signing of the peace, the works toward the sea were to be demolished; and, within "three months after it, the works towards the land[l]."

'That the said peace was signed the last of March, O. S.

'That the parliament has been told from the queen, that the equivalent for it is in the hands of the French king.

'That the sieur Tugghe has the impudence to ask the queen to remit the most material part of the articles of peace between her majesty and his master.

'That the British nation received more damage in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from al-

[k] See Steele's Apology for himself and his writings, 4to. 1714, p. 73. *et passim.*

[l] See No. 131. last letter, signed English Tory.

most all the ports of France, either in the Ocean, or the Mediterranean.

'That fleets of above thirty sail have come together out of Dunkirk, during the late war, and taken ships of war as well as merchantmen.

'That the Pretender sailed from thence to Scotland; and that it is the only port the French have until you come to Brest, for the whole length of St. George's channel, where any considerable naval armament can be made.

'That destroying the fortifications of Dunkirk is an inconsiderable advantage to England, in comparison to the advantage of destroying the mole, dykes, and harbour; it being the naval force from thence which only can hurt the the British nation.

'That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of Dunkirk.

'That the Dutch, who suffered equally with us from those of Dunkirk, were probably induced to sign the treaty with France from this consideration, that the town and harbour of Dunkirk should be destroyed.

'That the situation of Dunkirk is such, as that it may always keep runners to observe all ships sailing on the Thames and Medway.

'That all the suggestions, which the sieur Tugghe brings, concerning the Dutch, are false and scandalous.

'That whether it may be advantageous to the trade of Holland or not, that Dunkirk should be demolished; it is necessary for the safety, honour, and liberty of England, that it should be so.

'That when Dunkirk is demolished, the power of France, on that side, should it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred miles further off Great Britain than it is at present.

'That after the demolition, there can be no considerable preparation made at sea by the French in all the channel, but at Brest; and that Great Britain being an island, which cannot be attacked but by a naval power, we may esteem France effectually removed, by the demolition, from Great Britain, as far as the distance from Dunkirk to Brest.

'Pray, Mr. Ironside, repeat this last particular, and put it in a different letter, That the demolition of Dunkirk, will remove France many hundred miles further off from us; and then repeat again, that the British nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk.

'I demand of you, as you love and honour your queen and country, that you insert this letter, or speak to this purpose, your own way; for in this all parties must agree, that however bound in friendship one nation is with another, it is but prudent that in case of a rupture, they should be, if possible, upon equal terms.

'Be honest, old Nestor, and say all this; for whatever half-witted hot whigs may think, we all value our estates and liberties, and every true man of each party must think himself concerned that Dunkirk should be demolished.

'It lies upon all who have the honour to be in the ministry to hasten this matter, and not let the credulity of an honest brave people be thus infamously abused in our open streets.

'I cannot go on for indignation; but pray God that our mercy to France may not expose us to the mercy of France.

'Your humble servant,

Saturday. 'ENGLISH TORY[m].'

[m] See No. 160. paragraph first; and No. 168. last letter, signed R. Steele, who wrote, 'The Importance of Dunkirk considered;' in defence of this paper of the Guardian, addressed in a Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge,

No. 129. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1713.

—Animasque in vulnere ponunt. VIRG. Georg. iv. 238.

And part with life, only to wound their foe.

ANGER is so uneasy a guest in the heart, that he may be said to be born unhappy who is of a rough and choleric disposition. The moralists have defined it to be 'a desire of revenge for some injury offered.' Men of hot and heady tempers are eagerly desirous of vengeance, the very moment they apprehend themselves injured: whereas the cool and sedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means it often happens that the choleric inflict disproportioned punishments, upon slight, and sometimes imaginary offences: but the temperately revengeful have leisure to weigh the merits of the cause, and thereby either to smother their secret resentments, or to seek proper and adequate reparations for the damages they have sustained. Weak minds are apt to speak well of the man of fury; because, when the storm is over, he is full of sorrow and repentance; but the truth is, he is apt to commit such ravages during his madness, that when he comes to himself, he becomes tame then, for the same reason that he ran wild before, 'only to give himself

for which place Steele was member of parliament at the time of his expulsion from the house of commons. See 'The Political Writings of Sir R. Steele,' 12mo. 1715, p. 15 *et seq.*—It is certainly to this paper, No. 128. and the following political papers here ascribed to Steele, sometimes with dubiety, that Dr. Johnson alludes, when he says,—'Some unlucky spark from a tory paper set Steele's politics on fire, and wit at once blazed into faction. He was soon too hot for neutral topics, and quitted the Guardian to write the Englishman.' Dr. Johnson's 'Lives of English Poets,' vol. ii. p. 376, &c. edit. 8vo. 1781. See Steele's 'Political Writings,' *ut supra*.

ease;' and is a friend only to himself in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect that their friends should bear with their infirmities. Their friends should in return desire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuses, that they cannot help it, that it was soon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts, are arguments for pardoning a bull or a mastiff; but shall never reconcile me to an intellectual savage. Why, indeed, should any one imagine, that persons independent upon him should venture into his society, who hath not yet so far subdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do something the next minute which he can never repair, and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf but that he is apt to do mischief as fast as he can? Such a man may be feared, he may be pitied; he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be so understood as if I meant to recommend slow and deliberate malice; I would only observe, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character than the rash and inconsiderate; but if they do not husband the talent that Heaven hath bestowed upon them, they are as much more odious than the choleric, as the devil is more horrible than a brute. It is hard to say which of the two when injured is more troublesome to himself, or more hurtful to his enemy; the one is boisterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance, now all tempest, again all sun-shine. The other hath a smoother but more lasting anguish, lying under a perpetual gloom; the latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beast. If he may be held unfortunate who cannot be sure but that he may do something the next minute which he shall lament during his life; what shall we think of him who hath

a soul so infected that he can never be happy until he hath made another miserable? What wars may we imagine perpetually raging in his breast? What dark stratagems, unworthy designs, inhuman wishes, dreadful resolutions! A snake curled in many intricate mazes, ready to sting a traveller, and to hiss him in the pangs of death, is no unfit emblem of such an artful, unsearchable projector. Were I to choose an enemy, whether should I wish for one that would stab me suddenly; or one that would give me an Italian poison, subtle and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the stroke of a stiletto? Let the reader determine the doubt in his own mind.

There is yet a third sort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two: I mean the mistaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breasts. Men of good education, though naturally choleric, restrain their wrath so far as to seek convenient times for vengeance. The single combat seems so generous a way of ending controversies, that until we have strict laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wish I could not say of wretched spirits, will be increased. Of all the medals which have been struck in honour of a neighbouring monarch, there is not one which can give him so true renown as that upon the success of his edicts for abolishing the impious practice of duelling.

What inclined me at present to write upon this subject, was the sight of the following letters, which I can assure the reader to be genuine. They concern two noble names among us; but the crime of which the gentlemen are guilty bears too prevalently the name of honour, to need an apology to their relations for reviving the mention of their duel. But the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate pre-

paration, by passing different climes, and waiting convenient seasons, for murdering each other, when we consider them as moved by a sense of honour, must raise in the reader as much compassion as horror.

A Monsieur Monsieur Sackville.

'I THAT am in France hear how much you attribute to yourself in this time, that I have given the world leave to ring[n] your praises * * *

A Mons. Monsieur le BARON *de* KINLOSS.

'I AM ready at Tergoso, a town in Zealand, to give you that satisfaction your sword can render you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman for my second, in degree a knight; and for your coming I will not limit you a peremptory day, but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair for your own honour, and fear of prevention, until which time you shall find me there.

Tergoso[o], Aug. 10, 1613. 'ED. SACKVILLE.'

A Mons. Monsieur SACKVILLE.

'I HAVE received your letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me, and now I come with all possible haste to meet you.

'ED. BRUCE[p].'

*** This paper, no authority being found for any other assignment, is here ascribed to Steele. See final notes on Nos. 10. and 11.

††† This day is published, The British Merchant, or Commerce Preserved. No. I. to be published every Tuesday and Friday, in answer to The Mercator, or Commerce Retrieved.

No. 130. MONDAY, AUGUST 10, 1713.*

—*Vacuum sine mente popellum.* MUSÆ ANGLICANÆ.

An empty, thoughtless tribe.

As the greatest part of mankind are more affected

* Mr. DEANE BARTELETT'S, of Merton College.

o Targow, famous for the painted window in the cathedral. A.

p See Guardian, No. 133. the sequel.—I think I have read that lord Clarendon knew the cause or occasion of this duel; but has not revealed it. It was supposed to be about a lady. One would think that a charge of cowardice was the only thing to be cleared up by fighting. A.

by things which strike the senses, than by excellences that are to be discerned by reason and thought, they form very erroneous judgments when they compare the one with the other. An eminent instance of this is, that vulgar notion that men addicted to contemplation are less useful members of society than those of a different course of life. The business therefore of my present paper shall be to compare the distinct merits of the speculative and the active parts of mankind.

The advantages arising from the labours of generals and politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; and while they promote the interest of their own country, they lessen or obstruct that of other nations: whereas the light and knowledge that spring from speculation are not limited to any single spot, but equally diffused to the benefit of the whole globe. Besides, for the most part, the renown only of men of action is transmitted to distant posterity, their great exploits either dying with themselves, or soon after them; whereas speculative men continue to deserve well of the world thousands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame, which is due to them, but a free gift to those whose beneficence has not outlived their persons.

What benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of Cæsar or Alexander, that we should make them the constant themes of our praise? while the name of Pythagoras[1] is more sparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This may seem strange to a vulgar reader, but the following reflection will make it plain. That philosopher invented the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid, which is the foundation of

[1] See Tat. Nos. 81. 105. and 214. Spect. Nos. 447. and 586. Guard. No. 165. and notes.

trigonometry, and consequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of Great Britain depends.

The mathematics are so useful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious sir William Temple acknowledges, in some part of his writings, all those advantages which distinguish polite nations from barbarians to be derived from them. But as these sciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and, by opening our prospects, and awakening our hopes, produce generous emotions and sublime sentiments in the soul.

The divine sages of antiquity, who by transmitting down to us their speculations upon good and evil, upon Providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are most eminent benefactors to human nature; and, however overlooked in the loud and thoughtless applauses that are every day bestowed on the slaughterers and disturbers of mankind, yet they will never want the esteem and approbation of the wise and virtuous.

This apology in behalf of the speculative part of mankind, who make useful truth the end of their being, and its acquisition the business as well as entertainment of their lives, seems not improper, in order to rectify the mistake of those who measure merit by noise and outward appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule men of thought and retirement. The raillery and reproaches which are thrown on that species by those who abound in animal life, would incline one to think the world not sufficiently convinced that whatsoever is good or excellent proceeds from reason and reflection.

Even those who only regard truth as such, without communicating their thoughts, or applying them to

practice, will seem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they pass their lives, with the fraud and impertinence of other men. But the number of those who by abstracted thoughts become useless, is inconsiderable in respect of them who are hurtful to mankind by an active and restless disposition.

As in the distribution of other things, so in this the wisdom of Providence appears, that men addicted to intellectual pursuits bear a small proportion to those who rejoice in exerting the force and activity of their corporeal organs; for operations of the latter sort are limited to a narrow extent of time and place, whereas those of the mind are permanent and universal. Plato and Euclid enjoy a sort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

'But if to inform the understanding, and regulate the will, is the most lasting and diffusive benefit, there will not be found so useful and excellent an institution as that of the Christian priesthood, which is now become the scorn of fools. That a numerous order of men should be consecrated to the study of the most sublime and beneficial truths, with a design to propagate them by their discourses and writings, to inform their fellow-creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to possess their minds with a sense of a future state, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewise to persuade mankind to the practice of them by the most powerful and engaging motives, is a thing so excellent and necessary to the well-being of the world, that nobody but a modern free-thinker could have the forehead or folly to turn it into ridicule.

'The light in which these points should be exposed to the view of one who is prejudiced against the names religion, church, priest, and the like, is to consider

the clergy as so many philosophers, the churches as schools, and their sermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of Socrates or Tully have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation, where the law had made provision for philosophers to read lectures of morality and theology every seventh day, in several thousands of schools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country; at which lectures all ranks and sexes, without distinction, were obliged to be present for their general improvement! And what wicked wretches would they think those men who should endeavour to defeat the purpose of so divine an institution[r]?'

It is indeed usual with that low tribe of writers, to pretend their design is only to reform the church, and expose the vices, and not the order of the clergy. The author of a pamphlet[s] printed the other day, which without my mentioning the title, will on this occasion occur to the thoughts of those who have read it, hopes to insinuate by that artifice what he is afraid or ashamed openly to maintain. But there are two points which clearly show what it is he aims at. The first is, that he constantly uses the word priest in such

[r] These two paragraphs of this excellent paper, marked here with inverted commas, are quoted by Steele, in his 'Apology,' &c. with the following marginal note: 'This most reasonable and amiable light in which the clergy are here placed, comes from that modest and good man the Rev. Mr. Bartelett.' Steele's 'Political Writings,' 12mo. 1715. p. 235. Mr. Deane Bartelett was of Merton college, where he took his degree of M.A. July 5, 1693. Steele was of the same college, and there probably his acquaintance with Mr. Deane Bartelett commenced; who was perhaps the author of some of the papers in the Guardian on free-thinkers, attributed in this edition to bishop Berkeley, but not claimed for him by his son, or assigned to him here, on that gentleman's authority. See Nos. 88. and 89. which might have been written perhaps by Mr. Deane Bartelett.

[s] This alludes to Collins's Discourse of Free-thinking; which received its best answer in Swift's admirable banter of it under the title of an Abstract. See the Supplement to his Works, ed. 8vo. 1776. vol. xxiv. p. 249.

a manner, as that his reader cannot but observe he means to throw an odium on the clergy of the church of England, from their being called by a name which they enjoy in common with heathens and impostors. The other is, his raking together and exaggerating, with great spleen and industry, all those actions of churchmen, which, either by their own illness, or the bad light in which he places them, tend to give men an ill impression of the dispensers of the gospel; all which he pathetically addresses to the consideration of his wise and honest countrymen of the laity. The sophistry and ill-breeding of these proceedings are so obvious to men who have any pretence to that character, that I need say no more either of them or their author.

The inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of gentlemen and mechanics. This distinction arises from the different occupations wherein they exert themselves. The former of these species is universally acknowledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a base and inferior order of men. But if the world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally so in the distribution of particular persons under their respective denominations. It is a clear settled point, that the gentleman should be preferred to the mechanic. But who is the gentleman, and who the mechanic, wants to be explained.

The philosophers distinguish two parts in human nature; the rational and the animal. Now, if we attend to the reason of the thing, we shall find it difficult to assign a more just and adequate idea of these distinct species, than by defining the gentleman to be him whose occupation lies in the exertion of his rational faculties, and the mechanic him who is

employed in the use of his animal parts, or the organic parts of his body.

The concurring assent of the world, in preferring gentlemen to mechanics, seems founded in that preference which the rational part of our nature is entitled to above the animal; when we consider it in itself, as it is the seat of wisdom and understanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that which, of all the known works of the creation, bears the brightest impress of the Deity.

It claims the same dignity and pre-eminence, if we consider it with respect to its object. Mechanical motives or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things: whereas Reason inquires concerning the nature of intellectual beings; the great Author of our existence; its end, and the proper methods of attaining it. Or in case that noble faculty submit itself to nearer objects, it is not, like the organic powers, confined to a slow and painful manner of action; but shifts the scenes, and applies itself to the most distant objects with incredible ease and despatch. Neither are the operations of the mind, like those of the hands, limited to one individual object, but at once extended to a whole species.

And as we have shown the intellectual powers to be nobler than those of motion, both in their own nature, and in regard to their object, the same will still hold if we consider their office. It is the province of the former to preside and direct; of the latter, to execute and obey. Those who apply their hands to the materials appear the immediate builders of an edifice; but the beauty and proportion of it, is owing to the architect, who designed the plan in his closet. And in like manner, whatever there is, either in art or nature, of use or regularity, will be found to proceed from the superior principle of rea-

son and understanding. These reflections how obvious soever, do nevertheless seem not sufficiently attended to by those, who being at great pains to improve the figure and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind.

From the premises it follows, that a man may descend from an ancient family, wear fine clothes, and be master of what is commonly called good breeding, and yet not merit the name of gentleman. All those whose principal accomplishments consist in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made use of be the eye, the muscles of the face, the fingers, feet, or any other part, are in the eye of reason to be esteemed mechanics.

I do therefore by these presents declare, that all men and women, by what title soever distinguished, whose occupation it is either to ogle with the eye, flirt with the fan, dress, cringe, adjust the muscles of the face, or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of gentry; which is from this time forward appropriated to those who employ the talents of the mind in the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places as they are distinguished by moral and intellectual accomplishments.

The rest of the human species come under the appellation of mechanics, with this difference, that the professed mechanics, who not pretending to be gentlemen, contain themselves within their proper sphere, are necessary to the well-being of mankind, and consequently should be more respected in a well regulated commonwealth, than those mechanics who make a merit of being useless.

Having hitherto considered the human species as distinguished into gentlemen and mechanics, I come now to treat of the machines; a sort of beings that

have the outside or appearance of men, without being really such. The free-thinkers have often declared to the world, that they are not actuated by any incorporeal being or spirit; but that all the operations they exert proceed from the collision of certain corpuscles, endued with proper figures and motions. It is now a considerable time that I have been their proselyte in this point. I am even so far convinced that they are in the right, that I shall attempt proving it to others.

The mind being itself invisible, there is no other way to discern its existence, than by the effects which it produceth. Where design, order, and symmetry, are visible in the effects, we conclude the cause to be an Intelligent Being; but where nothing of these can be found, we ascribe the effect to hazard, necessity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is conversant in the modern productions of our free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of chance, or at best of mechanism, than of a thinking principle, and consequently whether the authors of those rhapsodies are not mere machines.

The same point is likewise evident from their own assertion; it being plain that no one could mistake thought for motion, who knew what thought was. For these reasons I do hereby give it in charge to all Christians, that hereafter they speak of free-thinkers in the neuter gender, using the term 'it,' for 'him.' They are to be considered as automata, made up of bones and muscles, nerves, arteries, and animal spirits; not so innocent indeed, but as destitute of thought and reason, as those little machines which the excellent author[t], from whom I take the motto of this paper, has so elegantly described[u].

[t] The motto is taken from Addison. See Musæ Anglicanæ.

[u] This paper, No. 130. is ascribed to Mr. Deane Bartelett, in consideration of the preceding note, on the authority, it is conceived, of Steele himself, who quotes from the paper as coming from Mr. Bartelett.

No. 131. TUESDAY, August 11, 1713.

Iter pigrorum quasi sepes spinarum. Ex Latin. Prov.

The way of the slothful man is an hedge of thorns.

Prov. xv. 19.

There are two sorts of persons within the consideration of my frontispiece; the first are the mighty body of Lingerers, persons who do not indeed employ their time criminally, but are such pretty innocents, who, as the poet says,

—waste away
In gentle inactivity the day.

The others being something more vivacious, are such as do not only omit to spend their time well, but are in the constant pursuit of criminal satisfactions. Whatever the divine may think, the case of the first seems to be the most deplorable, as the habit of sloth is more invincible than that of vice. The first is preferred even when the man is fully possessed of himself, and submitted to with constant deliberation, and cool thought. The other we are driven into generally through the heat of wine, or youth, which Mr. Hobbes calls a natural drunkenness; and therefore consequently are more excusable for any errors committed during the deprivation or suspension of our reason, than in the possession of it. The irregular starts of vicious appetites are in time destroyed by the gratification of them; but a well-ordered life of sloth receives daily strength from its continuance. 'I went, says Solomon, by the field of the slothful, and the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.' To raise the image of

this person, the same author adds, 'The slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.' If there were no future account expected of spending our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends a life of idleness should of itself be persuasion enough to the men of sense to avoid it. I say to the men of sense, because there are of these that give into it, and for these chiefly is this paper designed. Arguments drawn from future rewards and punishments, are things too remote for the consideration of stubborn sanguine youth. They are affected by such only as propose immediate pleasure or pain; as the strongest persuasive to the children of Israel was a land flowing with milk and honey. I believe I may say there is more toil, fatigue, and uneasiness in sloth, than can be found in any employment a man will put himself upon. When a thoughtful man is once fixed this way, spleen is the necessary consequence. This directs him instantly to the contemplation of his health or circumstances, which must ever be found extremely bad upon these melancholy inquiries. If he have any common business upon his hands, numberless objections arise, that make the despatch of it impossible; and he cries out with Solomon, 'There is a lion in the way, a lion in the streets;' that is, there is some difficulty or other, which to his imagination is as invincible as a lion really would be. The man, on the contrary, that applies himself to books, or business, contracts a cheerful confidence in all his undertakings, from the daily improvement of his knowledge or fortune, and instead of giving himself up to

'Thick-ey'd musing, and cursed melancholy.'

SHAKSPEARE.

has that constant life in his visage and conversation,

which the idle splenetic man borrows sometimes from the sun-shine, exercise, or an agreeable friend. A recluse idle sobriety must be attended with more bitter remorse, than the most active debauchery can at any intervals be molested with. The rake, if he is a cautious manager, will allow himself very little time to examine his own conduct, and will bestow as few reflections upon himself, as the lingerer does upon any thing else, unless he has the misfortune to repent. I repeat the misfortune to repent, because I have put the great day of account out of the present case, and am now inquiring, not whose life is most irreligious, but most inconvenient. A gentleman that has formerly been a very eminent lingerer, and something splenetic, informs me, that in one winter he drank six hampers of Spa-water, several gallons of chalybeate tincture, two hogsheads of bitters, at the rate of sixty pound an hogshead, laid one hundred and fifty infallible schemes, in every one of which he was disappointed, received a thousand affronts during the north-easterly winds, and in short run through more misery and expense, than the most meritorious brave could boast of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the university, where the youth are too apt to be lulled into a state of such tranquillity as prejudices them against the bustle of that worldly business, for which this part of their education should prepare them. As he could with the utmost secrecy be Idle in his own chamber, he says he was for some years irrecoverably sunk, and immersed in the luxury of an easy-chair, though at the same time, in the general opinion, he passed for a hard student. During this lethargy he had some intervals of application to books, which rather aggravated than suspended the painful thoughts of a mis-spent life. Thus his sup-

posed relief became his punishment, and like the damned in Milton, upon their conveyance at certain revolutions from fire to ice,

—'He felt by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.'

When he had a mind to go out, he was so scrupulous as to form some excuse or other, which the Idle are ever provided with, and could not satisfy himself without this ridiculous appearance of justice. Sometimes by his own contrivance and insinuation, the woman that looked after his chamber would convince him of the necessity of washing his room, or any other matter of the like joyous import, to which he always submitted, after having decently opposed it, and made his exit with much seeming reluctance and inward delight. Thus did he pass the noon of his life in the solitude of a monk, and the guilt of a libertine. He is since awakened, by application, out of slumber; has no more spleen than a Dutchman, who, as sir W. Temple observes, is not delicate or idle enough to suffer from this enemy, but 'is always well when he is not ill, always pleased when he is not angry.'

There is a gentleman I have seen at a coffee-house, near the place of my abode, who having a pretty good estate, and a disinclination to books or business, to secure himself from some of the above-mentioned misfortunes, employs himself with much alacrity in the following method. Being vehemently disposed to loquacity, he has a person constantly with him, to whom he gives an annual pension, for no other merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by question and answer, whatever he may utter that may seemingly require it. To secure to himself discourse, his fundamental maxim seems to be, by no

means to consider what he is going to say. He delivers, therefore, every thought as it first intrudes itself upon him, and then, with all the freedom you could wish, will examine it, and rally the impertinence, or evince the truth of it. In short, he took the same pleasure in confuting himself, as he could have done in discomfiting an opponent; and his discourse was as that of two persons attacking each other with exceeding warmth, incoherence, and good-nature. There is another, whom I have seen in the park, employing himself with the same industry, though not with the same innocence. He is very dexterous in taking flies, and fixing one at each end of a horse hair, which his periwig supplies him with. He hangs them over a little stick, which suspension inclines them immediately to war upon each other, there being no possibility of retreat. From the frequent attention of his eye to these combats, he perceives the several turns and advantages of the battle, which are altogether invisible to a common spectator. I the other day found him in the enjoyment of a couple of gigantic blue-bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforesaid warlike appointments. That I might enter into the secret shocks of this conflict, he lent me a magnifying glass, which presented me with an engagement between two of the most rueful monsters I have ever read of even in romance.

If we cannot bring ourselves to appoint and perform such tasks as would be of considerable advantage to us; let us resolve upon some other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed times. By this we may gain a victory over a wandering unsettled mind, and by this regulation of the impulse of our wills, may in time make them obedient to the dictates of our reason.

When I am disposed to treat of the irreligion of

an idle life, it shall be under this head, "*Pereunt et Imputantur*:" which is an inscription upon a sun-dial in one of the inns of court, and is with great propriety placed to public view in such a place, where the inhabitants being in an everlasting hurry of business or pleasure, the busy may receive an innocent admonition to keep their appointments, and the idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I AM obliged to you for inserting my letter concerning the demolition of Dunkirk[v] in your paper of the seventh instant; but you will find, upon perusal, that you have printed the word "three" where you should have printed the word "two;" which I desire you would amend by inserting the whole paragraph, and that which immediately follows it, in your very next paper. The paragraph runs thus:

"The very common people know, that within two months after the signing of the peace the works towards the sea were to be demolished, and within three months after it the works towards the land.

"That the said peace was signed the last of March O. S."

'I beg pardon for giving you so much trouble, which was only to avoid mistakes, having been very much abused by some whiggish senseless fellows, that give out I am for the Pretender.

'Your most humble servant,

August 10, 1713. 'ENGLISH TORY.'

[v] See No. 128. Let. signed Engl. Tory; No. 160. paragr. 1. and No. 168. Let. signed R. Steele. These are the papers referred to, and censured perhaps too hastily, in Dr. Johnson's 'Lives of English Poets,' Art. Addison. vol. ii.

No. 132. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1713.

Quisque suos patimur manes.— VIRG. Æn. vi. 743.
All have their manes. DRYDEN.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'THE following letter was really written by a young gentleman in a languishing illness, which both himself, and those who attended him, thought it impossible for him to outlive. If you think such an image of the state of a man's mind in that circumstance be worth publishing, it is at your service, and take it as follows:

'DEAR SIR,

'YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, or of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and hope I have received some advantage by it. If what Mr. Waller says be true, that,

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made:"

Then surely, sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inclosed structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand vo-

lumes of philosophers and divines. In gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence on our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age. It is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon its bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me. It has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I began where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures.

'When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, "What care I for the house? I am only a lodger." I fancy it is the best time to die, when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will arise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as

fast, as they were used to do. "The memory of man," as it is elegantly exprest in the Wisdom of Solomon, "passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day." There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age." He was taken away speedily, lest that "wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul."

'I am, yours.'

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. Greeting.

'OLD DAD,

'I AM so happy as to be the husband of a woman that never is in the wrong, and yet is at continual war with every body, especially with all her servants, and myself. As to her maids, she never fails of having at least a dozen or fourteen in each year, yet never has above one at a time, and the last that comes is always the worst that ever she had in her life; although they have given very good content in better families than mine for several years together. Not that she has the pleasure of turning them away, but she does so ferret them about, "Forsooth" and "Mistress" them up, and so find fault with every thing they do, and talks to them so loud and so long, that they either give her immediate warning, or march off without any wages at all. So that through her great zeal and care to make them better servants than any in the world, and their obstinacy in being no better than they can, our house is a sort of Bedlam, and nothing in order; for by that time a maid comes

to know where things stand, whip, she is gone, and so we have not another in four or five days, and this all the year round. As to myself, all the world believes me to be one of the best of husbands, and I am of the world's mind, until my dear Patient Grizzle comes to give her opinion about me, and then you would believe I am as bad as her maids. Oh, Mr. Ironside, never was a woman used as she is. The world does not think how unhappy she is! I am a wolf in sheep's clothing. And then her neighbours are so ill-natur'd, that they refuse to suffer her to say what she pleases of their families, without either returning her compliments, or withdrawing from her oratory; so that the poor woman has scarcely any society abroad, nor any comfort at home, and all through the sauciness of servants, and the unkindness of a husband that is so cruel to her, as to desire her to be quiet. But she is coming. I am in haste,

'SIR, your humble servant,

'NICHOLAS EARING.'

'SIR,

'I HOPE you will not endure this Dumb club, for I am the lucky spouse of one of those gentlemen: and when my dear comes from this joyless society, I am an impertinent, noisy rattle-snake, my maid is a saucy sow, the man is a thick-skull puppy, and founders like a horse; my cook is a tasteless ass; and if a child cry, the maid is a careless bear: if I have company, they are a parcel of chattering magpies; if abroad, I am a gaggling goose; when I return, you are a fine gallopper; women, like cats, should keep the house. This is a frequent sentence with him. Consider some remedy against a temper that seldom speaks, and then speaks only unkindness. This will be a relief to all those miserable women who

are married to the worst of tempers, the sullen, more especially to Your distressed appellant,

'GOODY DUMP.'

'FRIEND NESTOR,

'OUR brother Tremble having lately given thee wholesome advice concerning tuckers, I send thee a word of counsel touching thyself. Verily thou hast found great favour with the godly sisters. I have read in that mysterious book called Æsop's Fables, how once upon a time an ass arrayed himself in the skin of a lion, thereby designing to appear as one of the mighty. But behold the vanity of this world was found light, the spirit of untruth became altogether naked. When the vain-glorious animal opened his jaws to roar, the lewd[w] voice of an ass braying was heard in the mountains. Friend, friend, let the moral of this sink deep into thy mind; the more thou ponderest thereon, the fitter thou wilt become for the fellowship of the faithful. We have every day more and more hopes of thee; but between thee and me, when thou art converted, thou must take to thee a scripture name. One of thy writing brethren bore a very good name, he was entitled Isaac, but now sleepeth. Jacob suiteth thy bookseller well. Verily Nestor soundeth Babylonish in the ears of thy well-wisher and constant reader, 'RUTH PRIM.'

The third day of the week, prophanely called Tuesday.

'SIR,

'NOTWITHSTANDING your grave advice to the fair sex not to lay the beauties of their necks so open, I find they mind you so little, that we young men are in as much danger as ever. Yesterday,

[w] Loud voice.

about seven in the evening, I took a turn with a gentleman just come to town, in a public walk. We had not walked above two rounds, when the spark on a sudden pretended weariness, and as I importuned him to stay longer, he turned short, and pointing to a celebrated beauty: "What," said he, "do you think I am made of, that I should bear the sight of such snowy breasts! Oh, she is intolerably handsome!" Upon this we parted, and I resolved to take a little more air in the garden, yet avoid the danger by casting my eyes downwards: but to my unspeakable surprise, I discovered, in the same fair creature, the finest ancle and prettiest foot that ever fancy imagined. If the petticoats, as well as the stays, thus diminish, what shall we do, dear Nestor? If it is neither safe to look at the head nor the feet of the charmer, whither shall we direct our eyes? I need not trouble you with any further description of her, but I beg you would consider that your wards are frail and mortal. Your most obedient servant,

'EPIMETRIUS.'

No. 133. THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1713.

Oh, fatal love of fame! Oh glorious heat!
Only destructive to the brave and great. ADDISON's Campaign.

THE letters which I published in the Guardian of Saturday last[x], are written with such spirit and greatness of mind, that they had excited a great curiosity in my lady Lizard's family to know what occasioned a quarrel betwixt the two brave men who wrote them; and what was the event of their combat. I found the family the other day listening in a circle to Mr. William the Templar, who was informing the ladies

[x] See Guardian, No. 129; the four letters.

of the ceremonies used in the single combat, when the kings of England permitted such trials to be performed in their presence. He took occasion from the chance of such judicial proceedings, to relate a custom used, in a certain part of India, to determine law-suits, which he produced as a parallel to the single combat. The custom is, "That the plaintiff and defendant are thrown into a river, where each endeavours to keep under water as long as he is able; and he who comes up first loses the cause." The author adds, "that if they had no other way of deciding controversies in Europe, the lawyers might e'en throw themselves in after them."

The mirth occasioned by this Indian law, did not hinder the ladies from reflecting still more upon the above-named letters. I found they had agreed, that it must be a mistress which caused the duel; and Mrs. Cornelia had already settled in her mind the fashion of their arms, their colours and devices. My lady only asked with a sigh, if either of the combatants had a wife and children.

In order to give them what satisfaction I could, I looked over my papers; and though I could not find the occasion of the difference, I shall present the world with an authentic account of the fight, written by the survivor to a courtier. The gallant behaviour of the combatants may serve to raise in our minds a yet higher detestation of that false honour, which robs our country of men so fitted to support and adorn it.

Sir Edward Sackville's relation of the fight betwixt him and the lord Bruce.

'WORTHY SIR,

'As I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sensible of the false aspersions some authorless tongues

have laid upon me, in the report of the unfortunate passage lately happened between the lord Bruce and myself, which as they are spread here, so I may justly fear they reign also where you are. There are but two ways to resolve doubts of this nature; by oath, or by sword. The first is due to magistrates, and communicable to friends; the other to such as maliciously slander and impudently defend their assertion. Your love, not my merit, assure me you hold me your friend, which esteem I am much desirous to retain. Do me therefore the right to understand the truth of that; and in my behalf inform others, who either are, or may be infected with sinister rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I desire to hold amongst all worthy persons. And, on the faith of a gentleman, the relation I shall give is neither more nor less than the bare truth. The inclosed contains the first citation, sent me from Paris by a Scotish gentleman who delivered it to me in Derbyshire at my father-in-law's house. After it, follows my then answer, returned him by the same bearer. The next is my accomplishment of my first promise, being a particular assignation of place and weapons, which I sent by a servant of mine, by post from Rotterdam, as soon as I landed there. The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledgment of my too fair carriage to the deceased lord, is testified by the last, which periods the business until we met at Ter-Goes in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; where he, accompanied with one Mr. Crawford, an English gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could. And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, sir John Heidon, to let him understand, that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place.

To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the mid-way but a village divides the States' territories from the archduke's. And there was the destined stage, to the end that having ended, he that could, might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was further concluded, that in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, my lord, as I conceive, because he could not handsomely without danger of discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the swords, which was performed by sir John Heidon, it pleased the lord Bruce to choose my own, and then past expectation, he told him that he found himself so far behindhand, as a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew, for I will use his own words, "that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour." Hereunto sir John Heidon re-

plied, that such intentions were bloody and butchery, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon, sir John leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations, the which, not for matter but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action, seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise. I requested my second to certify him, I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode but one before the other some twelve score, about some[y] two English miles: and then, passion having so weak an enemy to assail, as my direction[z], easily became victor, and using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger the lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation; I bade him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted, and there in a meadow ancle deep in water at the least, bidding farewel to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them, besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasures: we being fully resolved, God forgive us! to

[y] Guard. in folio. [z] Discretion.

dispatch each other by what means we could. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short; and in drawing back my arm I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in revenge, I pressed in to him, though I then missed him also, and then received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling my hand, having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest; which hung by a skin, and to sight yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question; which, on neither part either would perform, and restriving again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captivated weapon. Which incontinently levying[a] at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded, if he would ask his life, or yield his sword; both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint; and he, courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions, through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but with his avoiding missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing out my sword re-passed it again, through another place; when he cried "Oh, I am slain!" seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast

[a] Levelling.

me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back; when being upon him, I re-demanded if he would request his life, but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it; bravely replying "he scorned it." Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down, until at length his surgeon afar off, cried out, "he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped." Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms after I had remained awhile for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger. For my lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lord's sword; and had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands: although my lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out "Rascal! hold thy hand." So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation; which I pray you, with the inclosed letter, deliver to my lord chamberlain. And so, &c.

Louvain, the 8th of Sept. 1613.

'Your's,

'EDWARD SACKVILLE[b].'

[b] The directions given at the close of this paper, No. 133. in the Guard. in fol. to correct two errata in No. 125, suggest an opinion that the author of No. 125. most probably Mr. T. Tickell, was likewise the author of this paper, and perhaps of No. 129, which contains the letters of sir Edward Sackville and lord Bruce.

No. 134. FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1713.*

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis. HOR. 1 Sat. ii. 94.

In virtuous dames, you see the face alone:
None show the rest, but women of the town.

MY lion having given over roaring for some time, I find that several stories have been spread abroad in the country to his disadvantage. One of my correspondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him in their parts, that he is silenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was sent for by a messenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain several dangerous things in his maw. I must not omit another report which has been raised by such as are enemies to me and my lion, namely, that he is starved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meal's meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare these reports to be altogether groundless; and since I am contradicting common fame, I must likewise acquaint the world, that the story of a two hundred pound bank-bill conveyed to me through the mouth of my lion has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this, my lion has not roared for these twelve days past, by reason that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and such as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithstanding the admonitions I have given my correspondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of scandal down his throat, others have choaked him with lewdness and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much nonsense

* ADDISON'S.

that they have made a very ass of him. On Monday last, upon examining, I found him an arrant French tory, and the day after a virulent whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any man's reputation, so my reader may be assured that I myself shall be the last man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general satisfaction, I have a design of converting a room in Mr. Button's house to the lion's library, in which I intend to deposit the several packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. These manuscripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future historians who shall give an account of the present age. In the mean while, as the lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently against the untuckered neck, and as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, until that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

'GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

'I MUST acquaint you, for your comfort, that your lion is grown a kind of bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my wife comes home late from cards, or commits any other enormity, I whisper in her ear, partly between jest and earnest, that "I will tell the lion of her." Dear Sir, do not let them alone till you have made them put on their tuckers again. What can be a greater sign, that they themselves are sensible they have stripped too far, than their pretending to call a bit of linen which will hardly cover a silver groat, their modesty-piece? It is observed, that this modesty-piece still

sinks lower and lower; and who knows where it will fix at last?

You must know sir, I am a Turkey merchant, and I lived several years in a country where the women show nothing but their eyes. Upon my return to England I was almost out of countenance to see my pretty country-women laying open their charms with so much liberality, though at that time many of them were concealed under the modest shade of the tucker. I soon after married a very fine woman, who always goes in the extremity of the fashion. I was pleased to think, as every married man must be, that I should make daily discoveries in the dear creature, which were unknown to the rest of the world. But since this new airy fashion is come up, every one's eye is as familiar with her as mine; for I can positively affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within these three years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pretty foot and ancle are now exposed to the sight of the whole world, which made my very heart dance within me, when I first found myself their proprietor. As in all appearance the curtain is still rising, I find a parcel of rascally young fellows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be presented with some new scene every day.

'In short, Sir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Instead of being acquainted with her person more than other men, I have now the least share of it. When she is at home she is continually muffled up, and concealed in mobs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but strips every afternoon to appear in public. For aught I can find, when she has thrown aside half her clothes, she begins to think herself half drest. Now, Sir, if I may presume to say so, you have been in the wrong to think of reforming this fashion, by showing the immodesty of it. If you

expect to make female proselytes, you must convince them, that if they would get husbands, they must not show all before marriage. I am sure, had my wife been dressed before I married her as she is at present, she would have satisfied a good half of my curiosity. Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a show, by seeing the principal figures of it hung out before the door. I have often observed a curious passenger so attentive to these objects which he could see for nothing, that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually crying out, "Pray gentlemen walk in."

'I have told you at the beginning of this letter, how Mahomet's she-disciples are obliged to cover themselves; you have lately informed us, from the foreign newspapers[c] of the regulations which the pope is now making among the Roman ladies in this particular; and I hope our British dames, notwithstanding they have the finest skins in the world, will be content to show no more of them than what belongs to the face and to the neck, properly speaking. Their being fair is no excuse for their being naked.

'You know, Sir, that in the beginning of the last century there was a sect of men among us, who called themselves Adamites, and appeared in public without clothes. This heresy may spring up in the other sex, if you do not put a timely stop to it, there being so many in all public places, who show so great an inclination to be Eveites.

☞[d] 'I am, Sir, &c.'

[c] See No. 116. Quaker's letter, and No. 140. *ad finem.*

[d] This paper, No. 134. is distinguished by Addison's signature in the Guardian, a hand; and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edit. of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 217. edit. 1721.

No. 135. SATURDAY, August 15, 1713.*

—Meâ
Virtute me involvo.— Hor. 3 Od. xxix. 54.
—Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm. Dryden.

'A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body;' it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befal us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased with that passage in Don Quixote, where the fantastical knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himself. How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madman that bestows them on me. In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old

* Addison's.

philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to silence calumny, says Bias, is to be always exercised in such things as are praise-worthy. Socrates, after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure, and he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches. Anytus and Melitus, says he, may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me. This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather choose to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They show that it stung them, though at the same time they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. 'You,' says he, 'who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I who have not been used to utter them take no pleasure in hearing them.' Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: 'No body will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.'

In these and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of the mind the person was under who made

it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus: 'If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.' When Anaximander was told, that the very boys laughed at his singing; 'Ay,' says he, 'then I must learn to sing better.' But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him; 'It is no matter,' said he, 'I will live so that none shall believe them.' Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him; 'I am sure he would not do it,' says he, 'if he had not some reason for it.' This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, 'a good conscience.'

I designed in this essay to show that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it: but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr. South's sermons [c], that I shall fill this Saturday's paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author having shown the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the

[c] See Tat. No. 61. and note on Dr. South; No. 205. note 2; and No. 211. *ad finem*.—Here Addison borrows almost half a paper. A.

greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

'The third and last instance, in which above all others this confidence towards God does most eminently show and exert itself, is at the time of death. Which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagances stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt: what is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? Not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honours under heaven can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

'No, at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him; and in a word, all things conspire to make his sick bed grievous and uneasy; nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

'And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew, or shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnests, and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his

soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up its head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort, which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it comes to be felt.

'And now, who would not quit all the pleasures and trash and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety, and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, 'well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" [f]

No. 136. MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1713.*

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis. VIRG. Æn. vi. 127.

The gates of death are open night and day. DRYDEN.

SOME of our quaint moralists have pleased themselves with an observation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thousand to go out of it. I have seen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard, in which he introduces the person of Death metamorphosing himself like another Proteus into innumerable shapes and figures. To represent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other distempers and accidents that destroy the life of man, Death

* ADDISON'S.

[f] This paper, No. 135. is distinguished by a hand, Addison's signature in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edit. of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 220. edit. 1721.

enters first of all in a body of fire; a little after he appears like a man of snow, then rolls about the room like a cannon-ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill; after this he transforms himself of a sudden into a sword, then dwindles successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's design by this allegory, was to show the many assaults to which the life of man is exposed, and to let his reader see that there was scarce any thing in nature so very mean and inconsiderable, but that it was able to overcome him, and lay his head in the dust. I remember monsieur Paschal, in his reflections on Providence, has this observation upon Cromwell's death[s]. That usurper, says he, who had destroyed the royal family in his own nation, who had made all the princes of Europe tremble, *and struck a terror into Rome itself,* was at last taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atom, a grain of sand, says he, that would have been of no significancy in any other part of the universe, being lodged in such a particular place, was an instrument of Providence to bring about the most happy revolution, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind. In short, swarms of distempers are every where hovering over us; casualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk, are planted about us in ambuscade; every element, every climate, every season, all nature is full of death.

There are more casualties incident to men than

s This observation of M. Paschal on Cromwell's death, or, as it is called here, this reflection of his on Providence, Addison might have pertinently introduced and animadverted upon, in one of his own antecedent papers, equally commendable for its design and its execution, Spect. No. 485. The words in italics are ludicrous, considering the present state of Rome, and an example of the Bathos in prose.

women, as battles, sea-voyages, with several dangerous trades and professions that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have seen a treatise written by a learned physician on the distempers peculiar to those who work in stone or marble. It has been therefore observed by curious men, that upon a strict examination there are more males brought into the world than females[h]. Providence, to supply this waste of the species, has made allowances for it by a suitable redundancy in the male sex. Those who have made the nicest calculations have found, I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonstrative argument for the superintendency of Providence?

There are casualties incident to every particular station and way of life. A friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied there would be something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his seat, which lies at a considerable distance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the several deaths that had happened in his country for the space of a whole year, and send them up to me in the form of such a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here see that he has been as good as his promise. To make it the more entertaining he has set down, among the real distempers, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribe the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only

[h] It is now said, that males are more difficult to be reared. A.

as seem almost peculiar to the country, laying aside fevers, apoplexies, small-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a six-bar gate fox-hunters	4
Of a quick-set hedge	2
Two duels, viz.	
First, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork	1
Second, between a joint-stool and a brown jug	1
Bewitched	13
Of an evil tongue	9
Crost in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a hen-roost	1
Cut finger turned to a gangren eby an old gentlewoman of the parish	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	2
Took cold sleeping at church	11
Of a sprain in his shoulder by saving his dog at a bull-baiting	1
Lady B——'s cordial water	2
Knocked down by a quart bottle	1
Frighted out of his wits by a headless dog with saucer eyes	1
Of October	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a knight of the shire	1
Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft	3
Climbing a crow's nest	2
Chalk and green apples	4
Led into a horsepond by a will of the wisp	1
Died of a fright in an exercise of the trained bands	1
Over-eat himself at a house-warming	1
By the parson's bull	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the squire's house-dog	2
Shot by mistake	1

Of a mountebank doctor - - - -	6
Of the merry-andrew - - - -	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch - -	1
Old age - - - - - - - -	100
Foul distemper[1] - - - - -	0

☞[k]

No. 137. TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1713.*

—Sanctus haberi
Justitiæque tenax factis dictisque mereris?
Agnosco Procerem.— Juv. Sat. viii. 24.

Convince the world, that you're devout and true,
Be just in all you say, in all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A Peer of the first quality to me. STEPNEY.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true nobility consists in virtue, not in in birth. With submission however to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude, to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country; and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous, than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has

* ADDISON'S.

[1] This last article is in favour of the country; but it is a query, how justly. A.

[k] This Paper, No. 136. is marked with a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 223. edit. 1721.

good blood in his veins[1], than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit, who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them on this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and disennobles a man in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality sits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man of a great family is a creature that is scarce conversible. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the impor-

[1] Is it certain that with an equal education, the son of a puny nobleman is more likely to make a good sea or land officer, than the son of his brawny porter, or of his rosy coachman? A.

tant points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of king Charles's parliaments; 'Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time'—upon which a rough, honest gentleman took him up short, 'I would fain know what that gentleman means: Is there any one in this house that has not had the honour to be born as well as himself?' The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependants, or flatterers, that lose all the repect which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod, to the low stoop in the salutation sign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about, 'My lord such a one,' says he, 'your most humble servant. Sir Richard, your humble servant. Your servant, Mr. Ironside. Mr. Ducker, how do you do? Ha! Frank, are you there[m]?'

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, su-

[m] See a most excellent speech of this kind in A. Young's Irish Tour. A.

perannuated retainers to a great house, have generally their thoughts taken up with little else.

I had some years ago, an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironside, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid in the fourscorth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs. Martha conversed generally with a knot of old Virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer; but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, a piece of Mechlin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once

talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the Change in a coach and six. She pretended that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill fight, I gave an unfortunate pish, and asked, 'What was all this to me?' Upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great-grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides.——After which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand. ☞[n]

[n] This paper, No. 137. is distinguished by a hand, and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 225. edit. 1721. See the Publisher to the Reader.

Genealogies and pedigrees are very sedom given in epitaphs on tombstones. A.

No. 138. WEDNESDAY, August 19, 1713.*

Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore. Virg. Æn. vi. 889.

And fires his mind with love of future fame.

There is nothing which I study so much in the course of these my daily dissertations as variety. By this means every one of my readers is sure some time or other to find a subject that pleases him, and almost every paper has some particular set of men for its advocates. Instead of seeing the number of my papers every day increasing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests, and quicken it from time to time by something new and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my reader in the same manner as Eve does the angel in that beautiful description of Milton:

'So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best;
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant; but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore;
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reigned°; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth-rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand.'—— Fifth Book.

* Addison's.

° What a tirade is this of Milton's! Is Paradise raised by comparison with Alcinous's kitchen-garden? A.

If by this method I can furnish out a *Splendida ferago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem[p], published among the exercises of the last Oxford act; I have gained the end which I proposed to myself.

In my yesterday's paper, I showed how the actions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous. I shall here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and those who are to descend from us, ought to have the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble soul would rather die than commit an action that should make his children blush when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those who shall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought to a man of eminence, than to consider that his posterity, who lie many removes from him, shall make their boast of his virtues, and be honoured for his sake.

Virgil represents this consideration as an incentive of glory to Æneas, when after having shown him the race of heroes who were to decend from him, Anchises adds with a noble warmth,

'*Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?*
ÆN. vi. 806.

'And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour —' DRYDEN.

Since I have mentioned this passage in Virgil, where Æneas was entertained with the view of his great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Augus-

[p] Q. Whose poem is here alluded to?

tus. For this reason Anchises, who shows Æneas most of the rest of his descendants in the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of Augustus, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned Romulus, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost pitch of glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his emperor the greatest praise he could bestow upon him; but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel which would have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after Pompey[q] and Cæsar, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things spoken of Augustus than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to outrival one another on that subject; he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared, for sublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him. The English reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. Dryden's translation, for the original is inimitable.

'*Hic vir, hic est, &c.* ÆN. vi. 791.

'But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric, and India, shall his power obey,
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way;

[q] If success is to determine it, I think Augustus eclipsed Pompey. A.

Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.
Their seers behold the tempest from afar;
And threatening oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates;
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates,
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar;
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
Nor Bacchus turning from his Indian war,
By tygers drawn triumphant in his car;
From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour?——'

I could show out of other poets the same kind of vision as this in Virgil, wherein the chief persons of the poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them: but instead of that, I shall conclude with a rabinical story which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

Adam, say the rabbins, a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others the vision set before him the soul of David. Our great ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but to his unspeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year.

' *Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultrà*
Esse sinent — ÆN. vi. 869.

'This youth, the blissful vision of a day,
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.'

DRYDEN.

Adam, to procure a longer life for so fine a piece of human nature, begged that threescore and ten years which he heard would be the age of man in David's time, might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of David. Accordingly, say the rabbins, Adam falls short of a thousand years, which was to have been the complete term of his life, by just so many years as make up the life of David. Adam having lived 930 years, and David 70.

This story was invented to show the high opinion which the rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of David 'of David the son of Jesse, of the man who was raised up on high, of the anointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet psalmist of Israel.'

No. 139. THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1713.*

— *Prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis.* VIRG. Æn. ix. 79.

— The fact, thro' length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith: yet shall the same endure. DRYDEN.

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

'I FIND that every body is very much de-

* ADDISON'S.

r This paper, No. 138. is distinguished by Addison's signature in the Guardian, a hand, and is likewise reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 228. edit. 1721.—Steele was about this time endeavouring to get himself chosen a member for the next parliament. See Exam. vol. iv. No. 207. in fol. No. 27.

lighted with the voice of your lion. His roarings against the tucker have been most melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the ladies will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater outrages; for I observe, that your lion, as you yourself have told us, is made up of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long considered with myself how I might express my gratitude to this noble animal that has so much the good of our country at his heart. After many thoughts on this subject, I have at length resolved to do honour to him, by compiling a history of his species, and extracting out of all authors whatever may redound to his reputation. In the prosecution of this design, I shall have no manner of regard to what Æsop has said upon the subject, whom I look upon to have been a republican, by the unworthy treatment which he often gives to this king of beasts, and whom, if I had time, I could convict of falsehood and forgery, in almost every matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. Your romance writers are likewise a set of men whose authority I shall build upon very little in this case. They all of them are born with a particular antipathy to lions, and give them no more quarter than they do giants, wherever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the seven champions, but when he has nothing else to do, encounters with a lion, and you may be sure always gets the better of him. In short, a knight errant lives in a perpetual state of enmity with this noble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dragon. Had the stories recorded of them by these writers been true, the whole species would have been destroyed before now. After having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I shall begin my memoirs of the lion with a story related of him by Aulus Gellius, and extracted

by him out of Dion Cassius, an historian of undoubted veracity. It is the famous story of Androcles the Roman slave, which I premise for the sake of my learned reader, who needs go no further in it, if he has read it already.

'Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman who was proconsul of Africa. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the desarts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the further end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself[a] for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until the lion had supplied him

[a] up for lost.

with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length with this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsuls of Africa, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome, as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a huge monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Africa. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the

man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, "*Hic est leo hospes hominis, hic est homo medicus leonis.*" "This is the lion who was the man's host, this is the man who was the lion's physician." ☞[t]

No. 140. FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1713.*

— Quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
Laomedontiades, et Nestoris hernia possit. JUV. Sat. vi. 324.

A sight, might thaw old Priam's frozen age,
And warm ev'n Nestor into amorous rage.

I HAVE lately received a letter from an astrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great satisfaction. He observes to me, that my lion at Button's coffee-house was very luckily erected in the very month when the sun was in Leo. He further adds, that upon conversing with the above-mentioned Mr. Button, whose other name he observes is Daniel, a good omen still with regard to the lion his cohabitant, he had discovered the very hour in which the said lion was set up; and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the said Mr. Button, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the lion. This mysterious philosopher acquaints me, that the sign of Leo in the heavens immediately precedes that of Virgo, by which, says he, is signified the natural

* ADDISON'S.

[t] This paper, No. 159. is marked with a hand, Addison's signature in the Guardian; and reprinted in Mr. Tickell's edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 232. edit. 1721.

The curious reader may find abundance of entertainment on this subject of lions in M. Buffon's Histoire Naturelle, and the supplement to that work.

love and friendship the lion bears to virginity; and not only to virginity, but to such matrons likewise as are pure and unspotted: from whence he foretels the good influence which the roarings of my lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the most exact astrological schemes, the lion is observed to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the scorpion in those parts which are allotted to that fiery constellation. From hence he very naturally prognosticates, that my lion will meet with great success in the attacks he has made on the untuckered stays and short petticoat; and that, in a few months, there will not be a female bosom or ancle uncovered in Great Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foresaw five years ago, that both the pope and myself should about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that sundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dress.

I have another letter by me from a person of a more volatile and airy genius, who finding this great propension in the fair sex to go uncovered, and thinking it impossible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedness and clothing. He proposes, therefore, that they should imitate their great-grandmothers the Briths or Picts, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with such figures as shall be most to their fancy. The bosom of the coquette, says he, may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the string. The prude might have a Pallas, with a shield and Gorgon's head. In short, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very

agreeable discoveries of herself, and at the same time shew us what she would be at. But by my correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the skin of my pretty countrywomen. They could find no colours half so charming as those which are natural to them; and though, like the old Picts, they painted the sun itself upon their bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I shall therefore persist in my first design, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their stays and let down[t] their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them space to consider of it, I design this for the last time that my lion shall roar upon the subject during this season, which I give public notice of for the sake of my correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary trouble or expense in furnishing me with any informations relating to the tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again resume that point, if I find occasion for it. I shall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my reader, that I have written a letter to the pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter.

'TO POPE CLEMENT THE EIGHTH, NESTOR IRONSIDE, GREETING.

'DEAR BROTHER,

'I HAVE heard, with great satisfaction, that you have forbidden your priests to confess any woman who appears before them without a tucker; in which you please me well. I do agree with you, that

[t] Lower or lengthen. A.

it is impossible for the good man to discharge his office, as he ought, who gives an ear to those alluring penitents that discover their hearts and necks to him at the same time. I am labouring as much as in me lies to stir up the same spirit of modesty among the women of this island, and should be glad we might assist one another in so good a work. In order to it, I desire that you would send me over the length of a Roman lady's neck, as it stood before your late prohibition. We have some here who have necks of one, two, and three foot in length; some that have necks which reach down to their middles, and indeed, some who may be said to be all neck, and no body. I hope, at the same time you observe the stays of your female subjects, that you have also an eye to their petticoats, which rise in this island daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the stays fall to the fifth rib, which I hear is to be the standard of each, as it has been lately settled in a junto of the sex, I will take care to send you one of either sort, which I advertise you of beforehand, that you may not compute the stature of our English women from the length of their garments. In the mean time I have desired the master of a vessel, who tells me that he shall touch at Civita Vecchia, to present you with a certain female machine which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility to discover the use of it. Not to keep you in suspense, it is what we call in this country a hooped petticoat. I shall only beg of you to let me know, whether you find any garment of this nature among all the relics of your female saints, and in particular, whether it was ever worn by any of your twenty thousand Virgin martyrs.

'Yours, *usque ad Aras*,

'NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

'P. S. I must not dismiss this letter without declar-

ing myself a good Protestant, as I hint in the subscribing part of it. This I think necessary to take notice of, lest I should be accused by an author of unexampled stupidity[w], for corresponding with the head of the Romish church.' ☞[x]

No. 141. SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1713.*

Frange, miser calamos vigilataque prœlia dele,
Qui facis in parvâ sublimia carmina cellâ,
Ut dignus venias hederis, et imagine macrâ. Juv. Sat. vii. 27.

Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,
Or moths through written pages eat their way;
Your wars, your loves, your praises be forgot;
And make of all an universal blot——
The rest is empty praise, an ivy crown,
Or the lean statue of a mean renown. Ch. Dryden.

'Wit,' saith the bishop of Rochester[y] in his elegant sermon against the scorner, 'as it implies a certain uncommon reach and vivacity of thought, is an excellent talent, very fit to be employed in the search of truth, and very capable of assisting us to discern and embrace it[z].' I shall take leave to carry this observation further into common life, and remark that it is a faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young persons to the favour of such

* Steele's.

w In this P. S. Addison, a man of temper, seems to lose it. See No. 116. Quaker's letter, and No. 134. penult. paragr. These harsh words are spoken of the writer of the Examiner, vol. iv. No. 27. in folio. See *ibidem* the conclusion, and the advertisement.

x This paper, No. 140. is marked with a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted by Mr. Tickell in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 234. edit. 1721.

y Dr. Atterbury.

z The free-thinkers from Shaftesbury, &c. made good use of the bishop's doctrine. A.

patrons, as are generally studious to promote the interest of politeness, and the honour of their country. I am therefore much grieved to hear the frequent complaints of some rising authors whom I have taken under my guardianship. Since my circumstances will not allow me to give them due encouragement, I must take upon me the person of a philosopher, and make them a present of my advice. I would not have any poet whatsoever, who is not born to five hundred a year, deliver himself up to wit, but as it is subservient to the improvement of his fortune. This talent is useful in all professions, and should be considered not as a wife, but as an attendant. Let them take an old man's word; the desire of fame grows languid in a few years, and thoughts of ease and convenience erase the fairy images of glory and honour. Even those who have succeeded both in fame and fortune, look back on the petty trifles of their youth with some regret, when their minds are turned to more exalted and useful speculations. This is admirably expressed in the following lines by an author[a], whom I have formerly done justice to on the account of his pastoral poems.

> In search of Wisdom far from Wit I fly;
> Wit is a harlot, beauteous to the eye,
> In whose bewitching arms our early time
> We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime:
> But when Reflection comes with riper years,
> And Manhood with a thoughtful brow appears;
> We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
> And, Wed to Wisdom, lead a happy life.

A passage which happened to me some years ago confirmed several maxims of frugality in my mind. A woollen-draper of my acquaintance remarkable for

[a] Mr. Ambrose Philips. On Wit and Wisdom. A fragment. Pastorals, Epistles, Odes, and other Poems. By A. Philips, Esq. English Poets, vol. lvii. p. 82.

his learning[b] and good-nature, pulled out his pocket-book, wherein he showed me at the one end several well-chosen mottoes, and several patterns of cloth at the other.—I, like a well-bred man, praised both sorts of goods; whereupon he tore out the mottoes, and generously gave them to me: but, with great prudence, put up the patterns in his pocket again.

I am sensible that any accounts of my own secret history can have but little weight with young men of sanguine expectations. I shall therefore take this opportunity to present my wards with the history of an ancient Greek poet, which was sent me from the library of Fez, and is to be found there in the end of a very ancient manuscript of Homer's works, which was brought by the Barbarians from Constantinople. The name of the poet is torn out, nor have the critics yet determined it. I have faithfully translated part of it, and desire that it may be diligently perused by all men who design to live by their wits.

'I was born at the foot of a certain mountain in Greece called Parnassus, where the country is remarkably delicious. My mother, while she was with child of me, longed for laurel leaves; and as I lay in my cradle, a swarm of bees settled about my mouth, without doing me any injury. These were looked upon as presages of my being a great man; and the early promises I gave of a quick wit, and lively fancy, confirmed the high opinion my friends had conceived of me. It would be an idle tale to relate the trifling adventures of my youth, until I arrived at my twentieth year. It was then that the love I bore to a beautiful young virgin, with whom I had innocently and familiarly conversed from my childhood, became the public talk of our village. I was so taken up with my passion, that I entirely neglected all other

[b] Perhaps Will. Pate, a draper, celebrated for his wit and learning.

affairs; and though the daughter of Machaon the physician, and a rich heiress, the daughter of a famous Grecian orator, were offered me in marriage, I peremptorily refused both the matches, and rashly vowed to live and die with the lovely Polyhymnia. In vain did my parents remonstrate to me, that the tradition of her being descended from the Gods was too poor a portion for one of my narrow fortune; that except her fine green-house and garden, she had not one foot of land; and though she should gain the lawsuit about the summit of Parnassus, which yet had many pretenders to it, that the air was so bleak there, and the ground so barren, that it would certainly starve the possessor. I fear my obstinacy in this particular broke my mother's heart, who died a short time after, and was soon followed by my father.

'I now found myself at liberty, and notwithstanding the opposition of a great many rivals, I won and enjoyed Polyhymnia. Our amour was known to the whole country, and all who saw, extolled the beauty of my mistress, and pronounced me happy, in the possession of so many charms. We lived in great splendor and gaiety, I being persuaded that high living was necessary to keep up my reputation, and the beauty of my mistress, from whom I had daily expectations given me of a post in the government, or some lavish present from the great men of our commonwealth. I was so proud of my partner, that I was perpetually bringing company to see her, and was a little tiresome to my acquaintance, by talking continually of her several beauties. She herself had a most exalted conceit of her charms, and often invited the ladies to ask their opinions of her dress; which if they disapproved in any particular, she called them a pack of envious insipid things, and

ridiculed them in all companies. She had a delicate set of teeth, which appeared most to advantage when she was angry; and therefore she was very often in a passion. By this imprudent behaviour, when we had run out of our money, we had no living soul to befriend us; and every body cried out, it was a judgment upon me for being a slave to such a proud minx, such a conceited hussy.

'I loved her passionately, and exclaimed against a blind and injudicious world. Besides I had several children by her, and was likely still to have more; for I always thought the youngest the most beautiful. I must not forget that a certain great lord offered me a considerable sum in my necessity, to have the reputation of fathering one of them; but I rejected his offer with disdain. In order to support her family and vanities, she carried me to Athens; where she put me upon a hundred pranks to get money. Sometimes she drest me in an antique robe, and placed a diadem on my head, and made me gather a mob about me by talking in a blustering tone, and unintelligible language. Sometimes she made me foam at the mouth, roll my eyes, invoke the gods, and act a sort of madness which the Athenians call the Pindarism. At another time she put a sheep-hook into my hand, and drove me round my garret, calling it the plains of Arcadia. When these projects failed, she gave out, with good success, that I was an old astrologer[c]; after that a dumb man[d]; and last of all she made me pass for a lion[e].

'It may seem strange, that, after so tedious a slavery, I should ever get my freedom. But so it happened, that during the three last transformations,

[c] Isaac Bickerstaff, esq. an astrologer in the Tatler.
[d] A dumb man in the Spectator.
[e] A lion in the Guardian.

I grew acquainted with the lady Sophia, whose superior charms cooled my passion for Polyhymnia; insomuch that some envious dull fellows gave it out, my mistress had jilted and left me. But the slanders of my enemies were silenced by my public espousal of Sophia; who, with a greatness of soul, void of all jealousy, hath taken Polyhymnia for her woman, and is dressed by her every day[f].'

No. 142. MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1713.*

—Pacis mala: sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur.— JUV. Sat. vi. 291.

—Th' inveterate ills of peace,
And wasteful riot; whose destructive charms
Revenge the vanquish'd— DRYDEN.

BEING obliged, at present, to attend a particular affair of my own[g], I do empower my printer to look into the arcana of the lion, and select out of them such as may be of public utility; and Mr. Batton is hereby authorised and commanded to give my said printer free ingress and egress to the lion, without any hindrance, let, or molestation whatsoever, until such time as he shall receive orders to the contrary. And for so doing this shall be his warrant.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

'By virtue of the foregoing order, the lion has been carefully examined, and the two following papers

* STEELE'S.

[f] See Nos. 10. and 15. final notes. This paper written originally by Steele, contains allusions to the various employments of his ready pen, and seems to indicate that he was early in life urged to embrace the profession of physic, or follow the study of the law.

[g] The particular affair alluded to here was probably Steele's election as M. P. for Stockbridge.

being found upon him, are thought very proper for public use.'

'Given in at the lion's mouth at six of the clock in the morning.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I CAME very early this morning to rouse your lion, thinking it the properest time to offer him trash when his stomach was empty and sharp set; and being informed too that he is so very modest, as to be shy of swallowing any thing before much company, and not without some other politic views, the principal of which was, that his digestion being then the most keen and vigorous, it might probably refine this raw piece from several of its rude crudities, and so make it proper food for his master; for as great princes keep their taster, so I perceive you keep your digester, having an appetite peculiarly turned for delicacies. If a fellow-feeling and similitude of employment are any motives to engage your attention, I may for once promise myself a favourable hearing. By the account you have given us of the Sparkler, and your other female wards, I am pretty confident you cannot be a stranger to the many great difficulties there are in weaning a young lady's inclination from a frolic which she is fully bent upon. I am guardian to a young heiress, whose conduct I am more than ordinary solicitous to keep steady in the slippery age we live in. I must confess miss has hitherto been very tractable and toward, considering she is an heiress, and now upon the brink of fifteen: but here of late Tom Whirligig has so turned her head with the gallantries of a late masquerade, which no doubt Tom, according to his usual vivacity, set forth in all its gayest colours, that the young creature has been perfectly giddy ever since,

and so set agog with the thoughts of it, that I am teased to death by her importuning me to let her go to the next. In the mean time, I have surprised her more than once or twice very busy in pulling all her clothes to pieces, in order to make up a strange dress, and with much ado have reprieved them from her merciless scissors. Now you must understand, old Iron, I am very loth to trust her all alone into such an ocean of temptations. I have made use of all manner of dissuasives to her, and have sufficiently demonstrated to her, that the devil first addressed himself to Eve in a mask, and that we owe the loss of our first happy state to a masquerade, which that sly intriguer made in the garden, where he seduced her; but she does not at all regard this, the passion of curiosity is as predominant in her as ever it was in her predecessor. Therefore I appeal, sage Nestor, to your experienced age, whether these nocturnal assemblies have not a bad tendency, to give a loose turn to a young lady's imagination. For the being in disguise takes away the usual checks and restraints of modesty; and consequently the beaux do not blush to talk wantonly, nor the belles to listen; the one as greedily sucks in the poison, as the other industriously infuses it; and I am apt to think too, that the ladies might possibly forget their own selves in such strange dresses, and do that in a personated character which may stain their real ones. A young milk-maid may indulge herself in the innocent freedom of a green-gown; and a shepherdess, without thinking any harm, may lie down with a shepherd on a mossy bank; and all this while poor Sylvia may be so far lost in the pleasing thoughts of her new romantic attire, and Damon's soft endearing language, as never once to reflect who she is, until the romance is completed. Besides, do but consider, dear Nestor,

when a young lady's spirits are fermented with sparkling champaign, her heart opened and dilated by the attractive gaiety of every thing about her, her soul melted away by the soft airs of music, and the gentle powers of motion; in a word, the whole woman dissolved in a luxury of pleasure; I say, in such critical circumstances, in such unguarded moments, how easy is it for a young thing to be led aside by her stars. Therefore, good Mr. Ironside, set your lion a roaring against these dangerous assemblies: I can assure you one good loud roar will be sufficient to deter my ward from them, for she is naturally mighty fearful, and has been always used from her childhood to be frightened into good behaviour. And it may prove too some benefit to yourself in the management of your own females, who, if they are not already, I do not at all question, but they will be very shortly gadding after these midnight gambols. Therefore, to promote your own peace and quietness, as well as mine, and the safety of all young virgins, pray order your lion to exert his loudest notes against masquerades; I am sure it would be a perfect concert to all good mothers, and particularly charm the ears of

'Your faithful friend and companion,

'OLD RUSTISIDES[b].'

'MOST WORTHY SIR,

'BEING informed that the Eveites daily increase, and that fig-leaves are shortly coming into fashion; I have hired me a piece of ground and planted it with fig-trees, the soil being naturally productive of them. I hope, good Sir, you will so far

[b] See two letters to Nestor Ironside, esq. or in his absence, to the keeper of the lion at Button's coffee-house, Covent-garden, signed Incognito; and Tim. Frolic, in Hughes's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 75. Dated Sept. 7, 1713. By Mr. John Hughes.

encourage my new project, as to acquaint the ladies, that I have now by me a choice collection of fig-leaves of all sorts and sizes, of a delicate texture, and a lovely bright verdure, beautifully scalloped at the extremities, and most curiously wrought with variety of slender fibres, ranged in beautiful meanders and windings. I have some very cool ones for summer, so transparently thin, that you may see through them, and others of a thicker substance for winter; I have likewise some very small ones of a particular species for little misses. So that I do not question but to give general satisfaction to all ladies whatsoever, that please to repair to me at the sign of the Adam and Eve, near Cupid's gardens. If you will favour me with the insertion of this in your Guardian, I will make your favourite, the Sparkler, a present of some of the choicest fig-leaves I have, and lay before her feet the primitiæ of my new garden; and if you bring me a great many customers for my leaves, I promise you my figs shall all be at your service.

'I am, worthy Sir,

'Your worship's most obedient

'humble servant,

'ANTHONY EVER-GREEN.'

'N. B. I am now rearing up a set of fine furbelowed dock-leaves, which will be exceeding proper for old women, and superannuated maids; those plants having two excellent good properties; the one, that they flourish best in dry ground; the other, that being clothed with several integuments of downy surfaces, they are exceeding warm and cherishing[1].'

[1] See the final notes to Nos. 10. 11. and 15.

No. 143. TUESDAY, August 25, 1713.*

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
Quàm ferus, et verè ferreus ille fuit! Tibul. 1 Eleg. x. 1.

Who first, with skill inhuman, did produce,
And teach mankind, the sword's destructive use?
What sense of pity could the monster feel!
Himself relentless as the murd'rous Steel!

Notwithstanding the levity of the pun, which is in the second line of my motto, the subject I am going upon is of the most serious consequence, and concerns no less than the peace and quiet, and, for ought I know, the very life and safety, of every inoffensive and well-disposed inhabitant of this city. Frequent complaints have been made to me, by men of discretion and sobriety, in most of the coffee-houses from St. James's to Jonathan's, that there is sprung up of late a very numerous race of young fellows about the town, who have the confidence to walk the streets, and come into all public places in open daylight, with swords of such an immoderate length, as strike terror into a great many of her majesty's good subjects[k]. Besides this, half a dozen of this fraternity in a room or a narrow street, are as inconvenient as so many turnstiles, because you can pass neither backward nor forward, until you have first put their weapons aside. When Jack Lizard made his first trip to town from the university, he thought he could never bring up with him too much of the gentleman; this I soon perceived in the first visit he made me, when I remember, he came scraping in at the door, encumbered with a bar of cold iron so irksomely

* Steele's.

[k] See Nos. 145. and 171.

long, that it banged against his calf and jarred upon his right heel, as he walked, and came rattling behind him as he ran down the stairs. But his sister Annabella's raillery soon cured him of this awkward air, by telling him that his sword was only fit for going up stairs, or walking up hill, and that she shrewdly suspected he had stolen it out of the college kitchen.

But to return to the public grievance of this city; it is very remarkable, that these Brothers of the Blade began to appear upon the first suspension of arms; and that since the conclusion of the peace the order is very much increased, both as to the number of the men and the size of their weapons. I am informed, that these men of preposterous bravery, who affect a military air in a profound peace, and dare to look terrible amongst their friends and fellow-citizens, have formed a plan to erect themselves into a society, under the name of the Terrible club; and that they entertain hopes of getting the great armory-hall in the Tower for their club-room. Upon this I have made it my business to inquire more particularly into the cabals of these Hectors; and by the help of my lion, I have got such informations as will enable me to countermine their designs, together with a copy of some fundamental articles drawn up by three of their ringleaders; the which, it seems, are to be augmented and assented to by the rest of gang, on the first of January next, if not timely prevented, at a general meeting in the sword-cutlers' hall. I shall at present, to let them see that they are not unobserved, content myself with publishing only the said articles.

Articles to be agreed upon by the members of the Terrible club.

Imprimis, That the club do meet at midnight in

the great armory-hall in the Tower, if leave can be obtained, the first Monday in every month.

II. That the president be seated upon a drum at the upper end of the table, accoutred with a helmet, a basket hilt sword, and a buff belt.

III. That the president be always obliged to provide, for the first and standing dish of the club, a pasty of bull beef, baked in a target made for that purpose.

IV. That the members do cut their meat with bayonets instead of knives.

V. That every member do sit to the table, and eat with his hat, his sword, and his gloves on.

VI. That there be no liquor drank but rack-punch quickened with brandy and gunpowder.

VII. That a large mortar be made use of for a punch-bowl.

In all appearance it could be no other than a member of this club, who came last week to Button's, and sat over-against the lion with such a settled fierceness in his countenance, as if he came to vie with that animal in sternness of looks. His stature was somewhat low; his motions quick and smart, and might be mistaken for startings and convulsions. He wore a broad stiff hat, cudgel-proof, with an edging three fingers deep, trussed up into the fierce trooper's cock. To this was added a dark wig, very moderately curled, and tied in two large knots up to his ears; his coat was short, and rich in tarnished lace; his nostrils and his upper lip were all begrimed with snuff. At first I was in hopes the gentleman's friends took care not to intrust him with any weapon; until looking down, I could perceive a sword of a most unwarrantable size, that hung carelessly below his

knee, with two large tassels at the hilt, that played about his ancles.

I must confess I cannot help shrewdly suspecting the courage of the Terribles. I beg pardon if I am in the wrong when I think, that the long sword, and the swaggering cock, are the ordinary disguises of a faint heart. These men while they think to impose terror upon others, do but render themselves contemptible; their very dress tells you that they are surrounded with fears, that they live in Hobbes's state of nature, and that they are never free from apprehensions. I dare say, if one were to look into the hearts of these champions, one should find there a great tendency to go cased in armour, and that nothing but the fear of a stronger ridicule restrains them from it. A brave man scorns to wear any thing, that may give him an advantage over his neighbour; his great glory is neither to fear, nor to be feared. I remember, when I was abroad, to have seen a buffoon in an opera, whose excessive cowardice never failed to set the whole audience into a loud laughter: but the scene which seemed to divert them most, was that in which he came on with a sword that reached quite across the stage, and was put to flight by an adversary, whose stature was not above four foot high, and whose weapon was not three foot long. This brings to my mind what I have formerly read of a king of Arabia, who showing a rich sword, that had been presented to him, his courtiers unanimously gave their opinion, that it had no other fault, but that of being too short; upon which the king's son said, that there was no weapon too short for a brave man, since there needed no more but to advance one step to make it long enough. To this I shall subjoin by way of corollary, that there is no weapon long

enough for a coward, who never thinks himself secure while he is within sight of his adversary's point. I would therefore advise these men of distant courage, as they tender their honour, to shorten their dimensions, and reduce their tilters to a more reputable, as well as a more portable size[1].

No. 144. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1713.*

Sua cuique quum sit animi cogitatio,
Colorque privus— PHÆDR. Prol. v. ver. 7.

Every man has his peculiar way of thinking and acting.

IT is a very just, and a common observation upon the natives of this island, that in their different degrees, and in their several professions and employments, they abound as much and perhaps more, in good sense than any people; and yet, at the same time there is scarce an Englishman of any life and spirit, that has not some odd cast of thought, some original humour that distinguishes him from his neighbour. Hence it is that our comedies are enriched with such a diversity of characters, as is not to be seen upon any other theatre in Europe. Even in the masquerades that have been lately given to the town, though they are diversions we are not accustomed to, the singularities of dress were carried much further than is usual in foreign countries, where the natives are trained up, as it were, from their infancy, to those amusements. The very same measure of understanding, the very same accomplishments, the very same defects, shall, amongst us, appear under a quite dif-

* STEELE'S.

[1] See Nos. 145. and 171, on this subject; and the final notes to Nos. 10. 11. and 15.

ferent aspect in one man, to what they do in another. This makes it as impracticable to foreigners to enter into a thorough knowledge of the English, as it would be to learn the Chinese language, in which there is a different character for every individual word. I know not how to explain this vein of humour so obvious in my countrymen, better than by comparing it to what the French call *Le goût du terroir* in wines, by which they mean the different flavour one and the same grape shall draw from the different soils in which it is planted. This national mark is visible amongst us in every rank and degree of men, from the persons of the first quality and politest sense, down to the rudest and most ignorant of the people. Every mechanic has a peculiar cast of head and turn of wit, or some uncommon whim, as a characteristic that distinguishes him from others of his trade, as well as from the multitudes that are upon a level with him. We have a small-coal-man[m], who from beginning with two plain

[m] Mr. Thomas Breton, the musical small-coal-man, the first who instituted a concert, and introduced musical meetings and clubs into this country, was a native of Northamptonshire. He served a regular apprenticeship to his employment with a small-coal-man, in St. John the Baptist's-street, and began to trade in this way for himself by the little gate of St. John's of Jerusalem, next to Clerkenwell-green. He became, soon after, an excellent chemist under the instructions of Dr. Garanciers, and by the help of a moveable elaboratory contrived and built by himself. He was likewise famous for his knowledge in the theory of music, and became no inconsiderable performer. He pricked music with neatness and accuracy, and a judicious collection pricked with his own hand was sold after his death for near 100*l*. He was a collector of curious books, and besides a collection in this kind sold before he died, left behind him, a choice library in the chemical and musical branches of science, both of printed books and manuscripts, with a very considerable collection of musical instruments, and many valuable curiosities. His death, which happened in Sept. 1714, was caused, or occasioned, by a trick of a ventriloquist, introduced on purpose to frighten him, to indulge the humour of a foolish justice of the peace in the neighbourhood, of the name of Robe. The circumstances are minutely related by sir John Hawkins in his History of Music, vol. v. b. i. chap. 9. where the curious may see a more particular account, and a fine print of this very singular and ingenious man. P. 71. *et seqq. ut supra.*

notes, which made up his daily cry, has made himself master of the whole compass of the gamut, and has frequent concerts of music at his own house, for the entertainment of himself and his friends. There is a person of great hospitality, who lives in a plastered cottage upon the road to Hampstead, and gets a superfluity of wealth, by accommodating holiday passengers with ale, brandy, pipes, tobacco, cakes, gingerbread, apples, pears, and other small refreshments of life; and on workydays takes the air in his chaise, and recreates himself with the elegant pleasures of the beau monde. The shining men amongst our mob, dignified by the title of ringleaders, have an inexhaustible fund of archness and raillery; as likewise have our sailors and watermen. Our very street-beggars are not without their peculiar oddities, as the schoolmen term them. The other day a tattered wag followed me across the Mews with 'one farthing or halfpenny, good your honour, do your honour; and I shall make bold to pray for you.'

Shakespear, who was a great copier of nature, whenever he introduces any artisans or low characters into his plays, never fails to dash them strongly with some distinguishing stain of humour, as may be seen more remarkably in the scene of the grave-diggers in Hamlet.

Though this singularity of temper, which runs through the generality of us, may make us seem whimsical to strangers; yet it furnishes out a perpetual change of entertainment to ourselves, and diversifies all our conversations with such a variety of mirth, as is not to be met with in any other country. Sir William Temple, in his Essay upon Poetry, endeavours to account for the British humours in the following manner:

'This may proceed from the native plenty of our

soil, the unequalness of our climate, as well as the ease of our government, and the liberty of professing opinions and factions, which perhaps our neighbours have about them, but are forced to disguise, and thereby may come in time to be extinguished. Thus we come to have more originals, and more that appear what they are. We have more humour, because every man follows his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride to show it. On the contrary, where the people are generally poor, and forced to hard labour, their actions and lives are all of a piece. Where they serve hard masters, they must follow their examples, as well as commands, and are forced upon imitation in small matters, as well as obedience in great: so that some nations look as if they were cast all in one mould, or cut out all by one pattern, at least the common people in one, and the gentlemen in another. They seem all of a sort in their habits, their customs, and even their talk and conversation, as well as in the application and pursuit of their actions, and their lives. Besides all this, there is another sort of variety amongst us, which arises from our climate, and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another, than any nation I know; but we are more unlike ourselves too, at several times, and owe to our very air some ill qualities, as well as many good.'

Ours is the only country, perhaps in the whole world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occasions. I make no doubt, but that it is to this great freedom of temper, and this unconstrained manner of living, that we owe in a great measure, the number of shining geniuses, which rise up amongst us from time to time, in the several arts and sciences, for the service and for the ornament of life. This frank and

generous disposition in a people, will likewise never fail to keep up in their minds an aversion to slavery, and be, as it were, a standing bulwark of their liberties. So long as ever wit and humour continue, and the generality of us will have their own way of thinking, speaking, and acting, this nation is not like to give any quarter to an invader, and much less to bear with the absurdities of popery, in exchange for an established and a reasonable faith[n].

No. 145. THURSDAY, August 27, 1713.*

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis. Hor. Ars Poët. 122.

Scorning all judges and all law, but arms. Roscommon.

Amongst the several challenges and letters which my paper of the twenty-fifth[o] has brought upon me, there happens to be one, which I know not well what to make of. I am doubtful whether it is the archness of some wag, or the serious resentment of a coxcomb that vents his indignation with an insipid pertness. In either of these two lights I think it may divert my readers, for which reason I shall make no scruple to comply with the gentleman's request, and make his letter public.

'OLD TESTY,

'Your gray hairs for once shall be your protection, and this billet a fair warning to you for your audacious raillery upon the dignity of long swords. Look to it for the future; consider we Bro-

* Steele's.

[n] See notes to Nos. 10. 11. and 15. *ad fines.* Established and reasonable as our faith is, such is the oddity of humour in certain sectaries, that they still want and wish to have no small alterations to be made in it.

[o] See No. 143. on the Terrible club.

thers of the Blade are men of a long reach: Think betimes,

"How many perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron."

It has always been held dangerous to play with edge-tools. I grant you, we men of valour are but awkward jesters; we know not how to repay joke for joke; but then we always make up in point what we want in wit. He that shall rashly attempt to regulate our hilts, or reduce our blades, had need to have a heart of oak, as well as "Sides of Iron." Thus much for the present. In the mean time Bilbo[p] is the word, remember that, and tremble.

Tilt-yard Coffee-house. 'THO. SWAGGER.'

This jocose manner of bullying an old man, so long as it affords some entertainment to my friends, is what I shall not go about to discourage. However my witty antagonist must give me leave, since he attacks me in proverbs, to exchange a thrust or two with him at the same weapons; and so let me tell Mr. Swagger, 'There is no catching old birds with chaff;' and that 'Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better.' 'Fore-warned, fore-armed.' Having despatched this combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to exhibit the case of a person who is the very reverse of the former; the which he lays before me in the following epistle:

'WORTHY SIR,

'I AM the most unfortunate of men, if you do not speedily interpose with your authority in behalf of a gentleman, who by his own example, has for these six months endeavoured, at the peril of his life, to bring little swords into fashion, in hopes to prevail upon the gentry by that means, winning them

[p] Bilbo, a Spanish sword-blade from Bilboa in Spain.

over inch by inch, to appear without any swords at all. It was my misfortune to call in at Tom's last night, a little fuddled, where I happened only to point towards an odd fellow with a monstrous sword, that made a ring round him, as he turned upon his heel to speak to one or other in the room. Upon this peccadillo, the bloody-minded villain has sent me a challenge this morning. I tremble at the very thoughts of it, and am sick with the apprehension of seeing that weapon naked, which terrified me in the scabbard. The unconscionable ruffian desires in the most civil terms, he may have the honour of measuring swords with me. Alas! Sir, mine is not, hilt and all, above a foot and a half. I take the liberty of inclosing it to you in my wig-box, and shall be eternally obliged to you, if upon sight of it, your compassion may be so far removed, as to occasion you to write a good word for me to my adversary, or to say any thing that may shame him into reason, and save at once the life and reputation of,

'Sir, your most devoted slave,

'TIMOTHY BODKIN.'

GOOD MR. BODKIN,

THE perusal of this paper will give you to understand, that your letter, together with the little implement you sent me in the wig-box, came safe to my hands. From the dimensions of it I perceive your courage lies in a narrow compass. Suppose you should send this bravo the fellow to it, and desire him to meet you in a closet, letting him know at the same time, that you fight all your duels under lock and key, for the sake of privacy. But if this proposal seems a little too rash, I shall send my servant with your sword to the person offended, and give him instructions to tell him you are a little purblind, and dare

not for that reason trust to a longer weapon, and that an inch in his body will do your business as well as an ell. Or, if you would have me proceed yet more cautiously, my servant shall let him know, as from me, that he should meddle with his match; and that alone, if he be a man of honour, will make him reflect; if otherwise, as I am very inclinable to doubt it, you need give yourself no further unnecessary fears; but rely upon the truth of my remarks upon the Terribles. I have bethought myself of one expedient more for you, which seems to be the most likely to succeed. Send your own servant to wait upon the gentleman: let him carry with him your sword, and a letter, in which you tell him, that admiring the magnificence and grandeur of his weapon at Tom's, you thought it great pity so gallant a cavalier should not be completely armed; for which reason you humbly request, that you may have the honour of presenting him with a dagger.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I received a letter last week from one of my female wards, who subscribes herself Teraminta[q]. She seems to be a lady of great delicacy, by the concern she shows for the loss of a small covering, which the generality of the sex have laid aside. She is in pain, and full of those fears, which are natural in a state of virginity, lest any, the smallest part of her linen, should be in the possession of a man. In compliance therefore with her request, and to gratify her modesty so far as lies in my power, I have given orders to my printer to make room for her advertisement in this day's paper.

q. See No. 109. *ad initium*, Teraminta.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'August 19. Whereas a modesty-piece was lost at the masquerade last Monday night, being the 17th instant, between the hours of twelve and one, the author of this paper gives notice, that if any person will put it into the hands of Mr. Daniel Button, to be returned to the owner, it shall by her be acknowledged as the last favour, and no questions asked.

'N. B. It is of no use but to the owner[r].'

No. 146. FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1713.*

Primus hominum leonem manu tractare ausus, et ostendere manuefactum, Hanno è clarissimis Pœnorum traditur. PLIN.

Hanno, a noble Carthaginian, is reported to have been the first man who ventured to handle a lion, and bring him up tame.

THE generality of my readers, I find, are so well pleased with the story of the lion, in my paper of the twentieth instant[s], and with my friend's design of compiling a history of that noble species of animals; that a great many ingenious persons have promised me their assistance to bring in materials for the work, from all the storehouses of ancient and modern learning, as well as from oral tradition. For a further encouragement of the undertaking, a considerable number of virtuosi have offered, when my collection shall swell into a reasonable bulk, to contribute very handsomely, by way of subscription, towards the printing of them in folio, on a large royal paper, curiously adorned with variety of forests, desarts, rocks, and caves, and lions of all sorts and sizes upon copper-plates by the best hands. A rich old bachelor of

* STEELE'S.

[r] See final notes to Nos. 10. and 15. [s] See No. 139.

Lion's-inn, who is zealous for the honour of the place in which he was educated, sends me word I may depend upon a hundred pounds from him, towards the embellishing of the work; assuring me, at the same time, that he will set his clerk to search the records, and enquire into the antiquities of that house, that there may be no stone left unturned to make the book complete. Considering the volumes that have been written upon insects and reptiles, and the vast expense and pains some philosophers have been at to discover, by the help of glasses, their almost imperceptible qualities and perfections: it will not, I hope, be thought unreasonable, if the lion, whose majestic form lies open to the naked eye, should take up a first-rate folio.

A worthy merchant, and a friend of mine, sends me the following letter, to be inserted in my commentaries upon lions.

'SIR,

'SINCE one of your correspondents has of late entertained the public with a very remarkable and ancient piece of history, in honour of the grandees of the forest; and since it is probable you may in time collect a great many curious records and amazing circumstances, which may contribute to make these animals respected over the face of the whole earth; I am not a little ambitious to have the glory of contributing somewhat to so generous an undertaking. If you throw your work into the form of chronicle, I am in hopes I may furnish out a page in it towards the latter end of the volume, by a narration of a modern date, which I had in the year 1700, from the gentleman to whom it happened.

'About sixty years ago, when the plague raged at Naples, sir George Davis, consul there for the Eng-

lish nation, retired to Florence. It happened one day he went out of curiosity to see the great duke's lions. At the further end, in one of the dens, lay a lion, which the keepers in three years' time could not tame, with all the art and gentle usage imaginable. Sir George no sooner appeared at the grates of the den, but the lion ran to him with all the marks of joy and transport he was capable of expressing. He reared himself up and licked his hand, which this gentleman put in through the grates. The keeper affrighted, took him by the arm and pulled him away, begging him not to hazard his life by going so near the fiercest creature of that kind that ever entered those dens. However, nothing would satisfy sir George, notwithstanding all that could be said to dissuade him, but he must go into the den to him. The very instant he entered, the lion threw his paws upon his shoulders, and licked his face, and ran to and fro in the den, fawning, and full of joy, like a dog at the sight of his master. After several embraces and salutations exchanged on both sides, they parted very good friends. The rumour of this interview between the lion and the stranger rung immediately through the whole city, and sir George was very near passing for a saint amongst the people. The great duke, when he heard of it, sent for sir George, who waited upon his highness to the den, and to satisfy his curiosity, gave him the following account of what seemed so strange to the duke and his followers.

"A captain of a ship from Barbary gave me this lion when he was a young whelp. I brought him up tame; but when I thought him too large to be suffered to run about the house, I built a den for him in my court-yard; from that time he was never permitted to go loose, except when I brought him within doors to show him to my friends. When he was five

years old, in his gamesome tricks, he did some mischief by pawing and playing with people. Having griped a man one day a little too hard, I ordered him to be shot, for fear of incurring the guilt of what might happen; upon this a friend who was then at dinner with me, begged him: how he came here I know not."

'Here sir George Davis ended; and thereupon the duke of Tuscany assured him, that he had the lion from that very friend of his. I am, Sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

'and constant reader,' &c.[t]

*** Lately published the third edition carefully revised, and correctly printed in two pocket volumes, of Female Falsehood; or, the life and adventures of a late French nobleman. Written by himself after his retirement, and digested by M. de St. Evremond. The third edition, revised and corrected.

'Beauty, like ice, our footing doth betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?
Pleas'd with the passage, we slide swiftly on;
And see the dangers which we cannot shun.' DRYDEN.

'N. B. This is the book mentioned by sir Richard Steele, in the Guardian, No. 150. and from which was transcribed the adventure inserted in that paper.

'Printed for J. Walthoe, over against the Royal-exchange in Cornhill.

No. 147. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1713.*

Bonum est, fugienda aspicere alieno in malo. PUBL. SYR.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

HAVING in my paper of the 21st of July[u], shewed my dislike of the ridiculous custom of garnishing a new-married couple, and setting a gloss upon their per-

* STEELE'S.

[t] See Nos. 10. 15. and notes *ad finem.*

[u] See No. 113.

sons which is to last no longer than the honeymoon; I think it may be much for the emolument of my disciples of both sexes, to make them sensible, in the next place, of the folly of launching out into extravagant expences, and a more magnificent way of living immediately upon marriage. If the bride and bridegroom happen to be persons of any rank, they come into all public places, and go upon all visits with so gay an equipage, and so glittering an appearance, as if they were making so many public entries. But to judicious minds, and to men of experience in this life, the gilt chariot, the coach and six, the gaudy liveries, the supernumerary train of servants, the great house, the sumptuous table, the services of plate, the embroidered clothes, the rich brocades, and the profusion of jewels, that upon this occasion break out at once, are so many symptoms of madness in the happy pair, and prognostications of their future misery.

I remember a country neighbour of my lady Lizard's, squire Wiseacre by name, who enjoyed a very clear estate of 500l. per annum, and by living frugally upon it was beforehand in the world. This gentleman unfortunately fell in love with Mrs. Fanny Flippant, the then reigning toast in those parts. In a word, he married her, and to give a lasting proof of his affection, consented to make both her and himself miserable by setting out in the high mode of wedlock. He, in less than the space of five years, was reduced to starve in prison for debt; and his lady, with a son and three daughters, became a burden to the parish. The conduct of Frank Foresight[v] was the very reverse to squire Wiseacre's. He had lived a bachelor some years about this town, in the best of companies; kept a chariot and four footmen,

[v] See No. 114. *ad finem.* Tom Truelove.

besides six saddle horses; he did not exceed, but went to the utmost stretch of his income; but when he married the beautiful Clarinda, who brought him a plentiful fortune, he dismissed two of his footmen, four of the saddle horses, and his chariot; and kept only a chair for the use of his lady. Embroidered clothes and laced linen were quite laid aside; he was married in a plain drugget, and from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanliness and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance asked him the reason of this sudden change, he would answer, 'In a single life I could easily compute my wants, and provide against them; but the condition of life I am now engaged in, is attended with a thousand unforeseen casualties, as well as a great many distant, but unavoidable expenses. The happiness or misery, in this world, of a future progeny, will probably depend upon my good or ill husbandry. I shall never think I have discharged my duty until I have laid up a provision for three or four children at least.' 'But, pr'ythee Frank,' says a pert coxcomb that stood by, 'why should'st thou reckon thy chickens before——' upon which he cut him short, and replied, 'It is no matter; a brave man can never want heirs, while there is one man of worth living.' This precautious way of reasoning and acting has proved to Mr. Foresight and his lady an uninterrupted source of felicity. Wedlock sits light and easy upon them; and they are at present happy in two sons and a daughter, who a great many years hence will feel the good effects of their parents' prudence.

My memory fails me in recollecting where I have read, that in some parts of Holland* it is provided by law, that every man, before he marries, shall be

* I believe it is in Swisserland. A.

obliged to plant a certain number of trees, proportionable to his circumstances, as a pledge to the government for the maintenance of his children. Every honest as well as every prudent man should do something equivalent to this, by retrenching all superfluous and idle expences, instead of following the extravagant practice of persons, who sacrifice every thing to their present vanity, and never are a day beforehand in thought. I know not what delight splendid nuptials may afford to the generality of the great world: I never could be present at any of them without a heavy heart. It is with pain I refrain from tears, when I see the bride thoughtlessly jigging it about the room, dishonoured with jewels, and dazzling the eyes of the whole assembly at the expense of her children's future subsistence. How singular, in the age we live in, is the moderate behaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does she appear in the eyes of wise men! Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay out a thousand pounds for a present in jewels; but before he did it, desired to know what sort would be most acceptable to her. 'Sir,' replied Sophia, 'I thank you for your kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner: be pleased only to give me the money, and I will try to lay it out to a better advantage. I am not,' continues she, 'at all fond of those expensive trifles; neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the absence of them any diminution, to my happiness. I should be ashamed to appear in public for a few days in a dress which does not become me at all times. Besides, I see by that modest plain garb of yours, that you are not yourself affected with the gaiety of apparel. When I am your wife, my only care will be to keep my person clean and neat for you, and not to

make it fine for others.' The gentleman, transported with this excellent turn of mind in his mistress, presented her with the money in new gold. She purchased an annuity with it; out of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, she makes her husband some pretty present, as a token of her gratitude, and a fresh pledge of her love; part of it she yearly distributes among her indigent and best deserving neighbours; and the small remainder she lays out in something useful for herself, or the children [x].

No. 148. MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1713.*

— Fas est et ab hoste doceri. OVID. Met. iv. 428.

'Tis good to learn even from an enemy.

THERE is a kind of apophthegm, which I have frequently met with in my reading, to this purpose: 'That there are few, if any books, out of which a man of learning may not extract something for his use.' I have often experienced the truth of this maxim, when calling in at my bookseller's, I have taken the book next to my hand off the counter, to employ the minutes I have been obliged to linger away there, in waiting for one friend or other. Yesterday when I came there, the Turkish Tales happened to lie in my way; upon opening of that amusing author, I happened to dip upon a short tale, which gave me a great many serious reflections. The very same fable may fall into the hands of a great many

* STEELE'S.

[x] See final notes to Nos. 10. 15.; and the introductory note to No. 151, *ad finem.*

men of wit and pleasure, who it is probable, will read it with their usual levity; but since it may as probably divert and instruct a great many persons of plain and virtuous minds, I shall make no scruple of making it the entertainment of this day's paper. The moral to be drawn from it is entirely Christian, and is so very obvious, that I shall leave to every reader the pleasure of picking it out for himself. I shall only premise, to obviate any offence that may be taken, that a great many notions in the Mahometan religion are borrowed from the holy scripture.

The History of Santon Barsisa.

THERE was formerly a santon whose name was Barsisa, which for the space of an hundred years, very fervently applied himself to prayer[y]; and scarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his residence, for fear of exposing himself to the danger of offending God. He fasted in the day-time, and watched in the night. All the inhabitants of the country had such a great veneration for him, and so highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him, when they had any favour to beg of Heaven. When he made vows for the health of a sick person, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous distemper, the cause of which the physicians could not discover, yet they continued prescribing remedies by guess; but instead of helping the princess, they only augmented her disease. In the meantime the king was inconsolable, for he passionately loved his daughter; wherefore, one day, finding all human assistance vain, he declared it as his

[y] Eastern apologues are drawn up strong; else a hundred years of prayers, and a frozen age, might have secured a man. A.

opinion that the princess ought to be sent to the santon Barsisa.

All the beys applauded his sentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the santon; who, notwithstanding his frozen age, could not see such a beauty without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with pleasure; and the devil taking this opportunity, whispered in his ear thus; 'O santon! don't let slip such a fortunate minute: tell the king's servants that it is requisite for the princess to pass this night in the grotto, to see whether it will please God to cure her; that you will put up a prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her to-morrow.'

How weak is man! the santon followed the devil's advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the officers, before they would yield to leave the princess, sent one of their number to know the king's pleasure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barsisa, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his daughter with him. 'I consent,' said he, 'that she stay with that holy man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases: I am wholly satisfied on that head.'

When the officers had received the king's answer, they all retired, and the princess remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil presented himself to the santon, saying, 'Canst thou let slip so favourable an opportunity with so charming a creature? Fear not her telling of the violence you offer her; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The court, the city, and all the world, are too much prepossessed in your favour, to give any credit to such a report. You may do any thing unpunished, when armed by the great reputation for wisdom which you have acquired.' The un-

fortunate Barsisa was so weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princess, took her into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of an hundred years' duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated his crime, than a thousand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accosts the devil: 'O wretch,' says he, 'it is thou which hast destroyed me! Thou hast encompassed me for a whole age, and endeavoured to seduce me; and now at last thou hast gained thy end.' 'Oh santon!' answered the devil, 'do not reproach me with the pleasure thou hast enjoyed. Thou mayst repent: but what is unhappy for thee is, that the princess is impregnated, and thy sin will become public. Thou wilt become the laughing-stock of those who admire and reverence thee at present, and the king will put thee to an ignominious death.

Barsisa, terrified by this discourse, says to the devil, 'What shall I do to prevent the publication of my shame?' 'To hinder the knowledge of your crime, you ought to commit a fresh one,' answered the devil. 'Kill the princess, bury her at the corner of the grotto, and when the king's messengers come to-morrow, tell them you have cured her, and that she went from the grotto very early in the morning. They will believe you, and search for her all over the city and country; the king her father will be in great pain for her, but after several vain searches it will wear off.'

The hermit, abandoned by God, pursuant to this advice killed the princess, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil bid him say. They made diligent enquiry for the king's daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they despaired of finding her, when the devil told them that all their search for the princess was vain;

and relating what had passed betwixt her and the santon, he told them the place where she was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto, seized Barsisa, and found the princess's body in the place to which the devil had directed them; whereupon they took up the corpse, and carried that and the santon to the palace.

When the king saw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke out into tears and bitter lamentations; and assembling the doctors, he laid the santon's crime before them, and asked their advice how he should be punished. All the doctors condemned him to death, upon which the king ordered him to be hanged. Accordingly, a gibbet was erected: the hermit went up the ladder, and when he was going to be turned off, the devil whispered in his ear these words: 'O santon! if you will worship me, I will extricate you out of this difficulty, and transport you two thousand leagues from hence, into a country where you shall be reverenced by men as much as you were before this adventure.' 'I am content,' says Barsisa; 'deliver me, and I will worship thee.' 'Give me first a sign of adoration,' replies the devil. Whereupon the santon bowed his head, and said, 'I give myself to you.' The devil then raising his voice, said, 'O Barsisa, I am satisfied; I have obtained what I desired;' and with these words, spitting in his face, he disappeared; and the deluded santon was hanged[z].

[z] This and several preceding papers are in this edition ascribed to Steele, with dubiety, and in default of authorities for other assignments. See final note on Nos. 10. 15; and introductory note to No. 151.

No. 149. TUESDAY, September 1, 1713.*

— *Uretur vestis amore tuæ.* Ovid.

Your very dress shall captivate his heart.

I have in a former precaution[a] endeavoured to shew the mechanism of an epic poem, and given the reader prescriptions whereby he may, without the scarce ingredient of a genius, compose the several parts of that great work. I shall now treat of an affair of more general importance, and make dress the subject of the following paper.

Dress is grown of universal use in the conduct of life. Civilities and respect are only paid to appearance. It is a varnish that gives a lustre to every action, a *passe par tout* that introduces us into all polite assemblies, and the only certain method of making most of the youth of our nation conspicuous.

There was formerly an absurd notion among the men of letters, that to establish themselves in the character of wits, it was absolutely necessary to show a contempt of dress. This injudicious affectation of theirs flattened all their conversation, took off the force of every expression, and incapacitated a female audience from giving attention to any thing they said. While the man of dress catches their eyes as well as ears, and at every ludicrous turn obtains a laugh of applause by way of compliment.

I shall lay down as an established maxim, which hath been received in all ages, that no person can dress without a genius.

* Gay's.

[a] See No. 78.

A genius is never to be acquired by art, but is the gift of nature; it may be discovered even in infancy. Little master will smile when you shake his plume of feathers before him, and thrust its little knuckles in papa's full-bottom; miss will toy with her mother's Mechlin lace, and gaze on the gaudy colours of a fan; she smacks her lips for a kiss at the appearance of a gentleman in embroidery, and is frighted at the indecency of the house-maid's blue apron: as she grows up, the dress of her baby begins to be her care, and you will see a genteel fancy open itself in the ornaments of the little machine.

We have a kind of sketch of dress, if I may so call it, among us, which as the invention was foreign, is called a dishabille: every thing is thrown on with a loose and careless air; yet a genius discovers itself even through this negligence of dress, just as you may see the masterly hand of a painter in three or four swift strokes of the pencil.

The most fruitful in geniuses is the French nation; we owe most of our janty fashions now in vogue, to some adept beau among them. Their ladies exert the whole scope of their fancies upon every new petticoat; every head-dress undergoes a change; and not a lady of genius will appear in the same shape two days together; so that we may impute the scarcity of geniuses in our climate to the stagnation of fashions.

The ladies among us have a superior genius to the men; which have for some years past shot out in several exorbitant inventions for the greater consumption of our manufacture. While the men have contented themselves with the retrenchment of the hat, or the various scallop of the pocket, the ladies have sunk the head-dress, inclosed themselves in the circumference of the hoop-petticoat; furbelows and

flounces have been disposed of at will, the stays have been lowered behind, for the better displaying the beauties of the neck; not to mention the various rolling of the sleeve, and those other nice circumstances of dress upon which every lady employs her fancy at pleasure.

The sciences of poetry and dress have so near an alliance to each other, that the rules of the one, with very little variation, may serve for the other.

As in a poem all the several parts of it must have a harmony with the whole; so to keep to the propriety of dress, the coat, waistcoat, and breeches must be of the same piece[b].

As Aristotle obliges all dramatic writers to a strict observance of time, place, and action, in order to compose a just work of this kind of poetry; so it is also absolutely necessary for a person that applies himself to the study of dress, to have a strict regard to these three particulars.

To begin with the time. What is more absurd than the velvet gown in summer? and what more agreeable in the winter? the muff and fur are preposterous in June, which are charmingly supplied by the Turkey handkerchief and the fan. Every thing must be suitable to the season, and there can be no propriety in dress without a strict regard to time.

You must have no less respect to place. What gives a lady a more easy air than the wrapping gown in the morning at the tea-table? The Bath countenances the men of dress in showing themselves at the pump in their Indian night-gowns, without the least indecorum.

[b] I should not have suspected this. Prior as an ambassador is in a Scotch snuff-coloured coat turned up with large cuffs of white satin, embroidered with a border of coloured flowers, which is the pattern of his waistcoat. A.

Action is what gives the spirit both to writing and dress. Nothing appears graceful without action; the head, the arms, the legs, must all conspire to give a habit a genteel air. What distinguishes the air of the court from that of the country but action? A lady, by the careless toss of her head, will show a set of ribands to advantage; by a pinch of snuff judiciously taken will display the glittering ornament of her little finger; by the new modelling her tucker, at one view present you with a fine turned hand, and a rising bosom. In order to be a proficient in action, I cannot sufficiently recommend the science of dancing: this will give the feet an easy gait, and the arms a gracefulness of motion. If a person have not a strict regard to these three above-mentioned rules of antiquity, the richest dress will appear stiff and affected, and the most gay habit fantastical and taudry.

As different sorts of poetry require a different style: the elegy, tender and mournful; the ode, gay and sprightly; the epic, sublime, &c. so must the widow confess her grief in the veil; the bride frequently makes her joy and exultation conspicuous in the silver brocade; and the plume and the scarlet die is requisite to give the soldier a martial air. There is another kind of occasional dress in use among the ladies; I mean the riding habit, which some have not injudiciously styled the hermaphroditical, by reason of its masculine and feminine composition; but I shall rather choose to call it the Pindaric, as its first institution was at a Newmarket horse-race, and as it is a mixture of the sublimity of the epic with the easy softness of the ode.

There sometimes arises a great genius in dress, who cannot content himself with merely copying from others, but will, as he sees occasion, strike out into the long pocket, slashed sleeve, or something

particular in the disposition of his lace, or the flourish of his embroidery. Such a person, like the masters of other sciences, will show that he hath a manner of his own.

On the contrary, there are some pretenders to dress who shine out but by halves; whether it be for want of genius or money. A dancing-master of the lowest rank seldom fails of the scarlet stocking and the red heel; and shows a particular respect to the leg and foot, to which he owes his subsistence: when at the same time perhaps all the superior ornament of his body is neglected. We may say of these sort of dresses what Horace says of his patch-work poets,

> '*Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus et alter*
> *Assuitur pannus.*'—— ARS POET. 15.
>
> ——A few florid lines
> Shine thro' th' insipid dulness of the rest.'
>
> ROSCOMMON.

Others who lay the stress of beauty in their face, exert all their extravagance in the periwig, which is a kind of index of the mind; the full-bottom formally combed all before, denotes the lawyer and the politician; the smart tye-wig with the black riband shows a man of fierceness of temper; and he that burthens himself with a superfluity of white hair which flows down the back, and mantles in waving curls over the shoulders, is generally observed to be less curious in the furniture of the inward recesses of the scull, and lays himself open to the application of that censure which Milton applies to the fair sex,

> '——of outward form
> Elaborate, of inward less exact.'

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well-fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives spirit to a whole sentence by a

single expression. As words grow old, and new ones enrich the language, so there is a constant succession of dress; the fringe succeeds the lace, the stays shorten or extend the waist, the riband undergoes divers variations, the head-dress receives frequent rises and falls every year; and in short, the whole woman throughout, as curious observers of dress have remarked, is changed from top to toe, in the period of five years. A poet will now and then to serve his purpose, coin a word, so will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the fashion; but as Horace advises, that all new-minted words should have a Greek derivation to give them an indisputable authority, so I would counsel all our improvers of fashion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the fountain of dress, as Greece was of literature.

Dress may bear a parallel to poetry with respect to moving the passions. The greatest motive to love, as daily experience shows us, is dress. I have known a lady at sight fly to a red feather, and readily give her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time I have seen the awkward appearance of her rural humble servant move her indignation; she is jealous every time her rival hath a new suit; and in a rage when her woman pins her mantua to disadvantage. Unhappy, unguarded woman! alas! what moving rhetoric has she often found in the seducing full-bottom! who can tell the resistless eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold snuff-box, and the amber-headed cane?

I shall conclude these criticisms with some general remarks upon the milliner, the mantua-maker, and the lady's woman, these being the three chief on which all the circumstances of dress depend.

The milliner must be thoroughly versed in phy-

siognomy; in the choice of ribands she must have a particular regard to the complexion, and must ever be mindful to cut the head-dress to the dimensions of the face. When she meets with a countenance of large diameter, she must draw the dress forward to the face, and let the lace encroach a little upon the cheek, which casts an agreeable shade, and takes off from its masculine figure: the little oval face requires the diminutive commode, just on the tip of the crown of the head: she must have a regard to the several ages of women; the head-dress must give the mother a more sedate mien than the virgin; and age must not be made ridiculous with the flaunting airs of youth. There is a beauty that is peculiar to the several stages of life, and as much propriety must be observed in the dress of the old, as the young.

The mantua-maker must be an expert anatomist; and must, if judiciously chosen, have a name of French termination; she must know how to hide all the defects in the proportions of the body, and must be able to mould the shape by the stays, so as to preserve the intestines, that while she corrects the body, she may not interfere with the pleasures of the palate.

The lady's woman must have all the qualities of a critic in poetry; all her dress, like the critic's learning is at second hand; she must, like him, have a ready talent at censure, and her tongue must be deeply versed in detraction; she must be sure to asperse the characters of the ladies of most eminent virtue and beauty, to indulge her lady's spleen: and as it hath been remarked, that critics are the most fawning sycophants to their patrons, so must our female critic be a thorough proficient in flattery: she must add sprightliness to her lady's air, by encouraging her vanity; give gracefulness to her step, by cherishing

her pride; and make her show a haughty contempt of her admirers, by enumerating her imaginary conquests. As a critic must stock his memory with the names of all the authors of note, she must be no less ready in the recital of all the beaus and pretty fellows in vogue; like the male critic, she asserts, that the theory of any science is above the practice, and that it is not necessary to be able to set her own person off to advantage, in order to be a judge of the dress of others; and besides all these qualifications, she must be endued with the gift of secrecy, a talent very rarely to be met with in her profession.

By what I have said, I believe my reader will be convinced, that notwithstanding the many pretenders, the perfection of dress cannot be attained without a genius; and I shall venture boldly to affirm, that in all arts and sciences whatever, epic poetry excepted, of which I formerly showed the knack or mechanism, a genius is absolutely necessary[c].

No. 150. WEDNESDAY, September 2, 1713.*

—Nescio quâ dulcedine lætæ,
Progeniem nidosque fovent— Virg. Georg. iv. 55.

— with secret joy,
Their young succession all their cares employ. Dryden.

I went the other day to visit Eliza, who in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad;

* Steele's.

[c] This paper, No. 149, is ascribed to Mr. Gay, on the authority of Steele himself. See the Publisher to the Reader. It is nevertheless republished as Pope's, in the latter editions of Pope's Works; but it is not admitted into Warburton's edition in 8vo, 1751.

and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head, to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally cheerful.

As I came in, she said with a blush, 'Mr. Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children.' I need not tell my reader, what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction: since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided of plumbs or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? Or is it, because they think themselves obliged, by the dictates of humanity, to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and

every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half forming and aiming at articulate sounds: if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man: what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! how amiable is such a weakness in human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it, to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should methinks create a more grateful tenderness in children toward their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story of tender friendships formed betwixt men who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman[d], which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction implanted by Providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person whose story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantic

[d] See advertisement, p. 383, of the book from which this story is taken.

temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which he shall relate in his own words.

'I had been in this condition for four days, when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew not me, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowlege it; I having the honour to be known to her majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me; and ordering me to be put into a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

'My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her hair and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I

felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex. The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the countess of Venoski.

'I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole, whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

'They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German; which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day, I took notice that the young lady and gentleman having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture;

and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it; but how great was my surprise! when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, "Are not these my children?" The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck, "Ah, my dear child," said I, "yes, I am your father." I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively motions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite[c].'

[c] See Notes to Nos. 10. and 15. *ad fines*; and advertisement.

No. 151. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1713.*

Accipiat sanè mercedem sanguinis, et sic
Pallleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem. JUV. Sat. i. 42.

A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice concocted blood is paid;
With looks as wan, as he, who in the brake,
At unawares has trod upon a snake. DRYDEN.

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

'OLD NESTOR,

'I BELIEVE you distance me not so much in years as in wisdom, and therefore since you have gained so deserved a reputation, I beg your assistance in correcting the manners of an untoward lad, who perhaps may listen to your admonitions, sooner than to all the severe checks and grave reproofs of a father. Without any longer preamble, you must know, Sir, that about two years ago, Jack, my eldest son and heir, was sent up to London, to be admitted of the Temple, not so much with a view of his studying the law, as a desire to improve his breeding. This was done out of complaisance to a cousin of his, an airy lady, who was continually teasing me, that the boy would shoot up into a mere country booby, if he did not see a little of the world. She herself was bred chiefly in town, and since she was

* STEELE'S.—This and the preceding paper are ascribed to Steele, but it is highly probable that they were not written by him. He was at this time deeply engaged in his election at Stockbridge, as appears from what follows: 'Stock at the Bridge formerly was at an 100, is now near 500. We are informed that Mr. Nestor, alias Birmingham Ironside, designs to make a Guardian on the nature and usefulness of bribery; and instead of a motto will dedicate it to the electors of the Stock which is of late risen.' Then follows a transcript of the last paragraph of Guardian, No. 152. 'But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader,' &c. Post Boy, Sept. 4, 1713.

married into the country, neither looks, nor talks, nor dresses like any of her neighbours, and is grown the admiration of every one but her husband. The latter end of last month some important business called me up to town, and the first thing I did, the next morning about ten, was to pay a visit to my son at his chambers; but as I began to knock at the door, I was interrupted by the bed-maker in the stair-case, who told me her master seldom rose till about twelve, and about one I might be sure to find him drinking tea. I bid her somewhat hastily hold her prating, and open the door, which accordingly she did. The first thing I observed upon the table was the secret amours of ——, and by it stood a box of pills; on a chair lay a snuff-box with a fan half broke, and on the floor a pair of foils. Having seen this furniture I entered his bed-chamber, not without some noise; whereupon he began to swear at his bed-maker, as he thought, for disturbing him so soon, and was turning about for the other nap, when he discovered such a thin, pale, sickly visage, that if I had not heard his voice, I should never have guessed him to have been my son. How different was this countenance from that ruddy, hale complexion, which he had at parting with me from home! After I had waked him, he gave me to understand, that he was but lately recovered out of a violent fever, and the reason why he did not acquaint me with it, was, lest the melancholy news might occasion too many tears among his relations, and be an unsupportable grief to his mother. To be short with you, old Nestor, I hurried my young spark down into the country along with me, and there am endeavouring to plump him up, so as to be no disgrace to his pedigree; for I assure you it was never known in the memory of man, that any one of the family of the Ringwoods ever fell into a con-

sumption, except Mrs. Dorothy Ringwood, who died a maid at 45. In order to bring him to himself, and to be one of us again, I make him go to bed at ten, and rise at half an hour past five; and when he is a puling for bohea tea and cream, I place upon the table a jolly piece of cold roast beef, or well powdered ham, and bid him eat and live; then take him into the fields to observe the reapers, how the harvest goes forwards. There is nobody pleased with his present constitution but his gay cousin, who spirits him up, and tells him he looks fair, and is grown well shaped: but the honest tenants shake their heads and cry, "Lack-a-day, how thin is poor young master fallen!" The other day, when I told him of it, he had the impudence to reply, "I hope, Sir, you would not have me as fat as Mr. ——. Alas! what would then become of me? how would the ladies pish at such a great monstrous thing!"—If you are truly, what your title imports, a Guardian, pray, Sir, be pleased to consider what a noble generation must in all probability ensue from the lives which the town-bred gentlemen too often lead. A friend of mine not long ago, as we were complaining of the times, repeated two stanzas out of my lord Roscommon, which I think may here be applicable.

"'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
That di'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides:
Made the proud Asian monarch feel,
How weak his gold was against Europe's steel;
Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield;
And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal field.

"But soldiers of a rustic mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or thro' hewn woods their weighty strokes did sound:

And after the declining sun
Had changed the shadows, and their task was done;
Home with their weary team, they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day."

'I am, Sir,
'Your very humble servant,
'JONATHAN RINGWOOD.'

'P.S. I forgot to tell you, that while I waited in my son's anti-chamber, I found upon the table the following bill.

	£.	s.	d.
"Sold to Mr. Jonathan Ringwood, a plain muslin head and ruffles, with colbertine lace - - - - - - - - -	1	18	6
"Six pair of white kid gloves for madam Salley - - - - - - - - - -	0	14	0
"Three handkerchiefs for madam Salley	0	15	0

'In his chamber window I saw his shoe-maker's bill, with this remarkable article,

"For Mr. Ringwood three pair of laced shoes - - - - - - - - - -	3	0	0

'And in the drawer of the table was the following billet.

"MR. RINGWOOD,

"I DESIRE, that because you are such a country booby, that you forget the use and care of your snuff-box, you would not call me thief. Pray see my face no more.

"Your abused friend,
"SARAH GALLOP."

'Under these words my hopeful heir had writ, "Memorandum, to send her word I have found my box, though I know she has it."'

*** This day is published, The Masquerade, a Poem. Humbly inscribed to his grace the duke d'Aumont. English and French. Price 4d. Guardian in folio, No. 151. *ad finem.*

About

About the time the masquerade was first introduced into this kingdom, the duke d'Aumont, then ambassador from France, gave masquerades at Somerset-house.

See No. 14. two letters by Mr. John Hughes, in his Correspondence, vol. i. p. 75, &c. cr. 8vo. 3 vols. 1772; and Guardian, No. 154.

No. 152. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1713.*

Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos
Exercemus.— VIRG. Æn. iv. 99.

Rather in leagues of endless peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

THERE is no rule in Longinus which I more admire than that wherein he advises an author who would attain to the sublime, and writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his composition, what Homer or Plato, or any other of those heroes, in the learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I have often practised this rule, with regard to the best authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr. Dryden, where he professes to have imitated Shakspeare's style, that in imitating such great authors I have always excelled myself.

I have also by this means revived several antiquated ways of writing, which though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside and forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allegories wherein virtues, vices, and human passions are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our countryman Spenser is the last

* ADDISON'S.

writer of note who has applied himself to it with success[g].

That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive; in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and if possible to be filled with surprising turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the spirit of Spenser, and in order to it contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity[h].

The Two Sexes contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The Males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the Females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their Auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the Male Auxiliaries was commanded by Fortitude; that of the Female by Beauty. Fortitude began the onset on Beauty, but found to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her

[g] And he continues unexcelled to this day. A.

[h] See Wesley's noble allegoric poem, intituled, The Battle of the Sexes.

looks, as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short he was ready to call for quarter, had not Wisdom come to his aid: this was the commander of the Male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by Cunning, who commanded the left wing of the Female Auxiliaries. Cunning was the chief engineer of the Fair army; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of Wisdom. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two antagonists; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Those who beheld it gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the Female commander.

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the Male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called Patience, and on the Female side by a general known by the name of Scorn. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long pursuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding. When on a sudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic stature. He acted like a drawcansir[1], sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was Lust. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a che-

[1] A character drawn in the Rehearsal.

rubim, and the name of Modesty. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by Men, Honour, and by the Gods, Pride. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole squadrons in the Female army, fell in among the Males, where he made a more terrible havock than on the other side. He was here opposed by Reason, who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspense for some time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against this common foe. And, in order to it, drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of Virtue, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was Love, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them; and had so strange an effect, that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good-will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities, and embrace one another.

The last general of neutrals that appeared in the field, was Hymen, who marched immediately after Love, and seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. Love

generally accompanied him and recommended the Sexes, pair by pair, to his good offices,

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, Ambition and Avarice had taken on them the garb and habit of Love, by which means they often imposed on Hymen, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the delusion of these two impostors. [k]

*** 'Mr. John Dyer, late author of a News Letter called by his name, being deceased, the said Letter will be discontinued for the future. And all gentlemen and others who have received his Letters of Intelligence, and are indebted to him for them, are desired forthwith to remit their several sums to Mr. Thomas Dyer, attorney at law, at his chambers in Staple-inn in Holborn, who is the only son of the said John Dyer.'

Evening Post, Sept. 8, 1713.

No. 153. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1713.*

Admirandâ tibi levium spectacula rerum. VIRG. Georg. iv. 5.

A mighty pomp, though made of little things. DRYDEN.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to,

* ADDISON'S.

[k] This paper, No. 152. is marked with a hand, the distinguishing signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian; and it is re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 237. Ed. 1721.

On this day, Sept. 3, died the Rev. Mr. Sartré, one of the Prebendaries of Westminster, the husband of Addison's sister.

Evening Post, Sept. 5, 1713.

This lady, whose name was Dorothy, was afterwards married to Daniel Ozinbés, esq. and becoming again a widow, died March 2, 1750; and left her estate, after the payment of some legacies, for the erection of a monument in Westminster-abbey to the memory of her brother Mr. Addison.

it is this; though at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, 'Pride was not made for man.' There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the school-men call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of this passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred until such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or in other words, when he shall be neither sinful nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of

those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire, his shape and way of life only excepted, is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them? Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps an hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone

to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and, if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections, regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth: or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt,

which human vanity has divided into climates and regions. [1]

No. 154. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1713.*

Omnia transformant sese in miracula rerum. VIRG. Georg. iv. 441.

All shapes, the most prodigious, they assume.

I QUESTION not but the following letter will be entertaining to those who were present at the late masquerade, as it will recall into their minds several merry particulars that passed in it, and at the same time, be very acceptable to those who were at a distance from it, as they may form from hence some idea of this fashionable amusement[m].

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

Per viam leonis.

'SIR,

'I COULD scarce ever go into good company, but the discourse was on the Ambassador[n], the politeness of his entertainments, the goodness of his

* ADDISON'S.

[1] This paper, No. 153. is distinguished by a hand, as one of Addison's papers; and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 240. Edit. 1721.

See a true and exact Narrative of several Events that happened in a War between two Nations of Emmets: and an account of the Revolution in an Emmet's Nest, by Joseph Spence, M. A. in a book of his, entitled Moralities, or Essays, Letters, Fables, and Translations, by Sir Harry Beaumont, Lond. 8vo. 1753, p. 74. *et seqq.* First printed in the Museum, 3 vols. 8vo. Mr. Spence, under the same fictitious name, published Crito, or a Dialogue on Beauty; reprinted in Dodsley's Fugitive Pieces, 2 vols. cr. 8vo.—See Guardian, No. 156. *et seqq.*

[m] See No. 14. on the Masquerade; No. 151. final note; and two letters by Mr. John Hughes, signed Incognito, and Tim. Frolic, in Hughes's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 75, &c. cr. 8vo. 3 vols. 1772.

[n] The duke d'Aumont, who gave masquerades at Somerset-house. P. —See No. 151. adv. and note *ad finem.*

Burgundy and Champaign, the gaiety of his masquerades, with the odd fantastical dresses which were made use of in those midnight solemnities. The noise these diversions made, at last raised my curiosity, and for once I resolved to be present at them, being at the same time provoked to it by a lady I then made my addresses to, one of a sprightly humour, and a great admirer of such novelties. In order to it I hurried my habit, and got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated in these new mysteries. Every morning I drest myself in it, and acted before the looking-glass, so that I am vain enough to think I was as perfect in my part as most who had oftener frequented these diversions. You must understand I personated a devil, and that for several weighty reasons. First, because appearing as one of that fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better-bred part of the company. Besides, as from their usual reception they are called familiars, I fancied I should in this character be allowed the greatest liberties, and soonest be led into the secrets of the masquerade. To recommend and distinguish me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to speak the truth, what persuaded me most to this disguise was, because I heard an intriguing lady say, in a large company of females, who unanimously assented to it, that she loved to converse with such, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made choice of that shape. At length, when the long-wished-for evening came, which was to open to us such vast scenes of pleasure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature turned topsy-turvy, women changed into men, and men into women, children in leading-strings seven foot high, courtiers transformed into clowns, ladies of the night

into saints, people of the first quality into beasts or birds, gods or goddesses. I fancied I had all Ovid's Metamorphoses before me. Among these were several monsters to which I did not know how to give a name;

"—worse
Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire." MILTON.

'In the middle of the first room I met with one drest in a shroud. This put me in mind of the old custom of serving up a Death's head at a feast. I was a little angry at the dress, and asked the gentleman whether he thought a dead man was fit company for such an assembly; but he told me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he considered this dress would serve him another time. This walking coarse* was followed by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that stood up like a steeple over the heads of the whole assembly. I then chanced to tread upon the foot of a female quaker, to all outward appearance; but was supprised to hear her cry out "D—n you, you son of a —!" upon which I immediately rebuked her, when all of a sudden resuming her character, "Verily," says she, "I was to blame; but thou hast bruised me sorely." A few moments after this adventure, I had like to have been knocked down by a shepherdess for having run my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her sides. She swore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very masculine voice; but I was timely taken off by a presbyterian parson, who told me in a very soft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me in Spring-gardens to-morrow night. The next object I saw was a chimney-sweeper made up of black crape and velvet, with a huge diamond

* Corpse.

in his mouth[q], making love to a butterfly. On a sudden I found myself among a flock of bats, owls, and lawyers. But what took up my attention most, was one drest in white feathers that represented a swan. He would fain have found out a Leda among the fair sex, and indeed was the most unlucky bird in the company. I was then engaged in a discourse with a running-footman; but as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a Turkish emperor whispered me in the ear, desiring me "to use him civilly, for that it was his master." I was here interrupted by the famous large figure of a woman hung with little looking-glasses. She had a great many that followed her as she passed by me, but I would not have her value herself upon that account, since it was plain they did not follow so much to look upon her as to see themselves. The next I observed was a nun making an assignation with a heathen god: for I heard them mention the Little Piazza in Covent-garden. I was by this time exceeding hot and thirsty; so that I made the best of my way to the place where wine was dealt about in great quantities. I had no sooner presented myself before the table, but a magician seeing me, made a circle over my head with his wand, and seemed to do me homage. I was at a loss to account for his behaviour, until I recollected who I was; this however drew the eyes of the servants upon me, and immediately procured me a glass of excellent Champaign. The magician said I was a spirit of an adust and dry constitution; and desired that I might have another refreshing glass: adding withal, that it ought to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand and drank it off to the magician. This so enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next room, where we danced a rigadoon together. I was here a little

[q] By which the mask was kept on.

offended at a jackanapes of a scaramouch, that cried out, "Avaunt, Satan;" and gave me a little tap on my left shoulder with the end of his lath sword. As I was considering how I ought to resent this affront, a well-shaped person that stood at my left hand, in the figure of a bellman, cried out with a suitable voice, "Past twelve o'clock." This put me in mind of bed-time. Accordingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an Indian king, a tall, slender youth, dressed up in a most beautiful party-coloured plumage. He regarded my habit very attentively, and after having turned me about once or twice, asked me "whom I had been tempting?" I could not tell what was the matter with me, but my heart leaped as soon as he touched me, and was still in greater disorder, upon hearing his voice. In short, I found after a little discourse with him, that his Indian majesty was my dear Leonora, who knowing the disguise I had put on, would not let me pass by her unobserved. Her awkward manliness made me guess at her sex, and her own confession quickly let me know the rest. This masquerade did more for me than a twelvemonth's courtship: for it inspired her with such tender sentiments, that I married her the next morning.

'How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a masquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I have reason to hope the best, Leonora having assured me it was the first, and shall be the last time of her appearing at such an entertainment.

'And now, Sir, having given you the history of this strange evening which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my request to you, that you will oblige the world with a dissertation on masquerades in general, that we may know how far they are useful to the public, and consequently how far they ought

to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very odd accidents that have happened upon this occasion, as in particular of a lawyer's being now big-bellied, who was present at the first[q] of these entertainments; not to mention, what is still more strange, an old man with a long beard, who was got with child by a milk-maid. But in cases of this nature, where there is such a confusion of sex, age, and quality, men are apt to report rather what might have happened, than what really came to pass. Without giving credit therefore to any of these rumours, I shall only renew my petition to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large of these matters, and am, Sir, &c.

☞[r] LUCIFER.*

No. 155. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1713.*

—Libelli Stoïci inter sericos
Jacere pulvillos amant. Hor. Epod. viii. 15.

The books of stoics ever chese
On silken cushions to repose.

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improveable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same methods? Why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As in the first place, because they have more spare time

* ADDISON'S.

[q] The date of this diversion is here ascertained pretty nearly, and fixed at a few months antecedent to Sept. 7, 1713.

[r] This paper, No. 154, is marked with a hand, as a paper of Addison's; and reprinted in his Works, by Mr. Tickell, 4to. vol. iv. p. 242. Edit. 1721.

upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the lady Lizard, in the space of one summer furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters working; and at the same time heard all doctor Tillotson's sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased the other day to find them all busy in preserving several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them, reading over The Plurality of Worlds[s]. It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Copernican system to the figure of a cheese-cake[t].

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is because they have the natural gift of speech in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours. Could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine

[s] In this singular work, M. Fontenelle has presented that part of philosophy in a gay and pleasing dress; for which purpose he has introduced a lady, and drawn up the whole in a most agreeable as well as instructive dialogue.

[t] M. Maintenon sitting at her spinning-wheel, guided the councils of France. A.—She is alluded to in the sequel of this paper.

marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences, it would now and then be a great ease to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality, should apply themselves to letters, namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned, when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side?

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a stoic in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the famous she cynic, who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband, or manplanter, in broad day-light, and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character, and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational

for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind[u]; but I shall conclude this head with the history of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The emperor Theodosius being about the age of one and twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself.—Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion[v], in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Constantinople, where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria, in order to obtain some redress from the emperor. By this means that religious princess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long course of philosophy in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed

[u] See p. 332. note.

[v] Her father disinherited her, and she endeavoured to get his will set aside, in which litigation her brothers were the defendants.

with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor, her brother Theodosius. The character she gave made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudosia; after which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church, as the ornament of her sex.

No. 156. WEDNESDAY, September 9, 1713.*

—Magni formica laboris;
Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo,
Quem struit; haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
Non usquam prorepit, et illis utitur antè
Quæsitis sapiens.— Hor. 1 Sat. i. 33.

As the small ant, for she instructs the man,
And preaches labour, gathers all she can,
And brings it to increase her heap at home,
Against the winter, which she knows will come:
But, when that comes, she creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home, and feasts upon her store. Creech.

* Addison's.

w This paper, No. 155, is distinguished as a paper of Addison by a hand; and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 246. Edit. 1721.

Theodosius, stung with jealously by Eudosia's kindness to learned men, particularly to Paulinus, put her favourite to death, dismissed her attendants,

In my last Saturday's paper[x] I supposed a molehill inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects; in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French academy, and since translated into English[y]. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

'In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two feet deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaster, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the house and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

ants, and reduced her to her original private station. She spent the remainder of her life at Jerusalem, in the profession of Christianity, and in literary pursuits, and died in 460, denying with her last breath, the criminality of which her husband suspected her. She translated into hexameter verse the eight first books of Scripture, and a cento from Homer is ascribed to her, which is a life of Jesus Christ, composed of verses taken from that father of Greek poetry.

[x] See No. 153. against pride; and p. 326, note.

[y] This and the following paper look in many places very like translations, but this annotator's search for their originals has hitherto been fruitless. There is nothing of this kind in the volumes of the Memoirs of the French Academy for 1711 or 1712.

'Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy and the order observed among them are more perfect than those of the wisest republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

'I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences. I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy: one would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night. Those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn, but in the night when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day-time: which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it: there was a pigeon-house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day-time. It is highly probable

they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frighted the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those ants knew some days after that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived that they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away, in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every way.

'At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

'There is a straight hole in every ant's nest, about half an inch deep, and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly impropable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

'The corn, that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has laid in their nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this

experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn must needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no use to the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

'They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth, heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They performed this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from the window about three or four of the clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, till the heat was over.

'If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: besides a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

'As for the small particles of brick or stone, the

least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastic, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together could not come out of any ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

'When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round that earth. Thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

'Those insects never go about this work but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed, that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon. The sun being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain, which the ants foresaw; whereas the Milan almanack had foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

'I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret. There was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

'I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread; but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

'Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room where they kept, and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopped all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance; and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains. They went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of corn: they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful was, that none of them came home without bringing something: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

'The window, upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the further end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be an heavy burden for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence that an ant works

as hard as a man who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. It is true, those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground: but then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards, and her backside upwards! None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they made in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nest, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home. When this happens they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

'I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains. When she came to the box where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march. Such an unlucky accident would have vext a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws. She was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times. Sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her: she stopt; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws when they are climbing up; they take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or

take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something. This I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough: they do not require so great a patience as that of ants; but few people are capable of it.' [z]

No. 157. THURSDAY, September 10, 1713 *.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.
Prov. vi. 6.

It has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chace of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them. The preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore

* Addison's.

[z] This paper, No. 156, has the mark of Addison, and is reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. p. 249, vol. iv. Edit. 1721. Nevertheless both this and the following paper are printed here verbatim, as translated from the Mercurie Galant. The translator of this anonymous piece was Michael De La Roche, who published them about this time in his Memoirs of Literature, under the title of Observations upon Ants, in a Letter to a Friend. See the 2d edit. of Memoirs of Literature, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 204, Art. xliii. 8 vols. 1722: the Continuation, under various titles, makes 38 vols. 8vo.

a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

'Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I resolved to show it to them.

'In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success. The thing will appear incredible to those, who never considered that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: for an hour after all my ants had notice given them of such a provision: and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwise, how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or

prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter. We read it in holy scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I do not believe that any experiment has been made that shows the contrary.

'I have said before, that there were three ants' nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger. It was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-eminence over them.

'Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain; yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects. Ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprised by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and do not come out until the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: there was a small piece of a flat slate, which they laid over their nest in the day-time, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost every night. Above fifty of those little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order. They removed it in the morning; and nothing could be more curious than to see those

little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, insomuch that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath. The ants of the two other nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain. They laid over their holes several pieces of old and dry plaster one upon the other; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that those insects are so frequently to be found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles, without any incumbrance, and they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ants' nests that were troubled with the rain. As for the capital nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

'M. de la Loubere says in his relation of Siam, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their settlements upon trees. No ants' nests are to be seen any where else. I need not insert here what that author says about those insects: you may see his relation [a].

'Here follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the same ground, where I had three ants' nests. I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of terrace, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarming with ants, much larger than all those I had already seen; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government. I made a hole in the box like that of an ant's nest, and laid, as it were, the foundations of a new

[a] Du Royaume de Siam, par M. de La Loubere, 2 tomes, Amst. 1691, 24to. tom. i. chap. v. p. 44.

city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would return to the terrace, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would stay in it. They went away in less than two hours; which made me believe, that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

'Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was very much surprised to see the ants' nest, which I had destroyed very artfully, repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gunpowder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many ants as I could get, into the place which I designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation; but finding it impracticable by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

'An ant never goes into any other nest but her own; and if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often

taken an ant out of one nest, to put her into another; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same ant; but at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frighted some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole. Many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins. But the ants I am speaking of avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest, but at the last extremity; and sometimes rather chose to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exercise hospitality; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it carry them in.

'They keep up a sort of trade among themselves; and it is not true that those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary. They lend their corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to serve one another; and I can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance how they lend and recover their loans; whether it be in the same [b] quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impossible

[b] There are sundry particulars in this and the preceding paper apocryphal in the natural history of ants. See the references *ad finem*.

to examine all those things: and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves. Perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

'They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of bees. Their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground when they are afraid of thieves. It is said that some birds eat them; but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by small worms; but they turn them out and kill them. I observed that they punish those ants which probably had been wanting to their duty; nay, sometimes they killed them; which they did in the following manner. Three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking they live very quietly; from whence I infer that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

'Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Every thing is common among them; which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives; their honey is their own; every bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals. They frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants: they have nothing of their own; a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock. It is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community; there is no distinction between a private and a common interest. An ant never works for herself, but for the society.

'Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants; for as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

'I had almost forgot to tell you, sir, that mercury has hitherto proved a mortal poison for them; and that it is the most effectual way of destroying those insects. I can do something for them in this case: perhaps you will hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to mercury.' [c]

No 158. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1713.*

Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna;
Castigatque, auditque dolos; subigitque fateri
Quæ quis apud superos, furto lætatus inani,
Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem. VIRG. Æn. vi. 566.

These are the realms of unrelenting fate:
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
Loth to confess, unable to conceal,
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To the last hour of unrepenting death. DRYDEN.

I WAS yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the indus-

* ADDISON'S.

[c] See No, 156, note at the end; and Melanges D'Histoire Naturelle, tom. i. p. 152. *et seqq.* Dissertation sur la Police des Fourmis. Toute différente des fausses conjectures qu'on a suivis jusqu' aujourd'hui par M. François Carre.—M. F. C. obviates various prejudices and errors in this and the foregoing paper. The Melanges, &c. here referred to, is a Collection in 6 tomes, 12mo. par M. A. D. à Lyon, 1762. See *ibidem*, tom. i. p. 158, &c.

try of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work, or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that 'the day hangs heavy on them,' that 'they do not know what to do with themselves,' that 'they are at a loss how to pass away their time,' with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled 'reasonable beings.' How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments? Who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse! In a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use

of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left-hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprized to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, 'What they had been doing?' Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. 'Madam,' says he to the first of them, 'you have been upon the earth above fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while?' 'Doing! 'says she, 'really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect.' After about half an hour's pause she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. 'And you, madam,' says the judge, 'that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while?' 'I had a great deal of business on my hands,' says she, 'being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances.' 'Very well,' says he, 'you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her[d]!' The next was a plain countrywoman. 'Well, mis-

[d] Judge Rhadamanthus uses low language as our judge Jefferies did. A.

tress,' says Rhadamanthus, 'and what have you been doing?' 'Ant please your worship,' says she, 'I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country.' Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. 'And you, fair lady,' says he, 'what have you been doing these five and thirty years?' 'I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir,' says she. 'That is well,' said he; 'but what good have you been doing?' The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked, what she had been doing? 'Truly,' says she, 'I lived three score and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts —that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with, from falling into the like errors and miscarriages.' 'Very well,' says Rhadamanthus, 'but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?' 'Why truly,' says she, 'I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own.' 'Madam,'

says Rhadamanthus, 'be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you.' 'Old gentlewoman,' says he, 'I think you are fourscore. You have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world?' 'Ah, sir,' says she, 'I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end.' 'Madam,' says he, 'you will please to follow your leader;' and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, 'I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it.' Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar; and being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in the world, 'I have endeavoured,' says she, 'ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches,

consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays—' Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward, laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.' ☞[e]

[e] This paper, No. 158. is marked with a hand, the distinguishing mark of Addison's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 259. Edit. 1721.

No. 159. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1713.*

Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos. HOR. 1 Od. xxxv. 2.

Whose force is strong, and quick to raise
The lowest to the highest place;
Or with a wond'rous fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral. CREECH.

'SIR,

'HAVING read over your paper of Tuesday last[†], in which you recommend the pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those of the fair sex, who have much time laying upon their hands, and among other motives make use of this, that several women, thus accomplished, have raised themselves by it to considerable posts of honour and fortune: I shall beg leave to give you an instance of this kind, which many now living can testify the truth of, and which I can assure you is matter of fact.

'About twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman, who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient to live very handsomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out of the income of his place; which, as they managed it, was scarce sufficient for their ordinary expenses. Miss Betty had always the best sort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked upon as her inferiors. There lived

* ADDISON'S.

† See No. 155.

by them a barber who had a daughter about miss's age, that could speak French, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle, and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the same time a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired to come to miss an hour or two every day, to talk French with her, and teach her to work; but miss always treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

'About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to miss Betty, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often discoursing of Mr. T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mrs. Betty rejected him with disdain. Insomuch that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune, and forget his mistress. This was very happy for him, for in a very few years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.

'Mean while days and years went on, miss lived high, and learnt but little, most of her time being employed in reading plays and practising to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection. When of a sudden, at a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a

very desolate condition, but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what enquiry I could; and I must own, I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left enquiring after them for some years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led into a parlour by a handsome young woman, who I presently fancied was that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush at the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon, or speaking to me: "Madam," said I, "are not you Mrs. Such-a-one?" At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving me an answer; but I stopped her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well discern by her dress, which was genteel, though not fine, whether she was the mistress of the house, or only a servant; but supposing her to be the first, "I am glad, madam," said I, "after having long inquired after you, to have so happily met with you, and to find you mistress of so fine a place." These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover herself; but as soon as she was able to speak, "Sir," said she, "you are mistaken; I am but a servant." Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst again into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. "Alas, sir," said she, "my condition is much better than I deserve, I have the kindest and best of women for my mistress. She is wife to the gentleman you come to speak withal. You know her

very well, and have often seen her with me." To make my story short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the barber's daughter, whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gentleman at whose house I now was, fell in love with Moll, and being master of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily and as much to his satisfaction as he could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve. And it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of any of her own, or her husband's acquaintance, so that they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially discovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar, than a servant; but being freed by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though much more like a friend or a companion, than like a servant.

'I went home full of this strange adventure; and about a week after chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his angel, not questioning but he would feel on this occasion, the usual pleasure of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would have burst, which I took

at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story, and we parted.

'About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter.

'DEAR SIR,

'I AM infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my angel. I have since married her, and think the low circumstances she was reduced to a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I disliked, and given me an opportunity of shewing her the constant and sincere affection which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity.

☞ 'Yours, R. T.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Ladies' and children's hair is cut and curled after the most fashionable mode, by Mary Newby, tire-woman, &c. who changes red hair to a curious brown; shapes eye-brows; takes off superfluous hair; sells a wonderful cosmetic; a liquor that takes off freckles; drops that speedily cure warts; drops that effectually cure fits, vapours, &c. a cordial that prevents miscarriage, &c.; a dentifrice that infallibly cures the scurvy, fastens and whitens the teeth; and sovereign instantaneous cure for the tooth-ach, &c. Guardian, in folio, No. 158,

No. 160. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1713.*

Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis. HOR. 2 Sat. i. ult.

IMITATED.

My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd. POPE.

FROM writing the history of lions, I lately went off to

* ADDISON'S.

§ This paper, No. 152. is marked with a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 263. Edit. 1721. but seems to have been composed or communicated from the letter-box,

that of ants; but to my great surprise, I find that some of my good readers have taken this last to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will several of them have it that my last Thursday and Friday's papers[h] are full of concealed satire, and that I have attacked people in the shape of pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of men. I must confess that I write with fear and trembling, ever since that ingenious person the Examiner in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treason in the word *expect*.[i]

But I shall, for the future, leave my friend[k] to manage the controversy in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I must therefore declare that those jealousies and suspicions, which have been raised in some weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned discourses concerning ants or pismires, are altogether groundless. There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative who is either whig or tory; and I could heartily wish, that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same spirit of frugality, justice, and mutual benevolence, as are visibly exercised by members of those little commonwealths.

After this short preface, I shall lay before my reader a letter or two which occasioned it.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE laid a wager with a friend of mine about the pigeons that used to peck up the corn which

[h] Nos. 157. 158. and note at the end, concerning the original and translation of the two papers in question, the anonymous writer of which has in sundry instances blended fable with the truth of natural history.

[i] See No. 128. and note. [k] Meaning Steele.

belonged to the ants. I say that by these pigeons you meant the Palatines. He will needs have it that they were the Dutch. We both agree that the papers upon the strings which frighted them away, were pamphlets, Examiners, and the like. We beg you will satisfy us in this particular, because the wager is very considerable, and you will much oblige two of your

'DAILY READERS.'

'OLD IRON,

'WHY so rusty? will you never leave your inuendoes? Do you think it hard to find out who is the tulip in your last Thursday's paper? Or can you imagine that three nests of ants is such a disguise, that the plainest reader cannot see three kingdoms through it? The blowing up of a neighbouring settlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly ants, under a worse form of government, is not so difficult to be explained as you imagine. Dunkirk is not yet demolished. Your ants are enemies to rain, are they! Old Birmingham, no more of your ants, if you do not intend to stir up a nest of hornets.

'WILL. WASP.'

'DEAR GUARDIAN,

'CALLING in yesterday at a coffee-house in the city, I saw a very short, corpulent, angry man reading your paper about the ants. I observed that he reddened and swelled over every sentence of it. After having perused it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called the woman of the coffee-house to him, and asked her in a magisterial voice, if she knew what she did in taking in such papers! The woman was in such a confusion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpose in her behalf, and asked him whether he had found any thing in it of dangerous import? "Sir," said he, "it is a republican paper from one end to the

other, and if the author had his deserts—" He here grew so exceeding choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; till after having recovered himself, he laid his finger upon the following sentence, and read it with a very stern voice—"Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers: and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy: for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment." Then throwing the paper upon the table—"Sir," says he, "these things are not to be suffered—I would engage out of this sentence to draw up an indictment that—" He here lost his voice a second time in the extremity of his rage, and the whole company, who were all of them tories, bursting out into a sudden laugh, he threw down his penny in great wrath, and retired with a most formidable frown.

'This, sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what use of it you please. I only wish that you would sometimes diversify your papers with many other pieces of natural history, whether of insects or animals[1]; this being a subject which the most common reader is capable of understanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; besides that, it highly redounds to the praise of that Being who has inspired the several parts of the sensitive world with such wonderful and different kinds of instinct as enable them to provide for themselves, and preserve their species in that state of existence wherein they are placed. There is no party concerned in speculations of this

[1] What are insects?

nature, which instead of inflaming those unnatural heats that prevail among us, and take up most of our thoughts, may divert our minds to subjects that are useful, and suited to reasonable creatures. Dissertations of this kind are the more proper for your purpose, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous science to qualify the reader for the understanding of them. To this I might add, that it is a shame for men to be ignorant of these worlds of wonders which are transacted in the midst of them, and not be acquainted with those objects which are every where before their eyes. To which I might further add, that several are of opinion, there is no other use in many of these creatures than to furnish matter of contemplation and wonder to those inhabitants of the earth, who are its only creatures that are capable of it.

'I am, Sir,

'Your constant reader,

'and humble servant.'

After having presented my reader with this set of letters, which are all upon the same subject, I shall here insert one that has no relation to it. But it has always been my maxim never to refuse going out of my way to do any honest man a service, especially when I have an interest in it myself.

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

'As you are a person that very eminently distinguish yourself in the promotion of the public good, I desire your friendship in signifying to the town what concerns the greatest good of life, health. I do assure you, sir, there is in a vault under the Exchange in Cornhill, over against Pope's-head-alley, a parcel of French wines, full of the seeds of good humour, cheerfulness, and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of our nation agree, there is no such thing

as bribery in liquors; therefore I shall presume to send you of it, lest you should think it inconsistent with integrity to recommend what you do not understand by experience. In the mean time please to insert this, that every man may judge for himself.

☞[m] 'I am, Sir,' &c.

No. 161. TUESDAY, September 15, 1713.*

—Incoctum generoso pectus honesto. Pers. Sat. ii. 74.

A genuine virtue of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind. Dryden.

Every principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This paper therefore is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical[n], and turn it into ridicule.

* Addison's.

[m] This paper, No. 160. is distinguished by a hand, Addison's signature in the Guardian; and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 266. Edit. 1721.

[n] See Theatre, No. 4. Description of a whimsical.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The one considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba:

'Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not,
It ought not to be sported with'—— CATO.

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour; and these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage, than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of

honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was entrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are act[uat]ed by false notions of it, as there are more hopes of a heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour with old Syphax, in the play before mentioned, as a fine

imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuits of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakspeare's phrase, 'are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;' whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue. ☞°

No. 162. WEDNESDAY, September 16, 1713.*

Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, conciliare sibi animos hominum et ad usus suos adjungere. Cicero.

The art of prudence lies in gaining the esteem of the world, and turning it to a man's own advantage.

I was the other day in company at my lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their cousin Tom, who is one of those country squires that set up for plain honest gentlemen who speak their minds. Tom is in short a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good manners. Tom had

* Addison's.

° This paper, No. 161. is marked with a hand, and reprinted in Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 269. Edit. 1721.

not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the Sparkler if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good lady Lizard, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin Thomas with a smile, not to be so severe on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, 'If I be not mistaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect that your daughters should be maids till five-and-twenty!' I endeavoured to divert the discourse; when, without taking notice of what I said, 'Mr. Ironside,' says he, 'you fill my cousins' heads with your fine notions, as you call them; can you teach them to make a pudding?' I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic raillery, so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possest of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every

one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, sooths the turbulent, humanises the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and economy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and, what Shakspeare reckons among other evils under the sun,

> 'The proud man's contumely,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes,'

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenuous complaisance, as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be 'a constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently.' I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a litle wild Arabian tale, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recom-

mend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

'Schacabac, being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice-soup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The Barmecide then asked him if he ever saw whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, "if I did not like it, you may be sure," says he, "I should not eat so heartily of it." "You oblige me mightily," replied the Barmecide, "pray let me help you to this leg of a goose." Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the Barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb fed with pistachio nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been served up, "here is a dish," says he, "that you will see at nobody's table but my own." Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, "which is like nothing," says he, "I ever eat before." Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible

dessert, no part of which delighted Schacabac so much as a certain lozenge, which the Barmecide told him was a sweetmeat of his own invention. Schacabac at length being courteously reproached by the Barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the same time being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. "Come then," says the Barmecide, "the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in Persia." He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however being pressed to it, he pretended to take it off, having beforehand praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines, equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the Barmecide a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himself, "Sir," says he, "I beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink." The Barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and, instead of being angry at him, "I find," says he, "thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest." Upon which calling for his supper, the rice soup, the goose, the pistachio lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the dessert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines were served up successively, one after another; and

Schacabac was feasted in reality with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination.' ☞[P]

No. 163. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1713.*

—Miserum est aliená vivere quadrâ. JUV. Sat. v. 2.

How wretched he, by cruel fortune crost,
Who never dines, but at another's cost.

WHEN I am disposed to give myself a day's rest, I order the lion to be opened, and search into that magazine of intelligence for such letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himself in the beginning of it, after such a manner, as I am persuaded that no man of sense would treat him. Even the lawyer and the physician to a man of quality, expect to be used like gentlemen, and much more may any one of so superior a profession. I am by no means for encouraging that dispute, whether the chaplain or the master of the house be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned authors, Doctor Hickes, and Mr. Collier, to whom I might add several others, are to be excused, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the chaplain, since in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme. The only controversy, between the patron and the chaplain, ought to be which should promote the good designs and interests of each other most, and for my own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance in a great estate or title, that

* ADDISON'S.

P This paper, No. 162, is marked with a hand: and reprinted in Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 272. edit. 1721.

qualifies a man for choosing out of such a learned and valuable body of men as that of the English clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a companion[q]. The letter I have received, from one of this order, is as follows:

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'I HOPE you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three questions, but also in the solution of them.

'I have had the honour many years of being chaplain to a noble family, and of being accounted the highest servant in the house, either out of respect to my cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost garret.

'Whilst my old lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to sanctify and garnish a feast, but treated as a gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the conversation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked upon as a *censor morum*, an obstacle to mirth and talk, and suffered to retire constantly with "Prosperity to the church" in my mouth. I declare solemnly, sir, that I have heard nothing from all the fine gentlemen who visit us, more remarkable, for half a year, than that one young lord was seven times drunk at Genoa, and another had an affair with a famous courtesan at Venice. I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds beyond the church, to see what topics of discourse they went upon, but to my great surprise, have hardly heard a word all the time besides the toasts. Then they all stare full in my face, and show all the actions of uneasiness till I am gone. Imme-

[q] See Tat. No. 255, on this subject by Addison; and note, on Dr. Geekie.

diately upon my departure, to use the words in an old comedy, "I find by the noise they make, that they had a mind to be private." I am at a loss to imagine what conversation they have among one another, which I may not be present at; since I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am shocked with no freedoms whatsoever, which are consistent with Christianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the dessert, and every day eat tart in the face of my patron; but how long I shall be invested with this privilege I do not know. For the servants, who do not see me supported as I was in my old lord's time, begin to brush very familiary by me, and thrust aside my chair, when they set the sweetmeats on the table. I have been born and educated a gentleman, and desire you will make the public sensible, that the Christian priesthood was never thought in any age or country to debase the man who is a member of it. Among the great services which your useful papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will not be the least, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown servant, 'G. W.'

'VENERABLE NESTOR,

'I WAS very much pleased with your paper of the 7th instant, in which you recommend the study of useful knowledge to women of quality or fortune. I have since that met with a very elegant poem, written by the famous sir Thomas More. It is inscribed to a friend of his who was then seeking out a wife; he advises him on that occasion to overlook wealth and beauty, and if he desires a happy life, to join himself with a woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this last head are as follow:

"Proculque stulta sit, Parvis labellulis

Semper loquacitas;
Proculque rusticum
Semper silentium.
Sit illa, vel modò
Instructa literis;
Vel talis, ut modò
Sit apta literis.
Felix quævis bene
Priscis ab omnibus
Possit libellulis
Vitam beantia
Haurire dogmata:
Armata cum quibus,
Nec illa prosperis
Superba turgeat;
Nec illa turbidis
Misella lugeat,
Prostrata casibus.
Jucunda sic erit
Semper nec unquam erit
Gravis, molestave
Vitæ comes tuæ;
Quæ docta parvulos
Docebit, et tuos
Cum lacte literas
Olim nepotulos.
Jam te juvaverit
Viros relinquere,
Doctæque conjugis
Sinu quiescere:
Dum grata te fovet;
Manuque mobili
Dum plectra personat;
Et voce, (quâ nec est,
Progne, sororculæ
Tuæ suavior)
Amœna cantillat,
Apollo quæ velit
Audire carmina.
Jam te juvaverit
Sermone blanditio
Docto tamen, dies
Noctesque ducere;
Notare verbula
Mellita, maximis
Non absque gratiis,
Ab ore melleo
Semper fluentia:
Quibus coërceat,
Si quando te levet
Inane gaudium;
Quibus levaverit,
Si quando deprimat
Te mœror anxius.
Certabit in quibus
Summa eloquentia,
Jam cum omnium gravi
Rerum Scientia.
Talem olim ego putem
Et vatis Orphei
Fuisse conjugem;
Nec unquam ab inferis
Curâsset improbo
Labore fœminam
Referre rusticam:
Talemque credimus
Nasonis inclytam,
Quæ vel patrem queat
Æquare carmine,
Fuisse filiam:
Talemque suspicor
(Quâ nulla charior

Unquam fuit patri,
Quo nemo doctior)
Fuisse Tulliam:
Talisque, quæ tulit
Gracchos duos, fuit;
Quæ quos tulit, bonis
Instruxit artibus;
Nec profuit minus
Magistra, quàm parens."

'The sense of this elegant description is as follows:

'May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent, not always prattling nonsense! May she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will be herself in all changes of fortune, neither blown up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an even, chearful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and from their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you are engaged in you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the society of men into the bosom of one who is so dear, so knowing, and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of her own compositions, her voice will sooth you in your solitudes, and sound more sweetly in your ear than that of a nightingale. You will waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever finding out new beauties in her discourse. She will keep your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

'Such was doubtless the wife of Orpheus; for who would have undergone what he did to have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who was his rival in poetry. Such was Tullia as she is celebrated by the most learned and most

fond of fathers. And such was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no less famous for having been their instructor, than their parent.' ☞[r]

*** A warning against Popery; being an account of the late conversion of Mr. John Barwell, alias Barton, an eminent Romish Priest, to the reformed church of England. It is the completest account of the gross cheats and errors of the Romish church which was ever published, and very proper to be read in all Protestant families at this time. Price bound 2s. 6d.

No. 164. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1713.*

—Simili frondescit virga metallo. VIRG. Æn. vi. 144.

The same rich metal glitters on the tree.

AN eminent prelate of our church observes that 'there is no way of writing so proper, for the refining and polishing a language, as the translating of books into it, if he who undertakes it has a competent skill of the one tongue, and is a master of the other. When a man writes his own thoughts, the heat of his fancy, and the quickness of his mind, carry him so much after the notions themselves, that for the most part he is two warm to judge of the aptness of words, and the justness of figures; so that he either neglects these too much, or overdoes them; but when a man translates he has none of these heats about him; and therefore the French took no ill method, when they intended to reform and beautify their language, in setting their best writers on work to translate the Greek and Latin authors into it.' Thus far this learned prelate.

And another, lately deceased, tells us, that 'the

* Mr. L. EUSDEN'S.

[r] This paper, No. 163, is marked with a hand, and re-published in Addison's 'Works,' 4to. p. 275. Edit. 1721.

way of leaving verbal translations, and chiefly regarding the sense and genius of the author, was scarce heard of in England before this present age.'

As for the difficulty of translating well, every one I believe must allow my lord Roscommon to be in the right, when he says,

> 'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
> But good translation is no easy art:
> For tho' materials have long since been found,
> Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound;
> And by improving what was writ before,
> Invention labours less, but judgment more.'

Dryden judiciously remarks, that 'a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself.' And a too close and servile imitation, which the same poet calls 'treading on the heels of an author,' is deservedly laughed at by sir John Denham; 'I conceive it,' says he, 'a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres*. Let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith; but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attemps what is not required, so shall he never perform what he attempts; for it is not his business alone to translate language into language, but poesy into poesy; and poesy is of so subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate, and if a new spirit is not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whosoever offers at verbal translation, shall have the misfortune of that young traveller, who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it. For the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into

English words, and the grace of the English by being turned into the Latin phrase.'

After this collection of authorities out of some of our greatest English writers, I shall present my reader with a translation, in which the author has conformed himself to the opinion of these great men. The beauty of the translation is sufficient to recommend it to the public, without acquainting them that the translator is Mr. Eusden of Cambridge: who obliged them in the Guardian[1] of August the 6th, with the Court of Venus out of the same Latin poet, which was highly applauded by the best judges in performances of this nature.

The speech of Pluto to Proserpine, from the second book of her Rape, by Claudian.

'Cease, cease, fair nymph, to lavish precious tears,
And discompose your soul with airy fears.
Look on Sicilia's glitt'ring courts with scorn;
A nobler sceptre shall that hand adorn.
Imperial pomp shall sooth a gen'rous pride;
The bridegroom never will disgrace the bride.
If you above terestrial thrones aspire,
From Heaven I spring, and Saturn was my sire.
The pow'r of Pluto stretches all around,
Uncircumscrib'd by Nature's utmost bound;
Where matter mould'ring dies, where forms decay,
Thro' the vast trackless void extends my sway.
Mark not with mournful eyes the fainting light,
Nor tremble at this interval of night;
A fairer scene shall open to your view,
An earth more verdant, and a heaven more blue;
Another Phœbus gilds those happy skies,
And other stars, with purer flames, arise.
There chaste adorers shall their praises join,
And with the choicest gifts enrich your shrine.

[1] See No. 124; Let. i. No. 127, the Court of Venus; and Spect. vol. i. No. 54. on the Loungers.

The blissful climes no change of ages knew,
The golden first began, and still is new.
That golden age your world a while could boast,
But here it flourish'd and was never lost.
Perpetual zephyrs breathe thro' fragrant bowers;
And painted meads smile with unbidden flowers;
Flow'rs of immortal bloom and various hue:
No rival sweets in your own Enna grew.
In the recess of a cool sylvan glade
A monarch-tree projects no vulgar shade.
Encumber'd with their wealth, the branches bend,
And golden apples to your reach descend.
Spare not the fruit, but pluck the blooming ore,
The yellow harvest will increase the more.
But I too long on trifling themes explain,
Nor speak th' unbounded glories of your reign.
Whole Nature owns your pow'r: Whate'er have birth,
And live, and move o'er all the face of earth;
Or in old Ocean's mighty caverns sleep,
Or sportive roll along the foamy deep;
Or on stiff pinions airy journeys take,
Or cut the floating stream or stagnant lake:
In vain they labour to preserve their breath,
And soon fall victims to your subject, Death.
Unnumber'd triumphs swift to you he brings,
Hail! goddess of all sublunary things!
Empires, that sink above, here rise again,
And worlds unpeopled crowd th' elysian plain.
The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the slave,
Know no superior honours in the grave.
Proud tyrants once, and laurel'd chiefs shall come,
And kneel, and trembling wait from you their doom.
The impious, forc'd, shall then their crimes disclose,
And see past pleasures teem with future woes;
Deplore in darkness your impartial sway,
While spotless souls enjoy the fields of day.
When ripe for second birth, the dead shall stand
In shiv'ring throngs on the Lethean strand,
That Shade whom you approve shall first be brought
To quaff oblivion in the pleasing draught,

Whose thread of life, just spun, you would renew,
But nod, and Clotho shall rewind the clew.
Let no distrust of power your joys abate,
Speak what you wish, and what you speak is fate.
The ravisher thus sooth'd the weeping Fair,
And check'd the fury of his steeds with care:
Possessed of Beauty's charms, he calmly rode,
And Love first soften'd the relentless god.'

No. 165. SATURDAY, September 19, 1713.*

Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile.— Hor. 1 Ep. xix. 17.

Examples vice can imitate, deceive. Creech.

It is a melancholy thing to see a coxcomb at the head of a family. He scatters infection through the whole house. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him: if they have more sense than himself, they are out of countenance for him; if less, they submit their understandings to him and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often secretly concerned, when I have seen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themselves, while they are talking after a couple of silly parents. The dulness of a father often extinguishes a genius in the son, or gives such a wrong cast to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In short, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his insipid pleasantries, shallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire-side, his parties of diversion, are all of them so many standing scenes of folly.

This is one reason why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female

* Addison's.

readers, that a family may have a double chance for it; and if it meets with weakness in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumstance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the husband; but it is better it should be so, than that there should be no knowledge in the whole house. It is highly expedient that at least one of the persons, who sits at the helm of affairs, should give an example of good sense to those who are under them in these little domestic governments.

If folly is of ill consequence in the head of a family, vice is much more so, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the master is a profligate, the rake runs through the house. You hear the sons talking loosely and swearing after their father, and see the daughters either familiarized to his discourse, or every moment blushing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his master's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Invest him with the same title and ornaments, and you will scarce know him from his lord. He practises the same oaths, the same ribaldry, the same way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these qualifications does not indeed lie within his power; but though a man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modesty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which though the greatest ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the most ordinary capacities.

As wisdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the master of a house, if he is not accomplished in

both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter, since the consequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than those of folly.

When I read the histories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence which that philosopher, who was an illustrious pattern of virtue and wisdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himself in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpose to converse with the most learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is still admired by the greatest men of the present times as a prodigy of science. His wife Theano wrote several books, and after his death taught his philosophy in his public school, which was frequented by numberless disciples of different countries. There are several excellent sayings recorded of her. I shall only mention one, because it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wisdom. Being asked by some of her sex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having conversed with a man? 'If it were her husband,' says she, 'the next day; if a stranger, never.' Pythagoras[t] had by his wife two sons and three daughters. His two sons, Telauges and Mnesarchus, were both eminent philosophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean school. Arignote was one of his daughters, whose writings were extant, and very much admired, in the age of Porphyrius. Damo was another of his daughters, in whose hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to strangers, which she observed

[t] See Tat. Nos. 108. and 214; Spect. Nos. 447. and 586; Guard. No. 130. and notes.

to the hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty, than not obey the commands of her beloved father. Myia was the third of the daughters, whose works and history were very famous, even in Lucian's time. She was so signally virtuous, that for her unblemished behaviour in her virginity she was chosen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national solemnity; and for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was so precious among her countrymen, that her house was after her death converted into a temple, and the street she lived in called by the name of the Musæum. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great philosopher, under his character as the master of a family; that two of his servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his sect, and make an eminent figure in the list of Pythagoreans. The names of these two servants were Astræus and Zamolxes. This single example sufficiently shews us both the influence and the merit of one who discharges as he ought the office of a good master of a family; which, if it were well observed in every house, would quickly put an end to that universal depravation of manners, by which the present age is so much distinguished, and which is more easy to lament than to reform. ☞[u]

No. 166. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1713.*

—Aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo. OVID. Met. ii. 332.

Some comfort from the mighty mischief rose. ADDISON.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands,

* ADDISON'S.

[u] Marked with a hand, and reprinted in Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 279. Edit. 1721.

says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence, of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable, to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathise with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone[v]. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up

[v] See Tat. No. 7. note on Steele's study of chemistry; and Guardian, No. 107. note on Steele's projects.

in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French Protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over-against St. Clement's church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new-pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year, in which sum may be comprised, according to sir William Petty's observations, all the necessities of life, leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry, to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of impropriations; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expense.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burthens that were laid upon them. This made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning gown, having, after a most incredible expense, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money, which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, somebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message: but seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of

a victory. I knew this was the long expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows:

'SIR,

'AFTER having got out of you every thing you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I never yet could bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourself can best tell.

'Your humble servant to command,

'THOMAS WHITE.

'I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.'

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed[w].

[w] This paper, though it wants the distinguishing signature of Addison's papers, is reprinted by Mr. Tickell in his edit. of Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 281. Edit. 1721. It may be, Addison indulged here his jocularity at the expense of his friend; but neither is it unlikely that Steele played a little on himself, for he had a laboratory at Poplar, now converted into a garden-house, where he probably cultivated general chemistry, perhaps at greater expense than his fortune could bear. See Tat cr. 8vo. No. 7. note, p. 69, and Spect. 8vo. No. 445.

No. 167. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1713.*

Fata viam invenient.— VIRG. Æn. iii. 395.

—Fate the way will find. DRYDEN.

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in his country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death upon very slight jealousies and surmises five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons, whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner. 'Helim,' said he, 'I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now shew the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate

* ADDISON'S.

them as thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious pursuits after knowledge. By this means shall the line of caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive.' 'The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed,' said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the East. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived, when he was not in company with his beloved Balsora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balsora, his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to re-

compense him for all his faithful services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, 'Far be it,' said he, 'from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician.' The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, that without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of Paradise. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards in all the

seeming distress of a disconsolate father informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, that her body should be laid in the Black palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint my reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black palace: which is the repository of all who are descended from the caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black palace; it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him till such time as the dose he had taken had lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blessed, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tizpa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do, on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparations for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he

fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but [x] he privately opened the gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that shewed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished by the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was seated on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possest with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay

[x] Than. See Bishop Lowth's Introd. to English Grammar, 2d. edit. 1763, p. 166.

heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place; insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was for some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chace, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora

in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, 'it is he! it is my Abdallah!' Having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The king at length, after having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, until it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of Persia. This caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire. ☞[y]

y This paper, No. 167, is marked with a hand, and reprinted in Addison's 'Works,' 4to. vol. iv. p. 248. Edit. 1721.

No. 168. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1713.*

—Loca jam recitata revolvimus.— HOR. 2 Ep. i. 223.

The same subject we repeat.

'SIR,

'I OBSERVE that many of your late papers have represented to us the characters of accomplished women; but among all of them I do not find a quotation which I expected to have seen in your works; I mean the character of the mistress of a family as it is drawn out at length in the Book of Proverbs[y]. For my part, considering it only as a human composition, I do not think that there is any character in Theophrastus, which has so many beautiful particulars in it, and which is drawn with such an elegance of thought and phrase. I wonder that it is not written in letters of gold in the great hall of every country gentleman.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

"She is like the merchants' ships, she bringeth her food from afar.

"She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her houshold, and a portion to her maidens.

"She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

"She girdeth her lions with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

* STEELE'S.

y Prov. xxxi. 10—31.

" She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night.

" She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

" She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

" She is not afraid of the snow for her houshold, for all her houshold are clothed with scarlet.

" She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple.

" Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

" She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

" Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

" She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

" She looketh well to the ways of her houshold, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

" Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

" Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

" Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

" Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

' Your humble servant.'

' SIR,

' I VENTURED to your lion with the following lines, upon an assurance, that if you thought them not proper food for your beast, you would at least permit him to tear them.'

FROM ANACREON.

Ἄγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε, &c.

" Best and happiest artisan
Best of painters if you can
With your many coloured art
Paint the mistress of my heart;
Describe the charms you hear from me,
Her charms you could not paint and see,
And make the absent nymph appear,
As if her lovely self was here.
First draw her easy-flowing hair
As soft and black as she is fair;
And, if your art can rise so high,
Let breathing odours round her fly:
Beneath the shade of flowing jet
The iv'ry forehead smoothly set.
With care the sable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend;
That the fair space, which lies between
The meeting shade, may scarce be seen.
The eye must be uncommon fire;
Sparkle, languish, and desire:
The flames unseen must yet be felt;
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
The rosy cheeks must seem to glow
Amidst the white of new fallen snow.
Let her lips persuasion wear,
In silence elegantly fair;
As if the blushing rivals strove,
Breathing and inviting love.
Below her chin be sure to deck
With every grace her polish'd neck;
While all that's pretty, soft and sweet,
In the swelling bosom meet.
The rest in purple garments veil;
Her body, not her shape conceal;
Enough, the lovely work is done,
The breathing paint will speak anon."

' I am, Sir,
' Your humble servant.'

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'THE letter which I sent you some time ago, and was subscribed English Tory[z], has made, as you must have observed, a very great bustle in town. There are come out against me two pamphlets and two Examiners; but there are printed on my side a letter to the Guardian about Dunkirk, and a pamphlet called Dunkirk or Dover. I am no proper judge who has the better of the argument, the Examiner or myself: but I am sure my seconds are better than his. I have addressed a defence against the ill treatment I have received for my letter, which ought to have made every man in England my friend, to the bailiff of Stockbridge, because, as the world goes, I am to think myself very much obliged to that honest man, and esteem him my patron, who allowed that fifty was a greater number than one and twenty, and returned me accordingly to serve for that borough.

'There are very many scurrilous things said against me, but I have turned them to my advantage, by quoting them at large, and by that means swelling the volume to 1*s.* price. If I may be so free with myself, I might put you in mind upon this occasion of one of those animals which are famous for their love of mankind that, when a bone is thrown at them, fall to eating it, instead of flying at the person who threw it. Please to read the account of the channel, by the map at Will's, and you will find what I represent concerning the importance of Dunkirk, as to its situation, very just.

'I am, Sir, very often your great admirer,

'RICHARD STEELE.'

[z] See Nos. 128. 131. and 160. paragraph 1. All this is now of no consequence.

*** My bookseller having informed me, that notwithstanding my paper daily increases in the sale, and that there is sold double the number of

Guardians more than what are sold of some other papers which are crowded with advertisements; in order to oblige my countrymen, as well as to help myself something in the filling up of this my paper, I do hereby at the desire and with the advice of my said bookseller, give notice, that for the future advertisements will be printed in this paper at two shillings and sixpence each, including the duty of one shilling, which is no more than the usual price paid for an advertisement before this duty was laid.—Guardian in folio, No. 168.

No. 169. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1713.*

—Cœlumque tueri
Jussit.— OVID. Met. i. 85.

And bade him lift to heaven his wond'ring eyes.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature; I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions, or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator,

* STEELE'S.—See Nos. 10. and 11. final notes.

is an affront to Providence of the same kind, I hope it is not impious to make such a simile, as it would be to a good poet, to sit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable machines, whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise!

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own! 'Ay, but,' says some illiterate fellow, 'I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it.' Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth,

and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have seen frequent returns of the same things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth, in all their various array, our attention flags, and our admiration ceases. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleased with the same entertainment, presented a hundred years[b] successively to our view.

I am led into this way of thinking by a question started the other night, viz. Whether it were possible that a man should be weary of a fortunate and healthy course of life? My opinion was that the bare repetition of the same objects, abstracted from all other inconveniences, was sufficient to create in our minds a distaste of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a distrust of what may follow, than from the prospect of losing any present enjoyments. For, as an ancient author somewhere expresses it, when a man has seen the vicissitudes of night and day, winter and summer, spring and autumn, the returning faces of the several parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

The spectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing several times. But in very few scenes of revolving years, we feel a satiety of the same images; the mind grows impatient to see the curtain drawn, and behold new scenes disclosed; and the imagination is in this life, filled with a confused idea of the next.

Death, considered in this light, is no more than passing from one entertainment to another. If the present objects are grown tiresome and distasteful, it

[b] Surely Adam, Methuselah, and the antediluvians, were no more tired than we. A.

is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquisite relish of those which are fresh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are transient, they will be succeeded by those which the inexhaustible power of the Deity will supply to eternal ages. If the pleasures of our present state are blended with pain and uneasiness, our future will consist of sincere unmixed delights. Blessed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occasions of comfort and joy.

But what consolation is left to the man who hath no hope or prospect of these things? View him in that part of life, when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the same objects to make him weary of this world, when like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his present situation is uneasy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is sure of sinking into hell or annihilation.

There is not any character so hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The free-thinkers make it their business to introduce doubts, perplexities, and despair, into the minds of men, and, according to the poet's rule, are most justly punished by their own schemes.

*** Advertisements will for the future be inserted in this paper for two shillings and sixpence each, notwithstanding the duty of one shilling.—Guardian in folio, No. 162. See adv. *ad finem*.

†††† Just published, The importance of Dunkirk considered, in a letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge, by Mr. Steele. *Ibidem*. See p. 470.

No. 170. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1713.*

—Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes. VIRG. Æn. ii. 49.

I fear your Greeks, with presents in their hands.

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

'THE plan laid down in your first paper gives me a title and authority to apply to you in behalf of the trading world. According to the general scheme you proposed in your said first paper, you have not professed only to entertain men of wit and polite taste, but also to be useful to the trader and artificer[c]. You cannot do your country greater service than by informing all ranks of men amongst us, that the greatest benefactor to them all is the merchant. The merchant advances the gentleman's rent, gives the artificer food, and supplies the courtier's luxury. But give me leave to say, that neither you, nor all your clan of wits can put together so useful and commodious a treatise for the welfare of your fellow-subjects as that which an eminent merchant of this city has lately written. It is called, General Maxims of Trade, particularly applied to the Commerce between Great Britain and France. I have made an extract of it, so as to bring it within the compass of your paper, which take as follows.

'I. That trade which exports manufactures made of the product of the country, is undoubtedly good; such is the sending abroad our Yorkshire cloth, Colchester baize, Exeter serges, Norwich stuffs, &c. which being made purely of British wool, as much as those exports amount to, so much is the clear gain of the nation.

'II. That trade which helps off the consumption

* STEELE'S.

[c] See Spect. Nos. 428. and 442.

of our superfluities, is also visibly advantageous; as the exporting of alum, copperas, leather, tin, lead, coals, &c. So much as the exported superfluities amount unto, so much also is the clear national profit.

'III. The importing of foreign materials to be manufactured at home, especially when the goods, after they are manufactured, are mostly sent abroad, is also, without dispute, very beneficial; as for instance, Spanish wool, which for that reason is exempted from paying any duties.

'IV. The importation of foreign materials, to be manufactured here, although the manufactured goods are chiefly consumed by us, may be also beneficial; especially when the said materials are procured in exchange for our commodities; as raw silk, grogram, yarn, and other goods brought from Turkey.

'V. Foreign materials, wrought up here into such goods as would otherwise be imported ready manufactured, is a means of saving money to the nation: such is the importation of hemp, flax, and raw silk; it is therefore to be wondered at, that these commodities are not exempt from all duties, as well as Spanish wool.

'VI. A trade may be called good which exchanges manufactures for manufactures, and commodities for commodities. Germany takes as much in value of our woollen and other goods, as we do of their linen: by this means numbers of people are employed on both sides to their mutual advantage.

'VII. An importation of commodities, bought partly for money and partly for goods, may be of national advantage; if the greatest part of the commodities thus imported, are again exported, as in the case of East India goods, and generally all imports of goods which are re-exported, are beneficial to a nation.

'VIII. The carrying of goods from one foreign country to another, is a profitable article in trade. Our ships are often thus employed between Portugal, Italy, and the Levant, and sometimes in the East Indies.

'IX. When there is a necessity to import goods which a nation cannot be without, although such goods are chiefly purchased with money, it cannot be accounted a bad trade, as our trade to Norway and other parts, from whence are imported naval stores, and materials for building.

'But a trade is disadvantageous to a nation;

'1. Which brings in things of mere luxury and pleasure, which are intirely, or for the most part, consumed among us; and such I reckon the wine trade to be, especially when the wine is purchased with money, and not in exchange for our commodities.

'2. Much worse is that trade which brings in a commodity that is not only consumed amongst us, but hinders the consumption of the like quantity of ours. As is the importation of brandy, which hinders the spending of our extracts of malt and molasses; therefore very prudently charged with excessive duties.

'3. That trade is eminently bad, which supplies the same goods as we manufacture ourselves, especially if we can make enough for our consumption: and I take this to be the case of the silk manufacture; which, with great labour and industry, is brought to perfection in London, Canterbury, and other places.

'4. The importation upon easy terms of such manufactures as are already introduced in a country, must be of bad consequence, and check their progress; as it would undoubtedly be the case of the linen and paper manufactures in Great Britain, which are of

late very much improved, if those commodities were suffered to be brought in without paying very high duties.

'Let us now judge of our trade with France by the foregoing maxims.

'I. The exportation of our woollen goods to France, is so well barred against, that there is not the least hope of reaping any benefit by this article. They have their work done for half the price we pay for ours. And since they send great quantities of woollen goods to Italy, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, the Rhine and other places, although they pay a duty upon exportation, it is a demonstration, that they have more than is sufficient for their own wear, and consequently no great occasion for any of ours. The French cannot but be so sensible of the advantage they have over us in point of cheapness, that I do not doubt they will give us leave to import into France not only woollen goods, but all other commodities whatsoever[d] upon very easy duties, provided we permit them to import into Great Britain wines, brandies, silks, linen, and paper, upon paying the same duties as others do. And when that is done, you will send little more to France than now you do, and they will import into Great Britain ten times more than now they can.

'II. As to our superfluities, it must be owned the French have occasion for some of them, as lead, tin, leather, copperas, coals, alum, and several other things of small value, as also some few of our plantation commodities; but these goods they will have whether we take any of theirs or no, because they want them.

[d] This is remarkable; as being the very offer made by M. Vergennes. Even the produce of their lands, wines, and brandies, would vastly exceed every thing we could offer. A.

All these commodities together that the French want from us may amount to about 200,000*l.* yearly.

'III. As to materials; I do not know of any one sort useful to us that ever was imported from France into England. They have indeed hemp, flax, and wool[c] in abundance, and some raw silk; but they are too wise to let us have any, especially as long as they entertain any hopes we shall be so self-denying, as to take those materials from them after they are manufactured.

'IV. Exchanging commodities for commodities, if for the like value on both sides, might be beneficial; but it is far from being the case between us and France. Our ships went constantly in ballast, except now and then some lead, to St. Malo, Morlaix, Nantes, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Bayonne, &c. and ever came back full of linen, wines, brandy, and paper; and if it was so before the revolution, when one of our pounds sterling cost the French but thirteen livres, what are they like to take from us, except what they of necessity want, now that for each pound sterling they must pay us twenty livres, which enhances the price of all British commodities to the French above fifty per cent.

'V. Goods imported to be re-exported, is certainly a national advantage; but few or no French goods are ever exported from Great Britain, except to our plantations, but are all consumed at home; therefore no benefit can be reaped this way by the French trade.

'VI. Letting ships to freight cannot but be of some profit to a nation: but it is very rare if the French ever make use of any other ships than their

[c] If therefore they want our wool, it must be owing to the vast increase of their woollen manufacture. A.

own; they victual and man cheaper than we, therefore nothing is to be got from them by this article.

'VII. Things that are of absolute necessity cannot be reckoned prejudicial to a nation; but France produces nothing that is necessary, or even convenient, or but which we had better be without, except claret.

'VIII. If the importation of commodities of mere luxury, to be consumed amongst us, be a sensible disadvantage, the French trade, in this particular, might be highly pernicious to this nation; for if the duties on French wines be lowered to a considerable degree, the least we can suppose would be imported into England and Scotland is 18,000 tons a year, which being most clarets, at a moderate computation would cost in France 450,000*l.*

'IX. As to brandy; since we have laid high duties upon it, the distilling of spirits from malt and molasses is much improved and increased, by means of which a good sum of money is yearly saved to the nation; for very little brandy hath been imported either from Italy, Portugal, or Spain, by reason that our English spirits are near as good as those countries' brandies. But as French brandy is esteemed, and is indeed very good, if the extraordinary duty on that liquor be taken off, there is no doubt but great quantities will be imported. We will suppose only 3000 tons a year, which will cost Great Britain about 70,000*l.* yearly, and prejudice besides the extracts of our own malt spirits.

'X. Linen is an article of more consequence than many people are aware of: Ireland, Scotland and several counties in England, have made large steps towards the improvement of that useful manufacture, both in quantity and quality; and with good encouragement would doubtless, in a few years, bring it to

perfection, and perhaps make sufficient for our own consumption; which besides employing great numbers of people, and improving many acres of land, would save us a good sum of money, which is yearly laid out abroad in that commodity. As the case stands at present, it improves daily; but if the duties on French linen be reduced, it is to be feared it will come over so cheap, that our looms must be laid aside, and 6 or 700,000*l.* a year be sent over to France for that commodity.

'XI. The manufacture of paper is very near akin to that of linen. Since the high duties laid on foreign paper, and that none hath been imported from France, where it is cheapest, the making of it is increased to such a degree in England, that we import none of the lower sorts from abroad, and make them all ourselves; but if the French duties be taken off, undoubtedly most of the mills which are employed in the making of white paper, must leave off their work, and 30 or 40,000*l.* a year be remitted over to France for that commodity.

'XII. The last article concerns the silk manufacture. Since the late French wars, it is increased to a mighty degree. Spitalfields alone manufactures to the value of two millions a year, and were daily improving, till the late fears about lowering the French duties. What pity! that so noble a manufacture, so extensive and so beneficial to an infinite number of people, should run the hazard of being ruined! It is however to be feared, that if the French can import their wrought silks upon easy terms, they outdo us so much in cheapness of labour, and they have Italian and Levant raw silk upon so much easier terms than we, besides great quantities of their own in Provence, Languedoc, and other provinces, that in all probability half the looms in Spitalfields would be laid

down, and our ladies be again clothed in French silks. The loss that would accrue to the nation by so great a mischief, cannot be valued at less than 500,000*l.* a year.

'To sum up all, if we pay to France yearly

For their wines - - - - -	£. 450,000
For their brandies - - - -	70,000
For their linen - - - - -	600,000
For their paper - - - - -	30,000
For their silks - - - - -	500,000
	£. 1,650,000
'And they take from us in lead, tin, leather, allum, copperas, coals, horn, plates, &c. and plantation goods, to the value of - - - - - -	200,000
'Great Britain loses by the balance of that trade yearly - - - -	1,450,000

"All which is humbly submitted to your consideration, by

'Sir, your most humble servant,

London, Sept. 22. 'GENEROSITY THRIFT.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Protection of Honour, Truth, Virtue, and Innocence.

"Mr. Ironside has ordered his amanuensis to prepare for his perusal whatever he may have gathered, from his table-talk, or otherwise, a volume to be printed in twelves, called, The Art of Defamation discovered. This piece is to consist of the true characters of all persons calumniated by the Examiner; and after such characters, the true and only method of sullying them set forth in examples from the ingenious and artificial author, the said Examiner.

"N. B. To this will be added the true characters of persons he has commended, with observations to shew, that panegyric is not that author's talent[f]."

No. 171. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1713.*

Fuit ista quondam in hâc republicâ virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus suppliciis civem perniciosum, quàm acerbissimum hostem coërcerent.

CICER. in Catilin.

There was once that virtue in this commonwealth, that a bad fellow-citizen was thought to deserve a severer correction than the bitterest enemy.

I HAVE received letters of congratulation and thanks from several of the most eminent chocolate-houses and coffee-houses, upon my late gallantry and success in opposing myself to the long-swords[g]. One tells me, that whereas his rooms were too little before, now his customers can saunter up and down from corner to corner, and table to table, without any let or molestation. I find I have likewise cleared a great many alleys and by-lanes, made the public walks about town more spacious, and all the passages about the court and the Exchange more free and open. Several of my female wards have sent me the kindest billets upon this occasion, in which they tell me, that I have saved them some pounds in the year, by freeing their furbelows, flounces, and hoops, from the annoyance both of hilt and point. A scout whom I sent abroad to observe the posture, and to pry into the intentions of the enemy, brings me word, that the Terrible club is quite blown up, and that I have totally routed the men that seemed to delight in arms. My lion, whose jaws are at all hours open to intelligence, informs me,

* STEELE'S.

[f] See final notes to Nos. 10. and 11. [g] Nos. 143. and 145.

that there are a few enormous weapons still in being; but that they are to be met with only in gaming-houses, and some of the obscure retreats of lovers in and about Drury-lane and Covent-garden. I am highly delighted with an adventure that befel my witty antagonist Tom Swagger, captain of the band of long-swords. He had the misfortune three days ago to fall into company with a master of the noble science of defence, who taking Mr. Swagger by his habit, his mien, and the airs he gave himself, to be one of the profession, gave him a fair invitation to Marrow-bone, to exercise at the usual weapons. The captain thought this so foul a disgrace to a gentleman, that he slunk away in the greatest confusion, and has never been seen since at the Tilt-yard coffee-house, nor in any of his usual haunts.

As there is nothing made in vain, and as every plant and every animal, though never so noisome, has its use in the creation; so these men of terror may be disposed of, so as to make a figure in the polite world. It was in this view, that I received a visit last night from a person, who pretends to be employed here from several foreign princes in negotiating matters of less importance. He tells me, that the continual wars in Europe have in a manner quite drained the Cantons of Swisserland of their supernumerary subjects, and that he foresees there will be a great scarcity of them to serve at the entrance of courts, and in the palaces of great men. He is of opinion this want may very seasonably be supplied out of the great numbers of such gentlemen, as I have given notice of in my paper of the 25th past, and that his design is in a few weeks, when the town fills, to put out public advertisements to this effect, not questioning but it may turn to a good account: 'that if any persons of good stature and fierce demeanor, as well

members of the Terrible club, as others of the like exterior ferocity, whose ambition is to cock and look big, without exposing themselves to any bodily danger, will repair to his lodgings, they shall, provided they bring their swords with them, be furnished with shoulder-belts, broad hats, red feathers, and halberts, and be transported without further trouble into several courts and families of distinction, where they may eat and drink, and strut at free cost.' As this project was not communicated to me for a secret, I thought it might be for the service of the abovesaid persons to divulge it with all convenient speed; that those who are disposed to employ their talents to the best advantage, and to shine in the station of life for which they seem to be born, may have time to adorn their upper lip, by raising a quickset beard there in the form of whiskers, that they may pass to all intents and purposes for true Switzers.

'INDEFATIGABLE NESTOR,

'GIVE me leave to thank you, in behalf of myself and my whole family, for the daily diversion and improvement we receive from your labours. At the same time I must acquaint you, that we have all of us taken a mighty liking to your lion. His roarings are the joy of my heart, and I have a little boy, not three years old, that talks of nothing else, and who, I hope, will be more afraid of him as he grows up. That your animal may be kept in good plight, and not roar for want of prey, I shall, out of my esteem and affection for you, contribute what I can toward his sustenance; "Love me, love my lion," says the proverb. I will not pretend, at any time, to furnish out a full meal for him; but I shall now and then send him a savoury morsel, a tid bit. You must know, I am but a kind of a holiday writer, and

never could find in my heart to set my pen to a work of above five or six periods long. My friends tell me my performances are little and pretty. As they have no manner of connexion one with the other, I write them upon loose pieces of paper, and throw them into a drawer by themselves; this drawer I call the lion's pantry. I give you my word, I put nothing into it but what is clean and wholesome *nourriture*. Therefore pray remember me to the lion, and let him know, that I shall always pick and cull the pantry for him; and there are morsels in it, I can assure you, will make his chaps to water.

'I am, with the greatest respect, Sir,
'your most obedient servant,
'and most assiduous reader.'

I must ask pardon of Mrs. Dorothy Care, that I have suffered her billet to lie by me these three weeks without taking the least notice of it. But I believe the kind warning in it, to our sex, will not be now too late.

'GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE waited with impatience for that same unicorn, you promised should be erected for the fair sex. My business is, before winter comes on, to desire you would precaution your own sex against being Adamites, by exposing their bare breasts to the rigour of the season. It was this practice amongst the fellows, which at first encouraged our sex to show so much of their necks. The downy dock-leaves you speak of would make good stomachers for the beaus. In a word, good Nestor, so long as the men take a pride in showing their hairy skins, we may with a much better grace set out our snowy chests to view. We are, we own, the weaker, but at the same time

you must own, much the more beautiful sex. I am, Sir,

'Your humble reader,

'DOROTHY CARE[h].'

No. 172. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1713.*

—Vitam excoluere per artes. VIRG. Æn. vi. 665.

They grac'd their age with new invented arts. DRYDEN.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE been a long time in expectation of something from you on the subject of speech and letters. I believe the world might be as agreeably entertained, on that subject, as with any thing that ever came into the lion's mouth. For this end I send you the following sketch; and am, yours,

'PHILOGRAM.'

'Upon taking a view of the several species of living creatures our earth is stocked with, we may easily observe, that the lower orders of them, such as insects[i] and fishes, are wholly without a power of making known their wants and calamities. Others, which are conversant with man, have some few ways of expressing the pleasure and pain they undergo by certain sounds and gestures; but man has articulate sounds whereby to make known his inward sentiments and affections, though his organs of speech are no other than what he has in common with many other less perfect animals. But the use of letters, as signi-

* STEELE'S.

h See final notes to Nos. 10. and 11.

i See the papers on Ants, Nos. 156. 157. &c.

ficative of these sounds, is such an additional improvement to them, that I know not whether we ought not to attribute the invention of them to the assistance of a power more than human.

'There is this great difficulty which could not but attend the first invention of letters, to wit, that all the world must conspire in affixing steadily the same signs to their sounds, which affixing was at first as arbitrary as possible; there being no more connexion between the letters and the sounds they are expressive of, than there is between those sounds and the ideas of the mind they immediately stand for. Notwithstanding which difficulty, and the variety of languages, the powers of the letters in each are very nearly the same, being in all places about twenty-four.

'But be the difficulty of the invention as great as it will, the use of it is manifest, particularly in the advantage it has above the method of conveying our thoughts by words or sounds, because this way we are confined to narrow limits of place and time: whereas we may have occasion to correspond with a friend at a distance; or a desire, upon a particular occasion, to take the opinion of an honest gentleman who has been dead this[k] thousand years. Both which defects are supplied by the noble invention of letters. By this means[l] we materialize our ideas, and make them as lasting as the ink and paper, their vehicles. This making our thoughts by art visible to the eye, which nature had made intelligible only by the ear, is next to the adding a sixth sense, as it is a supply in case of the defect of one of the five nature gave us, namely, hearing, by making the voice become visible.

'Have any of any school of painters gotten them-

[k] These thousand years. [l] These means, or, this mean.

selves an immortal name, by drawing a face, or painting a landscape; by laying down on a piece of canvas a representation only of what nature had given them originals? What applauses will he merit, who first made his ideas sit to his pencil, and drew to his eye the picture of his mind! Painting represents the outward man, or the shell; but cannot reach the inhabitant within, or the very organ by which the inhabitant is revealed. This art may reach to represent a face, but cannot paint a voice. Kneller can draw the majesty of the queen's person; Kneller can draw her sublime air, and paint her bestowing hand as fair as the lily: but the historian must inform posterity, that she has one peculiar excellence above all other mortals, that her ordinary speech is more charming than song.

'But to drop the comparison of this art with any other, let us see the benefit of it in itself. By it the English trader may hold commerce with the inhabitants of the East or West Indies, without the trouble of a journey. Astronomers seated at a distance of the earth's diameter asunder, may confer; what is spoken and thought at one pole, may be heard and understood at the other. The philosopher who wished he had a window in his breast, to lay open his heart to all the world, might as easily have revealed the secrets of it this way, and as easily have left them to the world, as wished it. This silent art of speaking by letters, remedies the inconvenience arising from distance of time, as well as place; and is much beyond that of the Egyptians, who could preserve their mummies for ten centuries[m]. This preserves the works of the immortal part of men, so as to make the dead still useful to the living. To this we are

[m] Mummies have lasted, for certain, above twenty centuries. A.

beholden for the works of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Seneca and Plato: without it the Iliad of Homer, and Æneid of Virgil had died with their authors; but by this art those excellent men still speak to us.

'I shall be glad if what I have said on this art, gives you any new hints for the more useful or agreeable application of it.

'I am, SIR,' &c.

I shall conclude this paper with an extract from a poem in praise of the invention of writing, 'written by a lady[n].' I am glad of such a quotation, which is not only another instance how much the world is obliged to this art, but also a shining example of what I have heretofore asserted, that the fair sex are as capable as men of the liberal sciences; and indeed there is no very good argument against the frequent instruction of females of condition this way, but that they are but too powerful without that advantage. The verses of the charming author are as follow:

'Blest be the man! his memory at least,
Who found the art thus to unfold his breast;
And taught succeeding times an easy way
Their secret thoughts by letters to convey;
To baffle absence, and secure delight,
Which till that time was limited to sight.
The parting farewell spoke, the last adieu,
The less'ning distance past, then loss of view,
The friend was gone which some kind moments gave,
And absence separated, like the grave.
When for a wife the youthful patriarch sent,
The camels, jewels, and the steward went,
And wealthy equipage, though grave and slow:
But not a line, that might the lover show.

[n] Q. by whom?

The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms,
But had she known of melting words, the charms,
That under secret seals in ambush lie
To catch the soul, when drawn into the eye;
The fair Assyrian had not took his guide,
Nor her soft heart in chains of pearl been ty'd°.'

*** The MSS. and the receipts and prescriptions of the late Dr. Samuel Wall, with a large quantity of his electuary, drops, and other his medicines, prepared by himself in his lifetime, which were delivered after his death into the hands of Mr. John Wilson, late of Charles-street, Westminster, surgeon, since deceased, are now in the hands of Mr. Francis Wheatley, apothecary, in Leicester-fields.—Guard. in folio, No. 175. See Tat. No. 26. let. i. supposed to be written by A. Henley, esq.

†††† Importance of Dunkirk considered, by Steele, 2d edit. *Ibidem.*

No. 173. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1713.*

—Nec sera comantem
Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen acanthi,
Pallentesque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.
VIRG. Georg. iv. 122.

The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale. DRYDEN.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprise to me, to hear him often declare, he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats, or if you will villas, of the nation. This he described

* POPE'S.
° See final notes on Nos. 10. and 11.

to me in those verses, with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

'*Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,*
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero barbaroque lætatur.' Ep. lviii. 3.

'Our friend Faustinus' country seat I've seen:
No myrtles, plac'd in rows, and idly green,
No widow'd platane, nor clip'd box-tree, there,
The useless soil unprofitably share;
But simple nature's hand, with nobler grace,
Diffuses artless beauties o'er the place.'

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned Nature that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of Art.

This was the taste of the ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein those great masters, being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These, one may observe, consist entirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am speaking of, are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous. The first of these is already known to the English reader, by the excellent versions of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Addison. The other having never been attempted in our language with any elegance, and being the most beautiful plan of this sort that can be imagined, I shall here present the reader with a translation of it.

The Garden of Alcinous, from Homer's Odyss. vii.

'Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies:
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mould;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold;
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows:
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail;
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise;
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

'Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all the united labours of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r descry'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in Autumn's richest purple dy'd.

'Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

'Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This through the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.'

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this description contains all the justest rules and provisions

which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four acres, which in those times of simplicity was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince; it was inclosed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the nature and usual place of our kitchen gardens.

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought by conduits, or ducts, one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We seem to make it our study to recede from Nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself. We run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

'*Hinc et nexilibus videas è frondibus hortos,*
Implexos latè muros, et mœnia circùm
Porrigere, et latas è ramis surgere turres;
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea rostra:
In buxisque undare fretum, atque è rore rudentes.

Parte aliâ frondere suis tentoria castris;
Scutaque spiculaque et jaculantia citria vallos.'

'Here interwoven branches form a wall,
And from the living fence green turrets rise;
There ships of myrtle sail in seas of box;
A green encampment yonder meets the eye,
And loaded citrons bearing shields and spears.'

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of Art, are always most fond of Nature: as such are chiefly sensible, that all Art consists in the imitation and study of Nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of Art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guild-hall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country seat with a coronation dinner in greens; where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head[p]. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross Nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso gardener who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients of his profes-

[p] See No. 42. let. signed Ever-green.

sion in the imagery of evergreens. My correspondent is arrived to such perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their husbands in horn-beam. He is a puritan wag, and never fails, when he shews his garden, to repeat that passage in the Psalms, 'Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as olive branches round thy table.' I shall proceed to his catalogue, as he sent it for my recommendation.

'Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm: Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

'The tower of Babel, not yet finished.

'St. George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April.

'A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.

'N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

'Edward the Black Prince in cypress.

'A laurestine bear in blossom, with a juniper-hunter in berries.

'A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

'A queen Elizabeth in phillyræa, a little inclining to the green-sickness, but of full growth.

'Another queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a savine.

'An old maid of honour in wormwood.

'A topping Ben Jonson in laurel.

'Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a pennyworth.

'A quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

'A lavender pig with sage growing in his belly.

'Noah's ark in holly, standing on the mount; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

'A pair of maidenheads in fir, in great forwardness[q].

No. 174. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1713.*

Salve Pæoniæ largitor nobilis undæ,
Dardanii salve gloria magna soli:
Publica morborum requies, commune medentum
Auxilium, præsens numen, inempta salus. CLAUD. Eid. vi.

Hail, greatest good Dardanian fields bestow,
At whose command Pæonian waters flow,
Unpurchas'd health! that dost thy aid impart
Both to the patient, and the doctor's art!

IN public assemblies there are generally some envious splenetic people, who having no merit to procure respect, are ever finding fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those places, where this season of the year calls persons of both sexes together for their health. I have had reams of letters from Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge, and St. Winifred's well; wherein I could observe that a concern for honour and virtue proceeded from the want of health, beauty, or fine petticoats. A lady who subscribes herself Eudosia, writes a bitter invective against Chloe the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that she herself is lame of the rheumatism. Another, who hath been a prude ever since she had the small-pox, is very bitter against the coquettes and their indecent airs; and a sharp wit hath sent me a

* STEELE'S.

q This paper, No. 173. is assigned to Pope, on the authority of Steele. See the Publisher to the Reader.

keen epigram against the gamesters; but I took notice, that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had several strange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more constitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the physicians were not more busy in destroying old bodies, than the young fellows in producing new ones; with several other common-place strokes of raillery; I resolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jest to see such a grave ancient person as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, besides the necessity of complying with the custom, by these means I passed undiscovered, and had a pleasure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little satisfaction to me, to view the mixt mass of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the same benefits of nature, and mingling in the same diversions. I sometimes entertained myself by observing what a large quantity of ground was hidden under spreading petticoats; and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in comparison to those spaces that were distinguished by flounces, fringes, and furbelows. From the earth my fancy was diverted to the water, where the distinctions of sex and condition are concealed; and where the mixture of men and women hath given occasion to some persons of light imaginations, to compare the Bath to the fountain of Salmacis, which had the virtue of joining the two sexes into one person; or to the stream wherein Diana washed herself, when she bestowed horns on Acteon; but by one of a serious turn, these healthful springs may rather be likened to the Stygian waters, which made the body invulnerable; or to the river of Lethe, one draught of

which washed away all pain and anguish in a moment.

As I have taken upon me a name which ought to abound in humanity, I shall make it my business, in this paper, to cool and assuage those malignant humours of scandal which run throughout the body of men and women there assembled; and after the manner of those famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aspersions, to restore bloom and vigour to decayed reputations, and set injured characters upon their legs again. I shall herein regulate myself by the example of that good man, who used to talk with charity of the greatest villains; nor was ever heard to speak with rigour of any one, until he affirmed with severity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I shall not scruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the gamesters. I have indeed spoken incautiously heretofore of that class of men[r]; but I should forfeit all titles to modesty, should I any longer oppose the common sense of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all those with contempt, who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of sphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I see a gentleman lose his money with serenity, I recognise in him all the great qualities of a philosopher. If he storms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harrison's table, puts me in mind of a council board; and the indefatigable application of the several combatants furnishes me with an unanswerable reply to those gloomy mortals, who

[r] In the Tatler, *passim*.

censure this as an idle life. In short, I cannot see any reason why gentlemen should be hindered from raising a fortune by those means, which at the same time enlarge their minds. Nor shall I speak dishonourably of some little artifice and finesse used upon these occasions; since the world is so just to any man who is become a possessor of wealth, as not to respect him the less, for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon considerations like these the ladies share in these diversions. I must own, that I receive great pleasure in seeing my pretty countrywomen engaged in an amusement which puts them upon producing so many virtues. Hereby they acquire such a boldness, as raises them nearer that lordly creature man. Here they are taught such contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain lectures. Their natural tenderness is a weakness here easily unlearned; and I find my soul exalted, when I see a lady sacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a Spartan or a Roman dame. In such a place as the Bath I might urge, that the casting of a die is indeed the properest exercise for a fair creature to assist the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to display the well-turned arm, and to scatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am satisfied, that the gamester ladies have surmounted the little vanities of shewing their beauty, which they so far neglect, as to throw their features into violent distortions, and wear away their lilies and roses in tedious watching, and restless elucubrations. I should rather observe that their chief passion is an emulation of manhood; which I am the more inclined to believe, because, in spite of all slanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night with the most dangerous creatures of our sex. It is to me

an undoubted argument of their ease of conscience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table; and so highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exercise on Sundays.

The Water Poets are an innocent tribe, and deserve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat those authors with bitterness, who never write out of the season, and whose works are useful with the waters. I made it my care therefore to sweeten some sour critics who were sharp upon a few sonnets, which to speak in the language of the Bath, were mere alkalies. I took particular notice of a lenitive electuary, which was wrapped up in some of these gentle compositions; and am persuaded that the pretty one who took it, was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are an hundred general topics put into metre every year, viz. 'The lover is inflamed in the water; or, he finds his death where he sought his cure; or, the nymph feels her own pain, without regarding her lover's torment.' These being for ever repeated, have at present a very good effect; and a physician assures me, that laudanum is almost out of doors at the Bath.

The physicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To these charitable gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a week's time, of more distempers than I ever had in my life. They had almost killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger prescribed me a little something, at my first coming, to keep up my spirits; and the next morning I was so much enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the scurvy by a third, and had a recipe for the dropsy gratis before night. In vain did I modestly decline these favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by an apothecary, who brought me a

dose from one of my well-wishers. I paid him, but withal told him severely, that I never took physic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant that suspected poison; but the apothecary, with more sagacity, guessed that I was certainly a physician myself.

The oppression of civilities which I underwent from the sage gentlemen of the faculty, frightened me from making such enquiries into the nature of these springs as would have furnished out a nobler entertainment upon the Bath, than the loose hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A prince should found hospitals, the noble and the rich may diffuse their ample charities. Mr. Tompion gave a clock to the Bath; and I Nestor Ironside have dedicated a Guardian[a].

No. 175. THURSDAY, October 1, 1713.*

Quique sui memores alios fecêre merendo. Virg. *Æn.* vi. 664.
Who rais'd by merit an immortal name.

The noble genius of Virgil would have been exalted still higher, had he had the advantage of Christianity. According to our scheme of thoughts, if the word Memores in the front of this paper were changed into Similes, it would have very much heightened the motive to virtue in the reader. To do good and great actions merely to gain reputation, and transmit a name to posterity, is a vicious appetite, and will certainly ensnare the person who is moved by it, on some occasions, into a false delicacy for fear of reproach; and at others, into artifices which taint his mind, though

* Steele's.

[a] See final notes on Nos. 10. and 11.

they may enlarge his fame. The endeavour to make men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not subject to such ill consequences, but moves with its reward in its own hand; or, to speak more in the language of the world, a man with this aim is as happy as a man in an office, that is paid out of money under his own direction. There have been very worthy examples of this self-denying virtue among us in this nation; but I do not know of a nobler example in this taste, than that of the late Mr. Boyle[u], who founded a lecture for the 'Proof of the Christian religion, against atheists, and other notorious infidels.' The reward of perpetual memory amongst men, which might possibly have some share in this sublime charity, was certainly considered but in a second degree; and Mr. Boyle had it in his thoughts to make men imitate him as well as speak of him, when he was gone off our stage.

The world has received much good from this institution, and the noble emulation of great men on the inexhaustible subject of the essence, praise, and attributes of the Deity, has had the natural effect, which always attends this kind of contemplation; to wit, that he who writes upon it with a sincere heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other occasion. It eminently appears from this observation, that a particular blessing has been bestowed on this lecture. This great philosopher provided for us, after his death, an employment not only suitable to our condition, but to his own at the same time. It is a sight fit for angels, to behold the benefactor and the persons obliged, not only in different places, but under different beings, employed in the same work.

This worthy man studied nature, and traced all her

[u] See Spect. No. 531. A quotation from a sermon preached at the funeral of the Hon. Robert Boyle; and Spectator, No. 554. an encomium on Mr. Boyle.

ways to those of her unsearchable author. When he had found him, he gave this bounty for the praise and contemplation of him. To one who has not run through regular courses of philosophical inquiries (the other learned labourers in this vineyard will forgive me), I cannot but principally recommend the book, intituled, Phisico-Theology. Printed for William Innys in St. Paul's church-yard.

It is written by Mr. Derham, rector of Upminster in Essex. I do not know what Upminster is worth; but I am sure, had I the best living in England to give, I should not think the addition of it sufficient acknowledgement of his merit; especially since I am informed, that the simplicity of his life is agreeable to his useful knowledge and learning.

The praise of this author seems to me to be the great perspicuity and method which render his work intelligible and pleasing to people who are strangers to such inquiries, as well as to the learned. It is a very desirable entertainment to find occasions of pleasure and satisfaction in those objects and occurrences which we have all our lives, perhaps, overlooked; or beheld, without exciting any reflections that made us wiser, or happier. The plain good man does, as with a wand, show us the wonders and spectacles in all nature, and the particular capacities with which all living creatures are endowed for their several ways of life; how the organs of creatures are made according to their different paths in which they are to move and provide for themselves and families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to swim, to fly, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the bowels of the earth, the coverts of the wood, the muddy or clear streams; to howl in forests, or converse in cities. All life from that of a worm to that of a man is explained; and as I may so speak, the wondrous works of the creation,

by the observations of this author, lie before us as objects that create love and admiration; which, without such explications, strike us only with confusion and amazement.

The man who, before he had this book, dressed and went out to loiter and gather up something to entertain a mind too vacant, no longer needs news to give himself amusement; the very air he breathes suggests abundant matter for his thoughts. He will consider that he has begun another day of life, to breathe with all other creatures in the same mass of air, vapours and clouds, which surround our globe; and of all the numberless animals that live by receiving momentary life, or rather momentary and new reprieves from death, at their nostrils, he only stands erect, conscious and contemplative of the benefaction.

A man who is not capable of philosophical reflections from his own education, will be as much pleased as with any other good news which he has not before heard. The agitations of the winds, and the falling of the rains, are what are absolutely necessary for his welfare and accommodation. This kind of reader will behold the light with a new joy, and a sort of reasonable rapture. He will be led from the appendages which attend and surround our globe, to the contemplation of the globe itself, the distribution of the earth and waters, the variety and quantity of all things provided for the uses of our world. Then will his contemplation, which was too diffused and general, be let down to particulars, to different soils and moulds to the beds of minerals and stones, into caverns and volcanos, and then again to the tops of mountains, and then again to the fields and valleys.

When the author has acquainted his reader with the place of his abode; he informs him of his capacity to make himself easy and happy in it by the gift of senses

by their ready organs, by showing him the structure of those organs, the disposition of the ear for the receipt of sounds, of the nostril for smell, the tongue for taste, the nerves to avoid harms by our feeling, and the eye by our sight.

The whole work is concluded, as it is the sum of fifteen sermons in proof of the existence of the Deity, with reflections which apply each distinct part of it to an end, for which the author may hope to be rewarded with an immortality much more to be desired than that of remaining in eternal honour among all the sons of men.[v]

No. CLXXVI.

THREE LETTERS, BY MR. JOHN HUGHES;

DESIGNED FOR THE GUARDIAN[w].

'SIR,

'THERE are few men but are capable at some time or other, of making a right judgment of themselves; therefore having, as I think, caught myself in one of these wise fits, I am resolved to make use of it while it lasts, and lay my case before

[v] 'I do not doubt but you know, by this time, that Mr. Steele has abruptly dropped the Guardian. He has this day published a paper called the Englishman, which begins with an answer to the Examiner, written with great boldness and spirit, and shows that his thoughts are at present on politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper should be discontinued, which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party matters.'—Mr. Hughes to Mr. Addison, Oct. 6, 1713.

'The true reason that Steele laid down this paper was a quarrel between him and J. Tonson. He stood engaged to his bookseller in articles of penalty for all the Guardians; and by desisting two days, and altering the title of the paper to that of The Englishman, was quit of the obligation, these papers being printed for Buckley.'—Pope to Addison.

[w] First printed in Mr. Duncombe's Collection of Letters by several eminent persons deceased, 1772.

you. I was bred a mercer. I need not tell you that most of our profession are orators. I have, with some pains, attained to a great volubility of tongue, and am a perfect master in the art of shop rhetoric, which, with the help of a fair wig, a plausible bow, a gentle inclination of the head in proper parts of my discourse, and an easy motion of the hand, sets off all that I utter, and has helped me to thrive in the world very comfortably. By this means, Mr. Ironside, as I owe my prosperity to noise, I am grown an utter enemy to silence, and when I go among my plain honest neighbours who are not of any of the talking professions, I cannot help assuming a superiority over them, which, I find, has been a little resented. I have often resolved to confine my oratory to the verge of my shop, and to employ it only in setting off my silks and brocades, but long habits are not easily overcome, and the musical sound of my own voice has tempted me, as often, to break that resolution. Many of my acquaintance, I know, would take it kindly if I talked less, and if you would put me in a way to do it, I should be very glad to oblige them. You most know, that I am sometimes chairman of a club, where some of them complain that they have not their share of the discourse, and others, in raillery, I suppose, call me the 'fine speaker.' I have offered to pay double for my club, but that will not satisfy them. Besides, Mr. Guardian, I have heard that you moralists say, it is difficult for a man to talk much without offending against truth, innocence, or good manners; and how do I know, now I am serious, whether this unhappy talent may not, at some time or other, have misled me into falsehood, uncharitableness, or scandal? It is possible that the superfluity of my discourse may have fallen upon the reputation of some honest man, and have done him

an irreparable injury. I may, in the torrent of my loquacity, have lessened real merit, or magnified little failings, beyond the allowance of charity or humanity. I may have raised an unjust jealousy by a flower of speech, practised upon credulity by a smooth sentence, and, in the heat of an argument, I may have called a man knave by a shake of the head and shrug of the shoulders. To be plain, I have searched my heart, and find there is a great deal of vanity at the bottom of it. Therefore, Mr. Guardian, now I am in a proper disposition, if you will be pleased to give me a lecture on this subject, and be so kind as to convince me that I am a coxcomb, you will do a very particular service to, Sir,

'Your very humble servant.'

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

Or, in his absence, to the Keeper of the Lion, at Button's coffee-house, Covent-garden.

'OLD IRONSIDE,

'IF your lion had not less breeding than a bear, he would not have opened his throat against so genteel a diversion as masquerading[x], which has ever been looked upon, in all polite countries, as tending to no other end than to promote a better understanding between the sexes. But I shall take another opportunity, Mr. Ironside, to talk with you upon this subject. My present business is with the Lion; and since this savage has behaved himself so rudely, I do by these presents, challenge him to meet me at the next masquerade, and desire you will give orders to Mr. Button to bring him thither, in all his terrors, where, in defence of the innocence of these midnight amusements, I intend to appear against him, in the

[x] See the Guardian, vol. ii. Nos. 142, and 154.

habit of signior Nicolini, to try the merits of this cause by single combat. I am yours,

Sept. 1713. INCOGNITO.'

'HONEST NESTOR,

'PR'YTHEE, stop your lion's mouth a little on the chapter of masquerading. I have pursued a dear creature several of these gay nights through three or four as odd changes as any in Ovid's Metamorphoses, and she has promised, at the next in a habit of a gypsy, to tell me finally my fortune. Be dumb till then, and afterwards say what you please.

'Your humble servant,

'TIM FROLIC[y].'

[y] The last No. of the Guardian, No. 175, is dated Oct. 1, 1713; and the first No. of the Englishman is dated Oct. 6, 1713, which verifies the note at the close of the preceding paper. See Additions to Pope's 'Works,' cr. 8vo. Baldwin, vol. ii. p. 84. and 85.

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